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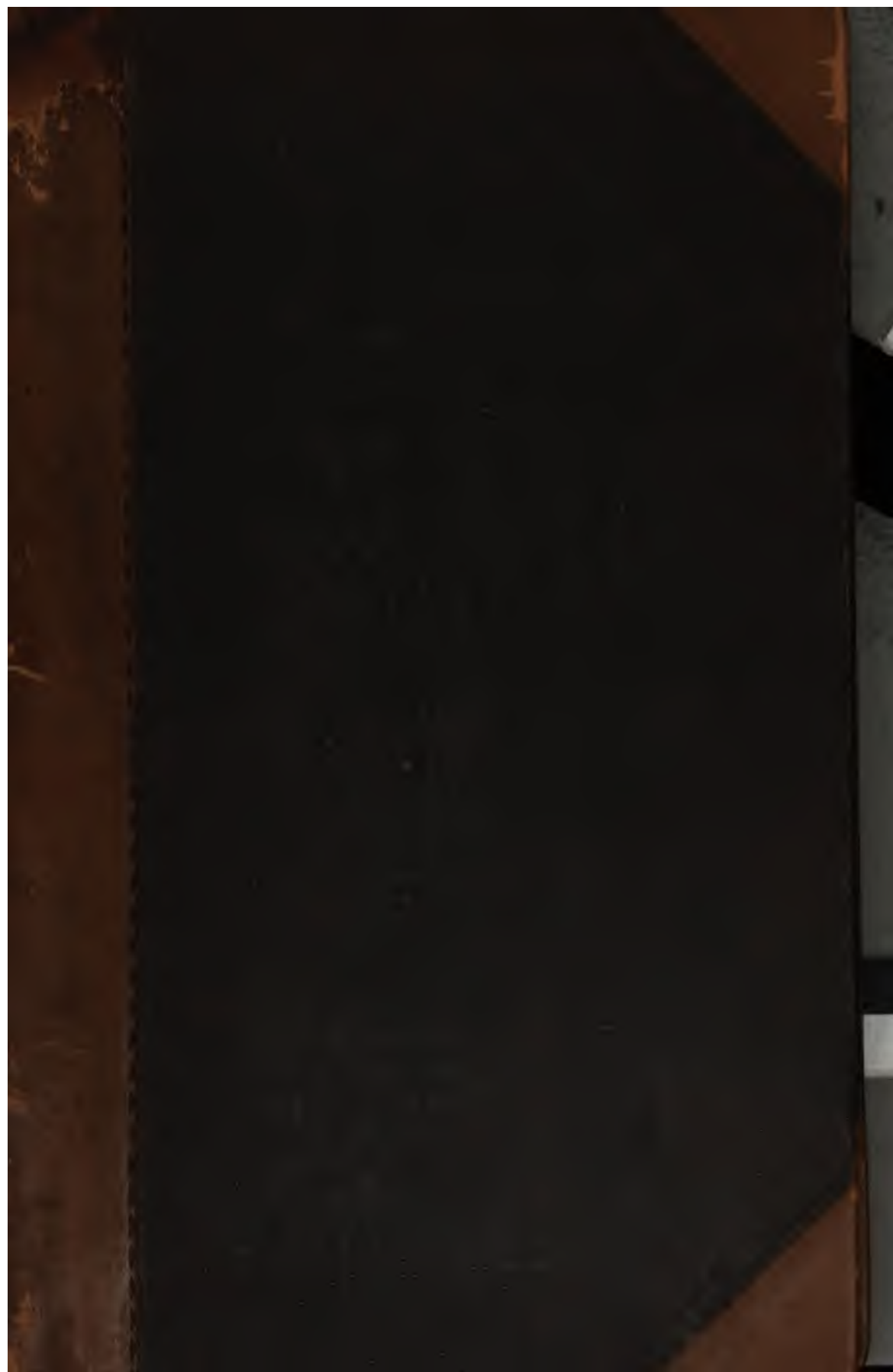
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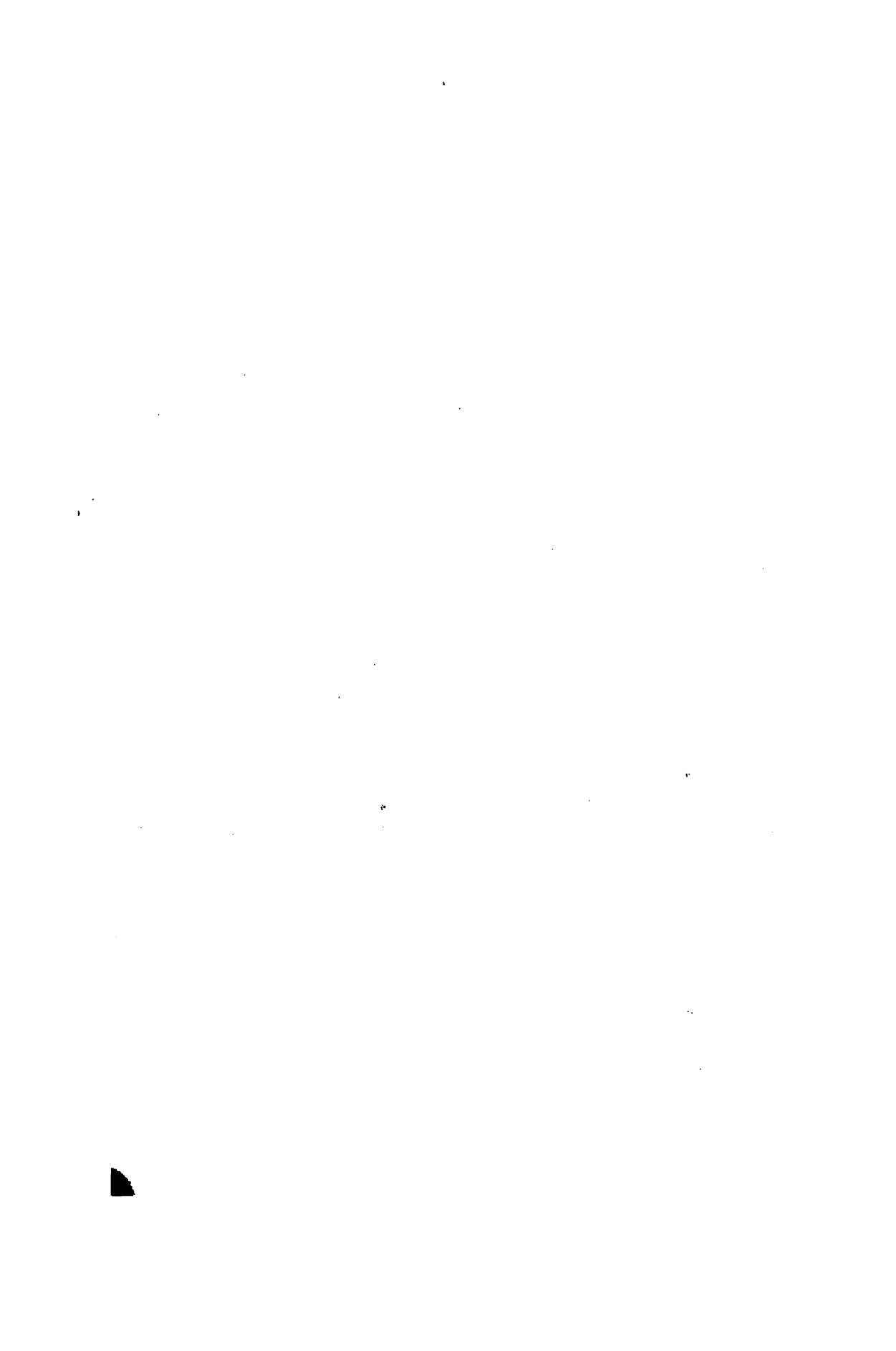




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FACT AND FICTION:

A Collection of Stories.

BY

L. MARIA CHILD,

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM NEW YORK," "PHILOTHEA," "HISTORY OF WOMEN,"
"FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN," ETC., ETC.



LONDON:

WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

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CHILDREN," ETC., ETC.

"Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,
The calm unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dream,
As in the days gone by."

TO
ANNA LORING,
THE CHILD OF MY HEART,

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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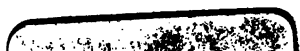


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FACT AND FICTION.

THE CHILDREN OF MOUNT IDA.

—
" Spirit, who waftest me where'er I will,
And seest, with finer eyes, what infants see;
Feeling all lovely truth,
With the wise health of everlasting youth,
Beyond the mores of bigotry's sick eye,
Or the blind feel of false philosophy—
O Spirit, O Muse of mine,
Frank, and quick-dimpled to all social glee,
And yet most sylvan of the earnest Nine—
O take me now, and let me stand
On some such lovely land,
Where I may feel me as I please,
In dells among the trees."

In very ancient times there dwelt, among the Phrygian hills, an old shepherd and shepherdess, named Mygdomus and Arisba. From youth they had tended flocks and herds on the Idean mountains. Their only child, a blooming boy of six years, had been killed by falling from a precipice. Arisba's heart overflowed with maternal instinct, which she yearned inexpressibly to lavish on some object; but though they laid many offerings on the altars of the gods, with fervent supplications, there came to them no other child.

Thus years passed in loneliness, until one day, when Mygdomus searched for his scattered flock among the hills, he found a babe sleeping under the shadow of a plane-tree. The grass bore no marks of footsteps, and how long he had lain there it was impossible to conjecture. The shepherd shouted aloud, but heard only echoes in the solitude of the mountains. He took the child tenderly in his arms, and conveyed it to Arisba, who received it gladly, as an answer to her prayers. They nurtured him with goat's milk, and brought him up among the breezes of the hills, and the boy grew in strength and beauty. Arisba cherished him with exceeding love, but still her heart was not quite satisfied.

"If he had but a sister to play with him," said she, "it would be so pleasant here under the trees."

The boy was three years old, and beautiful as a morning in spring, when his foster-parents carried him down to the plains, to a great festival of Bacchus, held during the vintage. It was a scene of riot and confusion; but the shepherd loved thus to vary the loneliness of his mountain life, and Arisba fondly desired to show her handsome boy,

with his profusion of dark glossy curls bound in a fillet of ivy and grape leaves. Her pride was abundantly satisfied, for everywhere among the crowd the child attracted attention. When the story was told of his being found in the mountain forest, the women said he must have been born of Apollo and Aurora, for only they could produce such beauty. This gossip reached the ears of an old woman, who came hobbling on her crutch to look at the infant prodigy.

"By the Adorable! he is a handsome boy," said she; "but come with me, and I too will show you something for the Mother of Love to smile upon."

She led the way to her daughter, who, seated under a tree, apart from the multitude, tended a sleeping babe.

"By the honey sweet! isn't *she* pretty, too?" exclaimed the old woman, pointing to the lovely infant, whose rosy lips were slowly moving, as if she suckled in her dreams. "My son, who hunts among the hills, found her on the banks of the Cebrenus, with one little foot dipped in the stream. Methinks the good Mountain Mother scatters children on our Phrygian hills, as abundant as the hyacinths."

"Then she is not your own?" eagerly inquired Arisba.

"No; and, pretty as she is, I do not want her, for I have ten. But what can I do! One must not leave babes to be devoured by wild beasts."

"O give her to me," cried Arisba: "My boy so needs a playmate."

The transfer was readily made; and the child-loving matron, rejoicing in her new treasure, soon after left the revellers, and slowly wended her way back to the silent hills.

A cradle of bark and lichen, suspended between two young olive-trees, held the babe, while Arisba, seated on a rock, sung as she plied the distaff. The boy at her side built small altars of stones, or lay at full length on the grass, listening to the gurgling brook, or watching the shadows at their play. Thus peacefully grew these little ones, amid all harmonies of sight and sound; and the undisturbed beauty of nature, like a pervading soul, fashioned their outward growth into fair proportions and a gliding grace.

For a long time they had no names. They were like unrecorded wild flowers, known at sight, on which the heart heaps all sweet epithets. Their foster-parents spoke of them to strangers as the

Forest-found, and the River-child. A lovelier picture could not be imagined, than these fair children, wreathing their favourite kid with garlands, under the shadow of the trees, or splashing about, like infant Naiades, in the mountain brook. On the hill side, near their rustic home, was a goat's head and horns, bleached by sun and winds. It had been placed on a pole to scare the crows; and as it stood there many a year, the myrtle had grown round it, and the clematis wreathed it with flowery festoons, like the architectural ornaments of a temple. A thrush had built her nest between the horns; and a little rill gushed from the rock, in a cleft of which the pole was fastened. Here the boy loved to scoop up water for his little playmate to drink from his hand; and as they stood thus under the vines, they seemed like children of the gods. But the most beautiful sight was to see them kneeling hand in hand before the altar of Cybele, in the grove, with wreaths about their heads and garlands in their hands, while the setting sun sprinkled gold among the shadow-foliage on the pure white marble. Always they were together. When the boy was strong enough to bend a bow, the girl ran ever by his side to carry his arrows; and then she had a smaller arrow for herself, with which she would shoot the flowers from their stems, as skilfully as Cupid himself.

As they grew older, they came under the law of utility; but this likewise received a poetic charm from their free and simple mode of life. While the lad tended the flocks, the maiden sat on a rock at his feet, spinning busily while she sang summer melodies to the warblings of his flute. Sometimes, when each tended flocks on separate hills, they relieved the weary hours by love messages sent through the air on the wings of music. His Phrygian flute questioned her with bold bright voice, and sweetly answered her Lydian pipe, in mellow tones, taking their rest in plaintive cadences. Sometimes they jested sportively with each other; asking mischievous questions in fragments of musical phrases, the language of which could be interpreted only by themselves. But more frequently they spoke to each other deeper things than either of them comprehended; struggling aspirations towards the infinite, rising and lowering like tongues of flame; half-uttered, impassioned prophecies of emotions not yet born; and the wailing voice of sorrows as yet unknown.

In the maiden especially was the vague but intense expression of music observable. In fact, her whole being was vivacious and impressible in the extreme; and so transparent were her senses, that the separation between earthly and spiritual existence seemed to be of the thinnest and clearest crystal. All noises were louder to her than to others, and images invisible to them were often painted before her on the air, with a most perfect distinctness of outline and brilliancy of colouring. This kind of spirit-life was indicated in her face and form. Her exquisitely beautiful countenance was remarkably lucid, and her deep blue eyes, shaded with very long dark fringes, had an intense expression, as if some spirit from the inner shrine looked through them. Her voice was wonderfully full of melodious inflexions, but even in its happiest utterance had a constant tendency to slide into sad modulations. The outline of her slight figure swayed gracefully to every motion, like a

young birch tree to the breath of gentle winds; and its undulations might easily suggest the idea of beauty born of the waves.

Her companion had the perfection of physical beauty. A figure slender but vigorous; a free, proud carriage of the head, glowing complexion, sparkling eyes, voluptuous mouth, and a pervading expression of self-satisfaction and joy in his own existence. A nature thus strong and ardent, of course exercised a powerful influence over her higher but more ethereal and susceptible life. Then, too, the constant communion of glances and sounds, and the subtle influence of atmosphere and scenery, had so intertwined their souls, that emotions in the stronger were felt by the weaker, in vibrations audible as a voice. Near or distant, the maiden felt whether her companion's mood were gay or sad; and she divined his thoughts with a clearness that sometimes made him more than half afraid.

Of course they loved each other long before they knew what love was; and with them innocence had no need of virtue. Placed in outward circumstances so harmonious with nature, they were drawn toward each other by an attraction as pure and unconscious as the flowers. They had no secrets from their good foster-mother; and she, being reverent towards the gods, told them that their union must be preceded by offerings to Juno, and solemnised by mutual promises. She made a marriage feast for them, in her humble way, and crowned the door-posts with garlands. Life passed blissfully there, in the bosom of the deeply-wooded hills. Two souls that are sufficient to each other—sentiments, affections, passions, thoughts, all blending in love's harmony—are earth's most perfect medium of heaven. Through them the angels come and go continually, on missions of love to all the lower forms of creation. It is the halo of these heavenly visitors that veils the earth in such a golden glory, and makes every little flower smile its blessing upon lovers. And these innocent ones were in such harmony with Nature in her peaceful spring time! The young kids, browsing on the almond blossoms, stopped and listened to their flutes, and came ever nearer, till they looked in the eyes of the wedded ones. And when the sweet sounds died away into silence, the birds took up the strain and sang their salutation to the marriage principle of the universe.

Thus months passed on, and neither heart felt an unsatisfied want. They were known to each other by many endearing names, but the foster-parents usually called them Corythus and CEnone. These names were everywhere cut into the rocks, and carved upon the trees. Sometimes, the child-like girl would ask, nothing doubting of the answer, "Will you love me thus when I am as old as our good Arisba?" And he would twine flowers in the rich braids of her golden hair, as he fondly answered, "May the Scamander flow back to its source if ever I cease to love my CEnone." That there were other passions in the world than love, they neither of them dreamed. But one day Corythus went down into the plains in search of a milk-white bull, that had strayed from the herd. He was returning with the animal, when he encountered a troop of hunters, from the city on the other side of the river. The tramp of their horses and the glitter of their spears frightened the bull,

and he plunged madly into the waves of the Scamander. The uncommon beauty of the powerful beast, and his fiery strength, attracted attention. Some of the hunters dismounted to assist in bringing him out of the river, and with many praises, inquired to whom he belonged. The shepherd answered their questions with a graceful diffidence, that drew some admiration upon himself. As the troop rode away, he heard one of them say, "By Apollo's quiver ! that magnificent bull must be the one in which Jupiter disguised himself to carry off Europa."

"Yes," replied another, "and that handsome rustic might be Ganymede in disguise."

A glow of pleasure mantled the cheeks of Corythus. He stood for a moment proudly caressing the neck and head of the superb animal, and gazed earnestly after the hunters. The adventure made a strong impression on his mind ; for by the brazen helmets and shields, richly embossed with silver, he rightly conjectured that they who had spoken thus of him were princes of Ilium. From that day he dressed himself more carefully, and often looked at the reflection of himself in the mountain pool. Instead of hastening to Ceneone, when they had by any chance been separated for a few hours, he often lingered long, to gaze at the distant towers of Ilium, glittering in the setting sun. The scene was indeed surpassingly fair. The Scamander flowed silverly through a verdant valley girdled by an amphitheatre of richly-wooded mountains. Europe and Asia smiled at each other across the bright waters of the *Ægean*, while the lovely islands of Imbros and Tenedos slept at their feet. But it was not the beauty of the scene which chiefly attracted his youthful imagination. The spark of ambition had fallen into his breast, and his shepherd life now seemed unmanly and dull. Ceneone soon felt this ! for the usually quick perception of love was rendered still more keen by her peculiar impressibility to spiritual influence. For the first time, in her innocent and happy life, came conscious sadness without a defined reason, and unsatisfied feelings that took no name. She gave out the whole of her soul, and not being all received, the backward stroke of unabsorbed affection struck on her heart with mournful echoes. It made her uneasy, she knew not why, to hear Corythus talk of the princes of Ilium, with their dazzling crests and richly-embroidered girdles. It seemed as if these princes, somehow or other, came between her and her love. She had always been remarkable for the dreaming power, and in her present state of mind this mysterious gift increased. Her senses, too, became more acute. A nerve seemed to be thrust out at every pore. She started at the slightest sound, and often, when others saw nothing, she would exclaim—

"Look at that beautiful bird, with feathers like the rainbow !"

The kind foster-mother laid all these things to her heart. Something of reverence, tinged with fear, mixed with her love for this dear child of her adoption. She said to her husband :

"Perhaps she is the daughter of Apollo, and he will endow her with the gift of prophecy, as they say he has the beautiful princess Cassandra, in the royal halls of Ilium."

The attention of Corythus was quite otherwise employed. All his leisure moments were spent in

making clubs and arrows. He often went down into the plains, to join the young men in wrestling-matches, running, leaping, throwing of quoits. In all games of agility or strength, he soon proved his superiority so decidedly that they ceased to excite him. Then he joined hunting parties, and in contests with wild beasts he signalled himself by such extraordinary boldness and skill, that in all the country round he came to be known by the name of Alexander, or the Defender.

The echo of his fame flattered the pride of his foster-father, who often predicted for him a career of greatness ; but poor Ceneone wept at these periods of absence, which became more and more frequent. She concealed her tears from him, however, and eagerly seized every little moment of sunshine to renew their old happiness. But of all the sad tasks of poor humanity, it is the most sorrowful to welcome ghosts of those living joys that once embraced us with the warmest welcome. To an earnest and passionate nature it seems almost better to be hated, than to be less beloved. Ceneone would not believe that the sympathy between them was less perfect than it had been ; but the anxious inquiry and the struggling hope were gradually weakening her delicate frame ; and an event occurred which completely deranged her nervous organisation. One day they had both been tending flocks on the hills, and had fallen asleep in the shade of a gigantic oak. When they awoke, the flock had wandered away, and they went in search of them. Twilight drew her cloud-curtain earlier than usual, and only a solitary star was here and there visible. Bewildered by the uncertain light, they lost their way, and were obliged to trust to the sagacity of their dog. The sky, through the thickly interlacing boughs of gigantic trees, looked down upon them solemnly ; bushes here and there started forth, like spectral shadows, across their path ; and their faithful dog now and then uttered a long howl, as if he felt the vicinity of some evil beast. Ceneone was overcome with exceeding fear. The wind among the trees distressed her with its wailing song ; and her acute senses detected other sounds in the distance, long before they reached the ear of her companion.

"Ha ! what is that !" she exclaimed, clinging more closely to his arm.

"'Tis only the evening wind," he replied.

"Don't you hear it !" she said : "It is a horrible noise, like the roar of lions. Ah, dear Corythus, the wild beasts will devour us."

He stood and listened intently.

"I hear nothing," said he, "but the Dryads whispering among the trees, and pulling green garlands from the boughs. Your ears deceive you, dearest."

There was silence for a few moments ; and then, with a faint shriek, she exclaimed :

"Oh, didn't you hear that frightful clash ! The dog heard it. Hark ! how he growls."

For some time, Corythus insisted that there were no other sounds than those common to evening. But at last a deep roar, mingled with howls, came through the air too distinctly to be mistaken. Ceneone trembled in every joint, and the perspiration stood in large drops on her lips and forehead. The sounds grew louder and louder. Booming timbrels were answered with the sharp clash of cymbals, and at every pause of the rolling drums

the Phrygian pipe moaned on the winds. The roars, shrieks and howls of a furious multitude rent the air with fierce discords, and the earth shook as with the tramp of an army. As they passed by, the glare of their torches came up from below, and cast fantastic gleams on the dark foliage of the firs.

"The gods be praised," said Corythus, "these are no wild beasts; but the Corybantes on their way to the temple of Cybele. The sounds are awful indeed; but the Mountain Mother has been kind to us, dear CEnone; for by the route they have taken I see that the good dog has guided us right, and we are not far from our home."

He received no answer and could hear no breathing. He felt the arm that clutched him so convulsively, and found it cold and rigid. Fitful flashes of lurid light gleamed ever and anon in the distance; the hills echoed the roar of Cybele's lions, and the passionate clang of cymbals pierced into the ear of night. There was no hope of making his voice heard through the uproar; so he tenderly lifted his fair burden and bore it vigorously down the steep hill, pausing now and then to take breath. At last, his eyes were greeted by the welcome sight of Mygdomus with a torch, anxiously looking out for them. CEnone's terror, and its consequences, were briefly explained, and quickly as possible they carried her into the dwelling.

The swoon continued so long, that it seemed like death; but at last she opened her eyes, gazed around with an unconscious stare, and soon fell into a deep sleep. The next morning she appeared exceedingly weak, and there was a strange expression about her eyes. She so earnestly besought Corythus not to leave her, that the old shepherd and his wife proposed to go forth with the flocks; and it was agreed to call them, in case of need, by a shrill summons on the pipe. But CEnone, though much exhausted, and nervously sensitive to light and sound, slept most of the time quietly. Corythus had in his hand a branch of laurel; and to amuse her waking moments, he wove a garland of the leaves and playfully wreathed it round her head. Her eyes lighted up with a singular inward radiance, and she exclaimed joyfully, "I like that. It makes me feel strong."

Corythus gazed anxiously into her eyes, and a superstitious fear crossed his mind that she had in some way offended the dread goddess Cybele, and been punished with insanity. But she smiled so sweetly on him, and spoke so coherently, that he soon dismissed the fear. An insect buzzed about her head, and he moved his hand slowly up and down, to keep it away. When he paused, she said:

"Do that again. It is soothing and pleasant."

He continued the motion, and with a delighted smile, she said:

"Ah, the laurel bough has golden edges, and there are rays about your head, like a shining crown."

The smile was still on her lips, when she sunk into a profound slumber. But when he rose and attempted to go out, she said, imploringly:

"Oh, don't leave me!"

Yet she still seemed in the deepest possible sleep.

"CEnone, do you see me?" he asked.

"Yes, I see you on a hill where there is a marble

temple. There are three very beautiful women, and they all beckon to you."

"What do they ask of me?" said he.

"They ask of you to say which is the fairest. One offers you a king's crown if you decide for her; another holds forth a glittering spear, and says she will make you the most renowned warrior in the world; the other offers a myrtle wreath, and says, 'Decide in my favour, and you shall marry the most beautiful princess in the world.'"

"I choose the myrtle," said Corythus; "but this is an odd dream."

"It is not a dream," replied CEnone.

"Are you not asleep, then?"

"Yes, I am asleep; the motion of your hands put me to sleep, and if you move that hazel twig over my face, it will wake me."

He waved the twig, and her eyes opened immediately; but when questioned, she said she had seen no marble temple, and no beautiful women.

This incident made an indelible impression on the mind of Corythus. He merely told the foster-parents that she had talked in her sleep, and had at times looked very strangely. But, within himself, he pondered much upon what she had said concerning the beautiful princess. Some days after, when he and CEnone were out on the hillside, he told her what she had said of the motion of his hands, and the effect of the hazel twig; but an undefined feeling led him to forbear mentioning her prophecy that he would marry the most beautiful princess in the world.

She answered, playfully:

"Move your hands over my head again, and see if I shall fall asleep."

He did so, and in a few minutes, she said:

"Ah, all the leaves on the trees now wear a golden edge, the flowers radiate light, there is a shining crown around your head, and from your fingers dart lines of fire. Dear Corythus, this is like what the minstrel sung of the Argonauts, when they were benighted, and Apollo's bow cast bright gleams along the shore, and sparkled on the waves."

She continued to talk of the beautiful appearance more and more drowsily, and in a few minutes sunk into slumber. Corythus watched the statue-like stillness of her features, and the singularly impressive beauty of their expression. It was unlike anything he had ever seen. A glorious light beamed from the countenance, but it shone through, not on it; like a rose-coloured lamp within a vase of alabaster. For a few moments he was too much awed to interrupt the silence. There was something divine in her loveliness, as she lay there peacefully under the whispering foliage, while the breezes gently raised her golden ringlets. But curiosity was too powerful to be long subdued by reverence; and Corythus at last asked:

"CEnone, where is the beautiful princess whom I shall marry?"

After a pause, she replied:

"In a fair city girdled by verdant hills, far south from here, toward the setting sun."

"Do you see her?" he asked.

"Yes. She is in a magnificent palace, the walls of which are ivory inlaid with golden vines, and grapes of amber. Beneath her feet is spread a rich green cloth, embroidered with flowers. A handmaid is kneeling before her, with a shining silver vase, twined round with golden serpents,

and heaped with fine purple wool. Another sits at her feet, with the infant princess in her arms."

"She is married, then?"

"She is the famous Helena, of whose many lovers the minstrels sing, and who was married to Menelaus, king of Laconia."

"How does she look?"

"Majestic as Juno, and beautiful as Venus. She has large dark glowing eyes, a proud but very beautiful mouth, and neck and shoulders as white as ivory. Her glossy brown hair is bound round the forehead with a golden fillet, and falls in waves almost to her feet. She is very beautiful, and very vain of her beauty."

"How then is it that she will consent to marry me, a poor shepherd?"

"You are the son of a king; and when she sees you, she will think you the most beautiful of men."

"I the son of a king! Dearest CEnone, tell me of what king?"

"Of Priam, king of Troy."

"How then came I on Mount Ida?"

"The night you were born, your mother dreamed of a torch that set all Ilium on fire. The dream troubled her, and she told it to the king, her husband. He summoned the soothsayers, and they told him that the babe which was born would cause the destruction of the city. While your mother slept, the king gave you to his favourite slave, Archelaus, with orders to strangle you. But he had not the heart to do it, and so he left you under a plane-tree on Mount Ida, and prayed the gods to send some one to save you."

"Shall I be happy with the beautiful princess?"

"You shall have joy, but much, much more sorrow. She will bring destruction on you; and you will come to CEnone to die."

Being further questioned, she said she knew the healing virtues of all herbs, and the antidotes for all poisons.

Corythus walked slowly back and forth, with folded arms, revolving all that had been uttered. Could it be that those handsome princes of Ilium were his brothers? And the lovely Helena, the renown of whose beauty had even reached the ears of shepherds on these distant hills, could she ever be *his* wife?

He paused and gazed on CEnone, and compared in his mind her innocent spiritual beauty with the voluptuous picture she had given of Helena; and there arose within him a vague longing for the unknown one.

"Wake me! wake me!" exclaimed the sleeper: "there is a strange pain in my heart."

Marvelling much, and blushing at his own thoughts, he hastily woke her. He felt an unwillingness to reveal what she had uttered; and she was satisfied when told that she had talked incoherently of the splendours of a palace. From that day he often tried the experiment, and was never satisfied with hearing of her visions.

It was a sad task of this fair prophetess, thus unconsciously to paint the image of a rival in the heart of him she loved. And though there remained in the waking state no remembrance of the revelations made, yet the effect of them gave a more plaintive tone to her whole existence. The angelic depth of expression increased in her beautiful eyes, and evermore looked out through a transparent veil of melancholy; for she *felt* the

estrangement of her beloved Corythus, though she *knew* it not. In fact, his wayward behaviour attracted the attention of even good old Arisba. Moody and silent, or irritable and impetuous, he no longer seemed like the loving and happy youth, whom she had doated on from his infancy. Sometimes he would hurl the heaviest stones, with might and main, down the sides of the mountain, or wrench the smaller trees up by the roots. He was consumed by a feverish restlessness, that could find no sufficient outward expression; a fiery energy that knew not how to expend itself. Into the smallest occasions of play or labour he threw such vehemence and volcanic force, that Arisba jestingly said, "We will call you no more Corythus, but Cœculus, who is said to have been born of a spark from Vulcan's forge."

To CEnone, his conduct was wayward in the extreme. Sometimes he seemed to forget that she was in existence; and then, as if reproaching himself, he treated her with a lavishness of love that laid her weeping on his bosom. Then she would look up, smiling through her tears, and say, "You *do* love me still? I know not what to make of you, dear Corythus. Your love seems like the Scamander, that has two sources, one warm and the other cold. But you *do* love me; do you not?"

The allusion to two sources brought a faint flush to his cheek; and when he kissed her, and said "I do," her listening spirit heard a broken echo in the answer.

Thus was life passing with them, when a messenger from King Priam came to obtain the white bull, which had been so much admired by the hunters. There was to be a gladiatorial contest in Ilium, and the king had promised to the victor the most beautiful bull that could be found on Mount Ida. Corythus proudly replied that he would not give up the noble animal, unless he were allowed to enter the lists for the prize. Mygdomus, fearing the royal displeasure, remonstrated with him, and reminded him that the contest was for princes and great men, and not for shepherds and rustics. But Corythus persisted that on such terms only would he send away the pride of their herds. The courier departed, and returned next day with a message from the king, saying he liked the bold spirit of the youth, and would gladly admit into the lists one so famous for courage and skill.

Poor CEnone could not overcome her reluctance to have him go. There had always been in her mind an uncomfortable feeling with regard to those princes of Ilium; and now it returned with redoubled force. But alas, in those mysterious sleeps she prophesied victory and glory, and thus kindled higher than ever the flame of ambition within his breast.

At last the important day arrived; and with throbbing hearts the shepherd-family saw their young gladiator depart for the contest. He drew CEnone to his heart and kissed her affectionately; but when they parted, he did not stop to look back, as he used to do in those blissful days when their souls were fused into one. With vigorous, joyful leaps, he went bounding down the sides of the mountain. CEnone watched his graceful figure as he swung lightly from the trunk of a young olive tree, down into the plain below. When she could no longer see even a moving speck in the distance, she retired tearfully, to tend the flocks alone. All

that day her eyes were fixed sadly on the towers of Ilium, and the thought ever present was, "He did not look back upon me when we parted."

He promised to return on the third day; but the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth passed, and still he came not. Mournfully, mournfully, wailed Ænone's pipe, and there came no answer now, but sad echoes from the hills.

"What can have become of him?" said Arisba, when the evening of the fourth day closed. "Surely, if harm had happened to him, they would send a messenger."

"He is either dead, or he has tasted the waters of Argyra, which make people forget those they love," said Ænone; and as she spoke hot tears fell on the thread she spun.

* * * * *

How had it fared meanwhile with Corythus! Victor in all the games, his beauty and his strength called forth shouts of applause. One after another of the king's sons were obliged to yield to his superior vigour and skill. At last came the athletic and hitherto unconquered Hector. After a fierce protracted struggle, the shepherd of Ida overthrew him also. Enraged at being conquered by a youth of such inferior birth, he started on his feet and rushed after him, in a paroxysm of wrath. Corythus, to elude his fury, passed through a gate which led into the inner court of the palace. It chanced that queen Hecuba and her daughter Cassandra were there, when he rushed in, and panting threw himself on the altar of Jupiter for protection. Hecuba flung her mantle over him, and summoned a slave to bring him water. Cassandra, gazing earnestly at the youthful stranger, exclaimed:

"How like he is to my mother, as I first remember her!"

The queen inquired his age, and Cassandra, listening to his answer, said:

"If my brother Paris had lived, such also would have been his years."

"Fair Princess," replied Corythus, "an oracle has told me that I am he. Is Archelaus yet alive? If so, I pray you let him be summoned, and inquire of him whether he destroyed the infant Paris."

The old slave, being questioned, fell on his knees and confessed that he had left the babe under a plane-tree, on Mount Ida, and that he had afterwards seen him in the hut of Mygdomus. With a cry of joy, Hecuba threw herself into the arms of her beautiful, her long-lost son. Slaves brought water for his feet, and spread rich carpets before him. They clothed him in royal robes, and there was feasting and rejoicing, and magnificent processions to the temples, and costly sacrifices to the gods. Brothers and sisters caressed him, and he was attended by beautiful bond-women, whose duty it was to obey his every wish. Electra, a handsome Greek girl, with glowing cheeks and eyes of fire, brought water for his hands in vases of silver; while Artaynta, a graceful Persian, with kiss-inviting lips, and sleepy oriental eyes, always half-veiled by their long silken fringes, knelt to pour perfumes on his feet. Thus surrounded by love and splendour, the dazzled youth forgot Ænone. It was not until the fourth day of his residence in the palace, that the new prince began to think how anxious must be the humble hearts

that loved him on Mount Ida. Should he raise Ænone to his own royal rank? She was unquestionably lovely enough to grace a throne; but the famous Spartan queen had taken possession of his imagination, and he was already devising some excuse to visit the court of Menelaus. He had not courage to reveal these feelings to Ænone; and a selfish wish to screen himself from embarrassment and pain induced him to send Archelaus to convey the news, with munificent presents to his foster-parents and his wife, and a promise that he would come hereafter.

When Ænone heard the unexpected tidings, she fell into a swoon more deadly than the one she had experienced on the night of Cybele's procession. She knew that her feelings could not have changed toward Corythus, had the Fates offered her the throne of the world; but she felt that it might be otherwise with him. Weary weeks passed, and still he came not. Ænone, wakeful and nervous, at last asked the foster-mother to try to soothe her into sleep, as Corythus had formerly done. Under this influence all the objects around her again radiated light; and when the mysterious slumber veiled her senses, she entered the royal palace of Priam, and saw her beloved. Sometimes she described him as reclining on a crimson couch, while Electra brought him wine in golden goblets. At other times, Artaynta knelt before him and played on her harp, while he twined the long ringlets of her glossy hair. At last she said he was fitting out a fleet, and would soon sail away.

When Arisba asked where he would go, she answered:

"He says he is going to Salamis to redeem the Princess Hesione, who was carried away prisoner by the Greeks; but his real object is to visit the beautiful queen of Sparta, whom I told him he would marry."

"Poor child!" thought Arisba, "then it was thou thyself that kindled strange fires in his bosom. What wrong hast thou done, in thy innocent life, that the gods should thus punish thee?"

In her waking hours, Ænone asked eager questions concerning all she had said in her state of inner consciousness.

"Oh, if I could only see him again!" she would exclaim with mournful impatience. "To have these painted visions, and to retain no memory of them—this is worse than the doom of Tantalus. Oh, how could he forget me so easily! We who have slept in the same cradle, and so often folded each other in mutual love. I could not thus have forgotten him."

She invented many projects of going to Ilium in disguise, that she might at least look upon him once more. But timidity and pride restrained her.

"The haughty ones will scorn a poor shepherd girl," she said; "and he will be ashamed to call me his wife. I will not follow him who wishes to leave me. It would break my heart to see him caressing another's beauty. Yet if I could only see him, even with another folded to his heart! Oh, ye gods, if I could only see him again!"

Arisba listened to these ravings with deep compassion.

"Poor child!" she would say, "when thou wert born, the Loves sneezed to thee from the unlucky side."

Ænone would fain have been in her mysterious

sleep half the time; so eager was she to receive tidings from Corythus. But Arisba had not the leisure to spare, nor did she think such constant excitement favourable to the health of her darling child. Already her thin form was much attenuated, and her complexion had the pale transparency of a spirit. But the restlessness, induced by hearing no news of her beloved, had a worse effect upon her nerves than the excitement caused by her visions. So day by day, Arisba tried to soothe her wretchedness, by producing the sleep, and afterward repeating to her what she had said. In this strange way, all that occurred at the palace in Ilium was known in the hut on Mount Ida. The departure of the young prince for Salamis, the gorgeous fleet, with gay streamers and gilded prows, the crowd about the shores waving garlands, were all described in the liveliest manner. But CEnone's sadness was not deepened by this event. Corythus had been previously separated from her, more completely than if he had already passed into the world of spirits. One only hope consoled her misery; her own prophecy that he would come to her to die.

Arisba was rejoiced to discover that her darling would soon become a mother. She trusted this would resuscitate withering affections, by creating a visible link between her desolate heart and the being she so fondly loved. And the first glance of the young mother upon her innocent babe did seem to renew the fountains of her life. She named the boy Corythus, and eagerly watched his growing beauty, to catch some likeness of his father. But the child had been born under influences too sad to inherit his father's vigorous frame, or his bounding, joyous, volatile spirit. His nature was deep and loving, like his mother's, and he had her plaintive, prophetic eyes. But his rosy mouth, the very bow of Cupid, was the image of his father's. And oh, with what a passionate mixture of maternal fondness and early romantic love, did poor CEnone press it to her own pale lips!

Less frequently now she sought the relief of supernatural sleep; and when she did, it was not always followed by visions. But at various times she saw her beloved in Sparta, weaving garlands for the beautiful queen, or playing upon his flute while he reclined at her feet.

"She loves him not," said the sleeper; "but his beauty and his flattery please her, and she will return with him. It will prove a fatal day for him, and for Ilium."

When little Corythus was a year old, the fleet returned from Greece, bearing Paris and his beautiful Spartan queen. CEnone was, of course, aware of this event, long before the rumour was reported to Mygdomus by neighbouring shepherds. A feverish excitement returned upon her; the old intense desire to see the loved one. But still she was restrained by fear and womanly pride. She made unseen visits to the palace, as before, and told of Paris for ever at the feet of his queenly bride, playing upon his silver lyre, while she decorated his curling tresses with garlands.

Again and again, the question rose in CEnone's mind, whether the forgetful one would love her fair child, if he could see him; and month by month the wish grew stronger to show him this son of their love. Little Corythus was about two years old, when she foretold immediate war with

the Grecian states, enraged at the abduction of queen Helena. When this was repeated to her, she said to herself:

"If I go not soon, the plain will be filled with warriors, and it will be dangerous to venture there."

She kept her purpose secret; but one morning, when she and the little one were out alone upon the hills, she disguised herself in some of Arisba's old robes, and went forth to Ilium, hoping to gain entrance to the palace under the pretence of having herbs to sell. But when she came within sight of the stately edifice, her resolution almost failed. A slave, who was harnessing two superb white horses to a glittering chariot, demanded what she wanted; and when she timidly told her errand, he showed her an inner quadrangular court, and pointed out the apartments of the women. As she stood hesitating, gazing on the magnificent marble columns and gilded lattices, Paris himself came down the steps, encircling Helen with his arm. It was the first time she had looked upon him since he left her, in rustic garb, without pausing to look back upon her. Now, he wore sparkling sandals, and a mantle of Tyrian purple, with large clasps of gold. His bride was clothed in embroidered Sidonian garments, of the richest fashion, and a long flowing veil, of shining texture, was fastened about her head by a broad band of embossed gold. Poor CEnone slunk away, abashed and confounded in the presence of their regal beauty; and her heart sank within her, when she saw those well-remembered eyes gazing so fondly upon her splendid rival. But when the slave brought the chariot to the gate, she tried to rouse her courage and come forward with the child. Paris carefully lifted his bride into the chariot, and leaped in, to seat himself by her side. In the agony of her feelings, the suffering mother made a convulsive movement, and with a shrill hysterical shriek, exclaimed:

"Oh Corythus, do look once upon our child!"

The frightened horses reared and plunged. The chariot, turning rapidly, struck CEnone and she fell. The wheels merely grazed her garments, but passed over the body of the child. Paris being occupied with soothing Helen's alarm, was not aware of this dreadful accident. The slave reined in the startled horses with a strong hand, and drove rapidly forward. CEnone was left alone outside the gates, with the lifeless body of her babe.

It was evening when she returned weary and heart-broken to Arisba. A compassionate rustic accompanied her, bearing her melancholy burden. The sad story was told in a few wild words; and the old shepherds bowed down their heads and sobbed in agony. CEnone's grief was the more fearful, because it was so still. It seemed as if the fountains of feeling were dried up within her heart.

There was a painfully intense glare about her eyes, and she remained wakeful late into the night. At last, the good foster-mother composed her into an artificial sleep. She talked less than usual in such slumbers, and evinced an unwillingness to be disturbed. But, in answer to Arisba's question, she said:

"He did not know a child was killed, nor did he see us. In the confusion he thought only of Helen, and did not recognise CEnone's voice. His sister

Cassandra, who sees hidden things by the same light that I do, has told him that the child killed at the gates was his own. But Helen and her handmaids are dancing round him, laughing and throwing perfumes as they go, and he thinks not of us. He would have loved our little Corythus, if he had known him."

"Thank the gods for that!" said Arisba within herself; "for I would not like to hate the nursling I reared so fondly."

They buried the child in the shade of a gigantic oak, on which, in happier days, had been carved, with the point of an arrow, the united names of Corythus and Ceneone. A beautiful Arum lily held its large white cup over the grave; and the sorrowing mother covered the broken soil with anemones and the delicate blossoms of the crocus. There she would sit hours together, gazing on the towers of Ilium. But her desire to visit the palace, visibly or invisibly, seemed to have subsided entirely. No feeling of resentment against Corythus came into her gentle heart; but her patient love seemed to have sunk into utter hopelessness. Sometimes, indeed, she would look up in Arisba's face, with a heart-touching expression in her deep mournful eyes, and say, in tones of the saddest resignation:

"He will come to me to die."

Thus years passed on. War raged in all its fury in the plains below. Their flocks and herds were all seized by the rapacious soldiery, and the rushing of many chariots echoed like thunder among the hills. The nervous wakefulness of Ceneone was still occasionally soothed by supernatural sleep; though she never sought it now from curiosity. At such times, she often gave graphic accounts of the two contending armies; but these violent scenes pained her in her sleep, and left her waking strength extremely exhausted. Sometimes she described Paris in the battle-field, in shining armour, over which a panther's skin was gracefully thrown, with a quiver of arrows at his shoulder, and a glittering spear balanced in his hand, brave and beautiful as the god of day. But more frequently she saw him at Helen's feet, playing on harp or flute, while she wove her gay embroidery. In the latter time, she often spoke of his handsome brother Deiphobus, standing near them, exchanging stolen amorous glances with the vain and treacherous Spartan.

"She is false to him," murmured the sleeper, mournfully. "But he will come to Ceneone to die."

At last, the predicted hour arrived. The towers of Ilium were all in flames, and the whole atmosphere was filled with lurid light, as the magnificent city sank into her fiery grave. The wretched inhabitants were flying in all directions, pursued by the avenging foe. In the confusion, Paris was wounded by a poisoned arrow. In this hour of agony, he remembered the faithful, the long-forgotten one, and what she had said of her skill in medicine. In gasping tones, he cried out:

"Carry me to Ceneone!"

Histerrified slaves lifted him on a litter of boughs, and hastened to obey his orders.

Ceneone sat by the grave of her child, watching the blazing towers of Ilium, when they laid Corythus at her feet. She sprang forward, exclaiming:

"Dear, dear Corythus, you have come to me at last!"

Bending over him, she kissed the lips, which,

cold as marble, returned no answer to the fond carress. She gazed wildly on the pale countenance for an instant—placed her trembling hand upon his heart—and then springing upward convulsively, as if shot by an arrow, she uttered one long shrill shriek, that startled all the echoes, and fell lifeless on the body of him she loved so well.

The weeping foster-parents dug a wide grave by the side of little Corythus, and placed them in each other's arms, under the shadow of the great oak, whose Dryad had so often heard the pure whisperings of their early love.

THE YOUTHFUL EMIGRANT.

A TRUE STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NEW JERSEY.

"A being breathing thoughtful breath;
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."—WORDSWORTH.

THE latter part of the seventeenth century saw rapid accessions to the Society of Friends, called Quakers. The strong humility, the indwelling life, which then characterised that peculiar sect, attracted large numbers, even of the wealthy, to its unworldly doctrines. Among these were John Haddon and his wife Elizabeth, well-educated and genteel people, in the city of London. Like William Penn, and other proselytes from the higher classes, they encountered much ridicule and opposition from relatives, and the grossest misrepresentations from the public. But this, as usual, only made the unpopular faith more dear to those who had embraced it for conscience' sake.

The three daughters of John Haddon received the best education then bestowed on gentlewomen, with the exception of ornamental accomplishments. The spinnet and mandolin, on which their mother had played with considerable skill, were of course banished; and her gay embroidery was burned, lest it should tempt others to a like expenditure of time. The house was amply furnished, but with the simplest patterns and the plainest colours. An atmosphere of kindness pervaded the whole establishment, from father and mother down to the little errand-boy; a spirit of perfect gentleness, unbroken by any freaks of temper, or outbursts of glee; as mild and placid as perpetual moonlight.

The children in their daily habits, reflected an image of home, as children always do. They were quiet, demure, and orderly, with a touch of quaintness in dress and behaviour. Their playthings were so well preserved, that they might pass in good condition to the third generation; no dogs' ears were turned in their books, and the moment they came from school, they carefully covered their little plain bonnets from dust and flies. To these subduing influences was added the early consciousness of being pointed at as peculiar; of having a cross to bear, a sacred cause to sustain.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, was by nature strong, earnest, and energetic, with warm affections, uncommon powers of intellect, and a lively imagination. The exact equal pressure on all sides, in

strict Quaker families, is apt to produce too much uniformity of character; as the equal pressure of the air makes one globule of shot just like another. But in this rich young soul, the full stream, which under other circumstances might have overleaped safe barriers, being gently hemmed in by high banks, quietly made for itself a deeper and wider channel, and flowed on in all its fulness. Her countenance in some measure indicated this. Her large clear blue eye "looked out honest and friendly into the world," and there was an earnest seriousness about her mouth, very unusual in childhood. She was not handsome; but there was something extremely pleasing in her fresh healthy complexion, her bright intelligent expression, and her firm elastic motions.

She early attracted attention, as a very peculiar child. In her usual proceedings, her remarks, and even in her play, there was a certain individuality. It was evident that she never *intended* to do anything strange. She was original merely because she unconsciously acted out her own noble nature, in her own free and quiet way. It was a spontaneous impulse with her to relieve all manner of distress. One day, she brought home a little half-blind kitten in her bosom, which her gentle eloquence rescued from cruel boys, who had cut off a portion of its ears. At another time, she asked to have a large cake baked for her, because she wanted to invite some little girls. All her small funds were expended for oranges and candy on this occasion. When the time arrived, her father and mother were much surprised to see her lead in six little ragged beggars. They were, however, too sincerely humble and religious to *express* any surprise. They treated the forlorn little ones very tenderly, and freely granted their daughter's request to give them some of her books and playthings at parting. When they had gone, the good mother quietly said, "Elizabeth, why didst thou invite strangers, instead of thy schoolmates?"

There was a heavenly expression in her eye, as she looked up earnestly, and answered, "Mother, I wanted to invite *them*, they looked *so* poor."

The judicious parents made no circumstance of it, lest it should create a diseased love of being praised for kindness. But they gave each other an expressive glance, and their eyes filled with tears; for this simple and natural action of their child seemed to them full of Christian beauty.

Under such an education, all good principles and genial impulses grew freely and took vigorous root; but the only opening for her active imagination to spread its wings was in the marvellous accounts she heard of America and the Indians. When she was five or six years old, William Penn visited her father's house, and described some of his adventures in the wilderness, and his interviews with red men. The intelligent child eagerly devoured every word, and kept drawing nearer and nearer, till she laid her head upon his knees, and gazed into his face. Amused by her intense curiosity, the good man took her in his lap, and told her how the squaws made baskets and embroidered moccasins; how they called a baby a pappoos, and put him in a birch-bark cradle, which they swung on the boughs of trees. The little girl's eyes sparkled, as she inquired, "And didst thou ever see a pappoos-baby thyself? And hast thou got a moccason-shoe?"

"I have seen them myself, and I will send thee a moccason," he replied; "but thou mayst go to thy mother now, for I have other things to speak of."

That night, the usually sedate child scampered across the bed-room with but one sleeve of her night-gown on, and tossed up her shoe, shouting, "Ho, ho! Friend Penn is going to send me an Indian moccason! Mother, art thou glad? Hannah, art thou glad?"

This unwonted ebullition was not rebuked in words, but it soon subsided under the invisible influence of unvarying calmness.

From that time, a new character was given to all her plays. Her doll was named Pocahontas, and she swung her kitten in a bit of leather, and called it a pappoos. If she could find a green bough, she stuck it in the ground for a tree, placed an earthen image under it for William Penn, and sticks with feathers on them for Indian chiefs. Then, with amusing gravity of manner, she would unfold a bit of newspaper and read what she called Friend Penn's treaty with the red men. Her sisters, who were of a far less adventurous spirit, often said, "We are tired of always playing Indian. Why not play keep school, or go to see grandfather?"

But Elizabeth would answer, "No; let us play that we all go settle in America. Well, now suppose we are in the woods, with great, great, big trees all round us, and squirrels running up and down, and wolves growling."

"I don't like wolves," said little Hannah, "they will bite thee. Father says they will bite."

"I shouldn't be afraid," replied the elder sister; "I would run into the house and shut the door, when they came near enough for me to see their eyes. Here are plenty of sticks. Let us build a house; a wigwam, I mean. Oh, dear me, how I should love to go to America! There must be such grand great woods to run about in; and I should love to swing the little pappooses in the trees."

When Elizabeth was eleven years old, she went with her parents to Yearly Meeting, and heard, among other preachers, a young man seventeen years of age, named John Estaugh. He was a new proselyte, come from Essex county, to join the annual assembly of the Friends. Something in his preaching arrested the child's attention, and made a strong impression on her active mind. She often quoted his words afterwards, and began to read religious books with great diligence. John Haddon invited the youth home to dine, but as there was no room at the table for the children, Elizabeth did not see him. Her father afterward showed her an ear of Indian corn, which John Estaugh had given him. He had received several from an uncle settled in New England, and he brought some with him to London as curiosities. When the little girl was informed that the magnificent plant grew taller than herself, and had very large waving green leaves, and long silken tassels, she exclaimed, with renewed eagerness, "Oh, how I do wish I could go to America!"

Years passed on, and as the child had been, so was the maiden; modest, gentle, and kind, but always earnest and full of life. Surrounding influences naturally guided her busy intellect into inquiries concerning the right principles of human

action, and the rationality of customary usages. At seventeen, she professed to have adopted, from her own serious conviction, the religious opinions in which she had been educated. There was little observable change in outward manner; for the fresh spontaneity of her character had been early chastened by habitual calmness and sobriety. But her views of life gradually became tinged with a larger and deeper thoughtfulness. She often spoke of the freedom of life away from cities, and alone with nature; of mutual helpfulness in such a state of society, and increased means of doing good.

Perhaps her influence, more than anything else, induced her father to purchase a tract of land in New Jersey, with the view of removing thither. Mechanics were sent out to build a suitable house and barns, and the family were to be transplanted to the New World as soon as the necessary arrangements were completed. In the meantime, however, circumstances occurred which led the good man to consider it his duty to remain in England. The younger daughters were well pleased to have it so; but Elizabeth, though she acquiesced cheerfully in her father's decision, evidently had a weight upon her mind. She was more silent than usual, and more frequently retired to her chamber for hours of quiet communion with herself. Sometimes, when asked what she had upon her mind, she replied in the concise solemn manner of Friends, "It is a great thing to be a humble waiter upon the Lord; to stand in readiness to follow wheresoever He leads the way."

One day, some friends, who were at the house, spoke of the New Jersey tract, and of the reasons which had prevented a removal to America. Her father replied, that he was unwilling to have any property lying useless, and he believed he should offer the tract to any of his relatives who would go and settle upon it. His friends answered, "Thy relatives are too comfortably established in England, to wish to emigrate to the wilds of America."

That evening, when the family were about to separate for the night, Elizabeth begged them to remain a while, as she had something of importance to say. "Dear parents and sisters," said she, "it is now a long time since I have had a strong impression on my mind that it is my duty to go to America. My feelings have been greatly drawn toward the poor brethren and sisters there. It has even been clearly pointed out to me what I am to do. It has been lately signified that a sign would be given when the way was opened; and to-night when I heard thy proposition to give the house and land to whoever would occupy it, I felt at once that thy words were the promised sign."

Her parents, having always taught their children to attend to inward revealings, were afraid to oppose what she so strongly felt to be a duty. Her mother, with a slight trembling in her voice, asked if she had reflected well on all the difficulties of the undertaking, and how arduous a task it was for a young woman to manage a farm of unbroken land in a new country.

Elizabeth replied, "Young women have governed kingdoms; and surely it requires less wisdom to manage a farm. But let not that trouble us, dear mother. He that feedeth the ravens will guide

me in the work whereunto he has called me. It is not to cultivate the farm, but to be a friend and physician to the people in that region, that I am called."

Her father answered, "Doubt not, my child, that we shall be willing to give thee up to the Lord's disposings, however hard the trial may be. But when thou wert a very little girl, thy imagination was much excited concerning America; therefore, thou must be very careful that no desire for new adventures, founded in the will of the creature, mislead thee from the true light in this matter. I advise thee for three months to make it a subject of solid meditation and prayer. Then, if our lives be spared, we will talk further concerning it."

During the prescribed time, no allusion was made to the subject, though it was in the thoughts of all; for this highly conscientious family were unwilling to confuse inward perceptions by any expression of feeling or opinion. With simple undoubting faith, they sought merely to ascertain whether the Lord required this sacrifice. That their daughter's views remained the same, they partly judged by her increased tenderness toward all the family. She was not sad, but thoughtful and ever-wakeful, as toward friends from whom she was about to separate. It was likewise observable that she redoubled her diligence in obtaining knowledge of household affairs, of agriculture, and the cure of common diseases. When the three months had expired, she declared that the light shone with undiminished clearness, and she felt, more strongly than ever, that it was her appointed mission to comfort and strengthen the Lord's people in the New World.

Accordingly, early in the spring of 1700, arrangements were made for her departure, and all things were provided that the abundance of wealth, or the ingenuity of affection, could devise. A poor widow of good sense and discretion accompanied her, as friend and housekeeper, and two trusty men servants, members of the Society of Friends. Among the many singular manifestations of strong faith and religious zeal, connected with the settlement of this country, few are more remarkable than the voluntary separation of this girl of eighteen years old from a wealthy home and all the pleasant associations of childhood, to go to a distant and thinly inhabited country, to fulfil what she considered a religious duty. And the humble, self-sacrificing faith of the parents, in giving up their beloved child, with such reverend tenderness for the promptings of her own conscience, has in it something sublimely beautiful, if we look at it in its own pure light. The parting took place with more love than words can express, and yet without a tear on either side. Even during the long and tedious voyage, Elizabeth never wept. She preserved a martyr-like cheerfulness and serenity to the end.

The house prepared for her reception stood in a clearing of the forest, three miles from any other dwelling. She arrived in June, when the landscape was smiling in youthful beauty; and it seemed to her as if the arch of heaven was never before so clear and bright, the carpet of the earth never so verdant. As she sat at her window and saw evening close in upon her in that broad forest home, and heard, for the first time, the mournful notes of the whipp-wil and the harsh scream of

the jay in the distant woods, she was oppressed with a sense of vastness, of infinity, which she never before experienced, not even on the ocean. She remained long in prayer, and when she lay down to sleep beside her matron friend, no words were spoken between them. The elder, overcome with fatigue, soon sank into a peaceful slumber; but the young enthusiastic spirit lay long awake, listening to the lone voice of the whippo-wil complaining to the night. Yet notwithstanding this prolonged wakefulness, she rose early and looked out upon the lovely landscape. The rising sun pointed to the tallest trees with his golden finger, and was welcomed with a gush of song from a thousand warblers. The poetry in Elizabeth's soul, repressed by the severe plainness of her education, gushed up like a fountain. She dropped on her knees, and with an outburst of prayer exclaimed fervently, "Oh, Father, very beautiful hast thou made this earth! How bountiful are thy gifts, O Lord!"

To a spirit less meek and brave, the darker shades of the picture would have obscured these cheerful gleams; for the situation was lonely and the inconveniences innumerable. But Elizabeth easily triumphed over all obstacles, by her practical good sense and the quick promptings of her ingenuity. She was one of those clear strong natures, who always have a definite aim in view, and who see at once the means best suited to the end. Her first inquiry was, what grain was best adapted to the soil of her farm; and being informed that rye would yield best, "Then I shall eat rye bread," was her answer. The ear of Indian corn, so long treasured in her juvenile museum, had travelled with her across the Atlantic, to be planted in American soil. When she saw fields of this superb plant, she acknowledged that it more than realised the picture of her childish imagination.

But when winter came, and the gleaming snow spread its unbroken silence over hill and plain, was it not dreary then? It would have been dreary indeed to one who entered upon this mode of life from mere love of novelty, or a vain desire to do something extraordinary. But the idea of extended usefulness, which had first lured this remarkable girl into a path so unusual, sustained her through all its trials. She was too busy to be sad, and she leaned too trustingly on her Father's hand to be doubtful of her way. The neighbouring Indians soon loved her as a friend, for they found her always truthful, just, and kind. From their teachings, she added much to her knowledge of simple medicines. So efficient was her skill and so prompt her sympathy, that for many miles round, if man, woman, or child were alarmingly ill, they were sure to send for Elizabeth Haddon; and wherever she went, her observing mind gathered some new hint for the improvement of farm or dairy. Her house and heart were both large; and as her residence was on the way to the Quaker meeting-house in Newtown, it became a place of universal resort to Friends from all parts of the country travelling that road, as well as an asylum for benighted wanderers. When Elizabeth was asked if she were not sometimes afraid of wayfarers, she quietly replied, "Perfect love casteth out fear." And true it was that she, who was so bountiful and kind to all, found none to injure her.

The winter was drawing to a close, when late one

evening, the sound of sleigh-bells was heard, and the crunching of snow beneath the hoofs of horses, as they passed into the barn-yard gate. The arrival of travellers was too common an occurrence to excite or disturb the well-ordered family. Elizabeth quietly continued her knitting, merely saying to one of the men, "Joseph, wilt thou put more wood on the fire? These friends, whoever they may be, will doubtless be cold; for I observed at nightfall a chilly feeling, as of more snow in the air."

Great logs were piled in the capacious chimney, and the flames blazed up with a crackling warmth, when two strangers entered. In the younger, Elizabeth instantly recognised John Estaugh, whose preaching had so deeply impressed her at eleven years of age. This was almost like a glimpse of home—her dear old English home! She stepped forward with more than usual cordiality, saying:

"Thou art welcome, Friend Estaugh: the more so for being entirely unexpected."

"And I am glad to see thee, Elizabeth," he replied, with a friendly shake of the hand. "It was not until after I landed in America, that I heard the Lord had called thee hither before me; but I remember thy father told me how often thou hadst played the settler in the woods, when thou wast quite a little girl."

"I am but a child still," she replied, smiling.

"I trust thou art," he rejoined; "and as for these strong impressions in childhood, I have heard of many cases where they seemed to be prophecies sent of the Lord. When I saw thy father in London, I had even then an indistinct idea that I might some time be sent to America on a religious visit."

"And hast thou forgotten, Friend John, the ear of Indian corn which my father begged of thee for me? I can show it to thee now. Since then I have seen this grain in perfect growth; and a goodly plant it is, I assure thee. See," she continued, pointing to many bunches of ripe corn, which hung in their braided husks against the walls of the ample kitchen: "all that, and more, came from a single ear, no bigger than the one thou didst give my father. May the seed sown by thy ministry be as fruitful!"

"Amen," replied both the guests; and for a few moments no one interrupted the silence. Then they talked much of England. John Estaugh had not seen any of the Haddon family for several years; but he brought letters from them, which came by the same ship, and he had information to give of many whose names were familiar as household words.

The next morning, it was discovered that snow had fallen during the night in heavy drifts, and the roads were impassable. Elizabeth, according to her usual custom, sent out men, oxen and sledges, to open pathways for several poor families, and for households whose inmates were visited by illness. In this duty, John Estaugh and his friend joined heartily, and none of the labourers worked harder than they. When he returned, glowing from this exercise, she could not but observe that the excellent youth had a goodly countenance. It was not physical beauty; for of that he had little. It was that cheerful, child-like, out-beaming honesty of expression, which we not unfrequently see in Germans, who, above all nations, look as if they carried a crystal heart within their manly bosoms.

Two days after, when Elizabeth went to visit her patients, with a sled-load of medicines and provisions, John asked permission to accompany her. There, by the bedside of the aged and the suffering, she saw the clear sincerity of his countenance warmed up with rays of love, while he spoke to them words of kindness and consolation; and there she heard his pleasant voice modulate itself into deeper tenderness of expression, when he took little children in his arms.

The next First Day, which we call the Sabbath, the whole family, as usual, attended Newtown meeting; and there John Estaugh was gifted with an outpouring of the spirit in his ministry, which sank deep into the hearts of those who listened to him. Elizabeth found it so marvellously applicable to the trials and temptations of her own soul, that she almost deemed it was spoken on purpose for her. She said nothing of this, but she pondered upon it deeply. Thus did a few days of united duties make them more thoroughly acquainted with each other, than they could have been by years of fashionable intercourse.

The young preacher soon after bade farewell, to visit other meetings in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Elizabeth saw him no more until the May following, when he stopped at her house to lodge, with numerous other friends, on their way to the Quarterly Meeting at Salem. In the morning quite a cavalcade started from her hospitable door, on horseback; for waggons were then unknown in Jersey. John Estaugh, always kindly in his impulses, busied himself with helping a lame and very ugly old woman, and left his hostess to mount her horse as she could. Most young women would have felt alighted; but in Elizabeth's noble soul the quiet deep tide of feeling rippled with an inward joy. "He is always kindest to the poor and the neglected," thought she; "verily he is a good youth." She was leaning over the side of her horse, to adjust the buckle of the girth, when he came up on horseback, and inquired if anything was out of order. She thanked him with slight confusion of manner, and a voice less calm than her usual utterance. He assisted her to mount, and they trotted along leisurely behind the procession of guests, speaking of the soil and climate of this new country, and how wonderfully the Lord had here provided a home for his chosen people. Presently the girth began to slip, and the saddle turned so much on one side, that Elizabeth was obliged to dismount. It took some time to re-adjust it, and when they again started, the company were out of sight. There was brighter colour than usual in the maiden's cheeks, and unwonted radiance in her mild deep eyes. After a short silence, she said, in a voice slightly tremulous, "Friend John, I have a subject of great importance on my mind, and one which nearly interests thee. I am strongly impressed that the Lord has sent thee to me as a partner for life. I tell thee my impression frankly, but not without calm and deep reflection; for matrimony is a holy relation, and should be entered into with all sobriety. If thou hast no light on the subject, wilt thou gather into the stillness, and reverently listen to thy own inward revealings? Thou art to leave this part of the country to-morrow, and not knowing when I should see thee again, I felt moved to tell thee what lay upon my mind."

The young man was taken by surprise. Though accustomed to that suppression of emotion, which characterises his religious sect, the colour went and came rapidly in his face, for a moment; but he soon became calmer, and replied, "This thought is new to me, Elizabeth; and I have no light thereon. Thy company has been right pleasant to me, and thy countenance ever reminds me of William Penn's title-page, 'Innocency with her open face.' I have seen thy kindness to the poor, and the wise management of thy household. I have observed, too, that thy warm-heartedness is tempered by a most excellent discretion, and that thy speech is ever sincere. Assuredly, such is the maiden I would ask of the Lord, as a most precious gift; but I never thought of this connexion with thee. I came to this country solely on a religious visit, and it might distract my mind to entertain this subject at present. When I have discharged the duties of my mission, we will speak further."

"It is best so," rejoined the maiden; "but there is one thing disturbs my conscience. Thou hast spoken of my true speech; and yet, Friend John, I have deceived thee a little, even now, while we conferred together on a subject so serious. I know not from what weakness the temptation came; but I will not hide it from thee. I allowed thee to suppose, just now, that I was fastening the girth of my horse securely; but, in plain truth, I was loosening the girth, John, that the saddle might slip, and give me an excuse to fall behind our friends; for I thought thou wouldst be kind enough to come and ask if I needed thy services."

This pure transparency of motive seemed less wonderful to John Estaugh, than it would to a man more accustomed to worldly ways, or less familiar with the simplicity of primitive Quakers. Nevertheless, the perfect guilelessness of the maiden endeared her to his honest heart, and he found it difficult to banish from his thoughts the important subject she had suggested. It was observable in this singular courtship, that no mention was made of worldly substance. John did not say, "I am poor, and thou art rich;" he did not even think of it. And it had entered Elizabeth's mind only in the form of thankfulness to God that she was provided with a home large enough for both.

They spoke no further concerning their union; but when he returned to England, in July, he pressed her hand affectionately, as he said, "Farewell, Elizabeth. If it be the Lord's will, I shall return to thee soon." He lingered, and their hands trembled in each other's clasp; then drawing her gently toward him, he imprinted a kiss on her open innocent forehead. She looked modestly into his clear honest eyes, and replied in the kindest tones, "Farewell, Friend John; may the Lord bless thee and guide thee!"

In October he returned to America, and they were soon after married, at Newtown meeting, according to the simple form of the Society of Friends. Neither of them made any change of dress for the occasion, and there was no wedding feast. Without the aid of priest or magistrate, they took each other by the hand, and, in the presence of witnesses, calmly and solemnly promised to be kind and faithful to each other. Their mutual promises were recorded in the church books, and the wedded pair quietly returned to their happy home, with none to intrude upon those sacred hours

of human life, when the heart most needs to be left alone with its own deep emotions.

During the long period of their union, she three times crossed the Atlantic, to visit her aged parents, and he occasionally left her for a season, when called abroad to preach. These temporary separations were felt as a cross, but the strong-hearted woman always cheerfully gave him up to follow his own convictions of duty. In 1742, he parted from her, to go on a religious visit to Tortola, in the West Indies. He died there, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. A friend, in a letter informing her of the event, says: "A shivering fit, followed by fever, seized him on the first day of the tenth month. He took great notice that it ended forty years since his marriage with thee; that during that time you had lived in much love, and had parted in the same; and that leaving thee was his greatest concern of all outward enjoyments. On the sixth day of the tenth month, about six o'clock at night, he went away like a lamb." She published a religious tract of his, to which is prefixed a preface, entitled "Elizabeth Estaugh's testimony concerning her beloved husband, John Estaugh." In this preface, she says, "Since it pleased Divine Providence so highly to favour me, with being the near companion of this dear worthy, I must give some small account of him. Few, if any, in a married state, ever lived in sweeter harmony than we did. He was a pattern of moderation in all things; not lifted up with any enjoyments, nor cast down at disappointments. A man endowed with many good gifts, which rendered him very agreeable to his friends, and much more to me, his wife, to whom his memory is most dear and precious."

Elizabeth survived her excellent husband twenty years, useful and honoured to the last. The Monthly Meeting of Haddonfield, in a published testimonial, speak of her thus: "She was endowed with great natural abilities, which, being sanctified by the Spirit of Christ, were much improved; whereby she became qualified to act in the affairs of the church, and was a serviceable member, having been clerk to the women's meeting nearly fifty years, greatly to their satisfaction. She was a sincere sympathiser with the afflicted, of a benevolent disposition, and in distributing to the poor, was desirous to do it in a way most profitable and durable to them, and if possible not to let the right hand know what the left did. Though in a state of affluence as to this world's wealth, she was an example of plainness and moderation. Her heart and house were open to her friends, whom to entertain seemed one of her greatest pleasures. Prudently cheerful, and well knowing the value of friendship, she was careful not to wound it herself, nor to encourage others in whispering supposed failings or weaknesses. Her last illness brought great bodily pain, which she bore with much calmness of mind and sweetness of spirit. She departed this life as one falling asleep, full of days, like unto a shock of corn, fully ripe."

The town of Haddonfield, in New Jersey, took its name from her; and the tradition concerning her courtship is often repeated by some patriarch among the Quakers. She laid out an extensive garden in rear of the house, which during her day was much celebrated for its herbs, vegetables and fruits, liberally distributed all round the neighbour-

hood. The house was burned down years ago; but some fine old yew-trees, which she brought from England, are still pointed out on the site where the noble garden once flourished. Her medical skill is so well remembered, that the old nurses of New Jersey still recommend Elizabeth Estaugh's salve as the "sovereignest thing on earth."

The brick tomb in which John Estaugh was buried at Tortola, is still pointed out to Quaker travellers; one of whom recently writes, "By a circuitous path, through a dense thicket, we came to the spot where Friends once had a meeting-house, and where are buried the remains of several of our valued ministers, who visited this island about a century ago, from a sense of gospel love. Time has made his ravages upon these mansions of the dead. The acacia spreads thickly its thorny branches over them, and near them the century-blooming aloe is luxuriantly growing."

THE QUADROONS.

"I promised thee a sister tale,
Of man's perfidious cruelty:
Come then and hear what cruel wrong
Befell the dark Ladie." COLERIDGE.

Not far from Augusta, Georgia, there is a pleasant place called Sand-Hills, appropriated almost exclusively to summer residences for the wealthy inhabitants of the neighbouring city. Among the beautiful cottages that adorn it was one far retired from the public roads, and almost hidden among the trees. It was a perfect model of rural beauty. The piazzas that surrounded it were wreathed with clematis and passion-flower. Magnificent magnolias, and the superb Pride of India, threw shadows around it, and filled the air with fragrance. Flowers peeped out from every nook, and nodded to you in bye-places, with a most unexpected welcome. The tasteful hand of Art had not learned to *imitate* the lavish beauty and harmonious disorder of Nature, but they lived together in loving unity, and spoke in according tones. The gateway rose in a Gothic arch, with graceful tracery in iron-work, surmounted by a cross, around which fluttered and played the mountain-fringe, that lightest and most fragile of vines.

The inhabitants of this cottage remained in it all the year round, and peculiarly enjoyed the season that left them without neighbours. To one of the parties, indeed, the fashionable summer residents, that came and went with the butterflies, were merely neighbours-in-law. The edicts of society had built up a wall of separation between her and them; for she was a Quadroon. Conventional laws could not be reversed in her favour, though she was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, was highly cultivated in mind and manners, graceful as an antelope, and beautiful as the evening star. She had early attracted the attention of a handsome and wealthy young Georgian; and as their acquaintance increased, the purity and bright intelligence of her mind inspired him with far deeper interest than is ever excited by mere passion. It was genuine love; that mysterious union of soul and sense, in which the lowliest dew-drop reflects the image of the highest star.

The tenderness of Rosalie's conscience required an outward form of marriage; though she well knew that a union with her proscribed race was unrecognised by law, and therefore the ceremony gave her no legal hold on Edward's constancy. But her high poetic nature regarded the reality, rather than the semblance of things; and when he playfully asked how she could keep him if he wished to run away, she replied, "Let the Church that my mother loved sanction our union, and my own soul will be satisfied, without the protection of the state. If your affections fall from me, I would not, if I could, hold you by a legal fetter."

It was a marriage sanctioned by Heaven, though unrecognised on earth. The picturesque cottage at Sand-Hills was built for the young bride under her own direction; and there they passed ten as happy years as ever blessed the heart of mortals. It was Edward's fancy to name their eldest child *Xarifa*; in commemoration of a quaint old Spanish ballad, which had first conveyed to his ears the sweet tones of her mother's voice. Her flexible form and nimble motions were in harmony with the breezy sound of the name; and its Moorish origin was most appropriate to one so emphatically "a child of the sun." Her complexion, of a still lighter brown than Rosalie's, was rich and glowing as an autumnal leaf. The iris of her large, dark eye, had the melting mezzotinto outline, which remains the last vestige of African ancestry, and gives that plaintive expression, so often observed, and so appropriate to that docile and injured race.

Xarifa learned no lessons of humility or shame, within her own happy home; for she grew up in the warm atmosphere of father's and mother's love, like a flower open to the sunshine, and sheltered from the winds. But in summer walks with her beautiful mother, her young cheek often mantled at the rude gaze of the young men, and her dark eye flashed fire, when some contemptuous epithet met her ear, as white ladies passed them by, in scornful pride and ill-concealed envy.

Happy as Rosalie was in Edward's love, and surrounded by an outward environment of beauty, so well adapted to her poetic spirit, she felt these incidents with inexpressible pain. For herself, she cared but little; for she had found a sheltered home in Edward's heart, which the world might ridicule, but had no power to profane. But when she looked at her beloved *Xarifa*, and reflected upon the unavoidable and dangerous position which the tyranny of society had awarded her, her soul was filled with anguish. The rare loveliness of the child increased daily, and was evidently ripening into most marvellous beauty. The father rejoiced in it with unmingled pride; but in the deep tenderness of the mother's eye there was an indwelling sadness, that spoke of anxious thoughts and fearful forebodings.

When *Xarifa* entered her ninth year, these uneasy feelings found utterance in earnest solicitations that Edward would remove to France, or England. This request excited but little opposition, and was so attractive to his imagination, that he might have overcome all intervening obstacles, had not "a change come o'er the spirit of his dream." He still loved Rosalie; but he was now twenty-eight years old, and, unconsciously to himself, ambition had for some time been slowly gaining an ascendancy over his other feelings. The con-

tagion of example had led him into the arena where so much American strength is wasted; he had thrown himself into political excitement, with all the honest fervour of youthful feeling. His motives had been unmingled with selfishness, nor could he ever define to himself when or how sincere patriotism took the form of personal ambition. But so it was, that at twenty-eight years old, he found himself an ambitious man, involved in movements which his frank nature would have once abhorred, and watching the doubtful game of mutual cunning with all the fierce excitement of a gambler.

Among those on whom his political success most depended, was a very popular and wealthy man, who had an only daughter. His visits to the house were at first of a purely political nature; but the young lady was pleasing, and he fancied he discovered in her a sort of timid preference for himself. This excited his vanity, and awakened thoughts of the great worldly advantages connected with a union. Reminiscences of his first love kept these vague ideas in check for several months; but Rosalie's image at last became an unwelcome intruder; for with it was associated the idea of restraint. Moreover Charlotte, though inferior in beauty, was yet a pretty contrast to her rival. Her light hair fell in silken profusion, her blue eyes were gentle, though inexpressive, and her delicate cheeks were like blush-rose-buds.

He had already become accustomed to the dangerous experiment of resisting his own inward convictions; and this new impulse to ambition, combined with the strong temptation of variety in love, met the ardent young man, weakened in moral principle, and unfettered by laws of the land. The change wrought upon him was soon noticed by Rosalie.

"In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more the estranged heart lets know
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would show."

At length the news of his approaching marriage met her ear. Her head grew dizzy, and her heart fainted within her; but, with a strong effort at composure, she inquired all the particulars; and her pure mind at once took its resolution. Edward came that evening; and, though she would have fain met him as usual, her heart was too full not to throw a deep sadness over her looks and tones. She had never complained of his decreasing tenderness, or of her own lonely hours; but he felt that the mute appeal of her heart-broken looks was more terrible than words. He kissed the hand she offered, and with a countenance almost as sad as her own, led her to a window in the recess, shadowed by a luxuriant passion-flower. It was the same seat where they had spent the first evening in this beautiful cottage, consecrated to their youthful loves. The same calm, clear moonlight looked in through the trellis. The vine then planted had now a luxuriant growth; and many a time had Edward fondly twined its sacred blossoms with the glossy ringlets of her raven hair. The rush of memory almost overpowered poor Rosalie; and Edward felt too much oppressed and ashamed to break the long, deep silence. At length, in words scarcely audible, Rosalie said, "Tell me, dear Edward, are you to be married

next week!" He dropped her hand, as if a rifle-ball had struck him; and it was not until after long hesitation, that he began to make some reply about the necessity of circumstances. Mildly, but earnestly, the poor girl begged him to spare apologies. It was enough that he no longer loved her, and that they must bid farewell. Trusting to the yielding tenderness of her character, he ventured, in the most soothing accents, to suggest that as he still loved her better than all the world, she would ever be his real wife, and they might see each other frequently. He was not prepared for the storm of indignant emotion his words excited. Hers was a passion too absorbing to admit of partnership; and her spirit was too pure and kind to enter into a selfish league against the happiness of the innocent young bride.

At length this painful interview came to an end. They stood together by the Gothic gate, where they had so often met and parted in the moonlight. Old remembrances melted their souls. "Farewell, dearest Edward," said Rosalie. "Give me a parting kiss." Her voice was choked for utterance, and the tears flowed freely, as she bent her lips toward him. He folded her convulsively in his arms, and imprinted a long, impassioned kiss on that mouth, which had never spoken to him but in love and blessing.

With effort like a death-pang, she at length raised her head from his heaving bosom, and turning from him with bitter sobs, she said, "It is our *last*. God bless you. I would not have you so miserable as I am. Farewell. A *last* farewell." "The *last*!" exclaimed he, with a wild shriek. "Oh, Rosalie, do not say that!" and covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child.

Recovering from his emotion, he found himself alone. The moon looked down upon him mild, but very sorrowful, as the Madonna seems to gaze on her worshipping children, bowed down with consciousness of sin. At that moment he would have given worlds to have disengaged himself from Charlotte; but he had gone so far, that blame, disgrace, and duels with angry relatives, would now attend any effort to obtain his freedom. Oh, how the moonlight oppressed him with its friendly sadness! It was like the plaintive eye of his forsaken one; like the music of sorrow echoed from an unseen world.

Long and earnestly he gazed at that dwelling, where he had so long known earth's purest foretaste of heavenly bliss. Slowly he walked away; then turned again to look on that charmed spot, the nestling-place of his young affections. He caught a glimpse of Rosalie, weeping beside a magnolia, which commanded a long view of the path leading to the public road. He would have sprung toward her, but she darted from him, and entered the cottage. That graceful figure, weeping in the moonlight, haunted him for years. It stood before his closing eyes, and greeted him with the morning dawn.

Poor Charlotte! had she known all, what a dreary lot would hers have been; but fortunately, she could not miss the impassioned tenderness she had never experienced; and Edward was the more careful in his kindness, because he was deficient in love. Once or twice she heard him murmur, "Dear Rosalie," in his sleep; but the playful charge she brought was playfully answered,

and the incident gave her no real uneasiness. The summer after their marriage, she proposed a residence at Sand-Hills; little aware what a whirlwind of emotion she excited in her husband's heart. The reasons he gave for rejecting the proposition appeared satisfactory; but she could not quite understand why he was never willing that their afternoon drives should be in the direction of those pleasant rural residences, which she had heard him praise so much. One day, as their barouche rolled along a winding road that skirted Sand-Hills, her attention was suddenly attracted by two figures among the trees by the way-side; and touching Edward's arm, she exclaimed, "Do look at that beautiful child!" He turned, and saw Rosalie and Xarifa. His lips quivered, and his face became deadly pale. His young wife looked at him intently, but said nothing. There were points of resemblance in the child, that seemed to account for his sudden emotion. Suspicion was awakened, and she soon learned that the mother of that lovely girl bore the name of Rosalie; with this information came recollections of the "Dear Rosalie," murmured in uneasy slumbers. From gossiping tongues she soon learned more than she wished to know. She wept, but not as poor Rosalie had done; for she never had loved, and been beloved, like her, and her nature was more proud. Henceforth a change came over her feelings and her manners; and Edward had no further occasion to assume a tenderness in return for hers. Changed as he was by ambition, he felt the wintry chill of her polite propriety, and sometimes in agony of heart, compared it with the gushing love of her who was indeed his wife.

But these, and all his emotions, were a sealed book to Rosalie, of which she could only guess the contents. With remittances for her and her child's support, there sometimes came earnest pleadings that she would consent to see him again; but these she never answered, though her heart yearned to do so. She pitied his fair young bride, and would not be tempted to bring sorrow into their household by any fault of hers. Her earnest prayer was that she might never know of her existence. She had not looked on Edward since she watched him under the shadow of the magnolia, until his barouche passed her in her rambles some months after. She saw the deadly paleness of his countenance, and had he dared to look back, he would have seen her tottering with faintness. Xarifa brought water from a little rivulet, and sprinkled her face. When she revived, she clasped the beloved child to her heart with a vehemence that made her scream. Soothingly she kissed away her fears, and gazed into her beautiful eyes with a deep, deep sadness of expression, which Xarifa never forgot. Wild were the thoughts that pressed around her aching heart, and almost maddened her poor brain; thoughts which had almost driven her to suicide the night of that last farewell. For her child's sake she conquered the fierce temptation then; and for her sake, she struggled with it now. But the gloomy atmosphere of their once happy home overclouded the morning of Xarifa's life.

"She from her mother learnt the trick of grief,
And sighed among her playthings."

Rosalie perceived this; and it gave her gentle heart unutterable pain. At last, the conflicts of her spirit proved too strong for the beautiful frame in which it dwelt. About a year after Edward's marriage, she was found dead in her bed, one bright autumnal morning. She had often expressed to her daughter a wish to be buried under a spreading oak, that shaded a rustic garden-chair, in which she and Edward had spent many happy evenings. And there she was buried; with a small white cross at her head, twined with the cypress vine. Edward came to the funeral, and wept long, very long, at the grave. Hours after midnight, he sat in the recess-window, with Xarifa folded to his heart. The poor child sobbed herself to sleep on his bosom; and the convicted murderer had small reason to envy that wretched man, as he gazed on the lovely countenance, which so strongly reminded him of his early and his only love.

From that time, Xarifa was the central point of all his warmest affections. He hired an excellent old negress to take charge of the cottage, from which he promised his darling child that she should never be removed. He employed a music-master, and dancing-master, to attend upon her; and a week never passed without a visit from him, and a present of books, pictures, or flowers. To hear her play upon the harp, or repeat some favourite poem in her mother's earnest accents and melodious tones, or to see her phant figure float in the garland-dance, seemed to be the highest enjoyment of his life. Yet was the pleasure mixed with bitter thoughts. What would be the destiny of this fascinating young creature, so radiant with life and beauty? She belonged to a proscribed race; and though the brown colour on her soft cheek was scarcely deeper than the sunny side of a golden pear, yet was it sufficient to exclude her from virtuous society. He thought of Rosalie's wish to carry her to France; and he would have fulfilled it had he been unmarried. As it was, he inwardly resolved to make some arrangement to effect it in a few years, even if it involved separation from his darling child.

But alas for the calculations of man! From the time of Rosalie's death, Edward had sought relief for his wretched feelings in the free use of wine. Xarifa was scarcely fifteen, when her father was found dead by the road-side; having fallen from his horse, on his way to visit her. He left no will; but his wife, with kindness of heart worthy of a happier domestic fate, expressed a decided reluctance to change any of the plans he had made for the beautiful child at Sand-Hills.

Xarifa mourned her indulgent father; but not as one utterly desolate. True, she had lived "like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft;" but the sunshine of love had already peeped in upon her. Her teacher on the harp was a handsome and agreeable young man of twenty, the only son of an English widow. Perhaps Edward had not been altogether unmindful of the result, when he first invited him to the flowery cottage. Certain it is, he had more than once thought what a pleasant thing it would be, if English freedom from prejudice should lead him to offer legal protection to his graceful and winning child. Being thus encouraged, rather than checked, in his admiration, George Elliot could not be otherwise than strongly attracted toward his beautiful pupil. The lonely

and unprotected state in which her father's death left her, deepened this feeling into tenderness. And lucky was it for her enthusiastic and affectionate nature; for she could not live without an atmosphere of love. In her innocence, she knew nothing of the dangers in her path; and she trusted George with an undoubting simplicity, that rendered her sacred to his noble and generous soul. It seemed as if that flower-embosomed nest was consecrated by the Fates to Love. The French have well named it *La Belle Passion*; for without it life were "a year without spring, or a spring without roses." Except the loveliness of infancy, what does earth offer so much like heaven, as the happiness of two young, pure, and beautiful beings, living in each other's hearts?

Xarifa inherited her mother's poetic and impassioned temperament; and to her, above others, the first consciousness of these sweet emotions was like a golden sunrise on the sleeping flowers.

"Thus stood she at the threshold of the scene
Of busy life. * * *
How fair it lay in solemn shade and sheen!
And he beside her, like some angel, posted
To lead her out of childhood's fairy land,
On to life's glancing summit, hand in hand."

Alas! the tempest was brooding over their young heads. Rosalie, though she knew it not, had been the daughter of a slave, whose wealthy master, though he remained attached to her to the end of her days, yet carelessly omitted to have papers of manumission recorded. His heirs had lately failed, under circumstances which greatly exasperated their creditors; and in an unlucky hour, they discovered their claim on Angelique's grandchild.

The gentle girl, happy as the birds in spring-time, accustomed to the fondest indulgence, surrounded by all the refinements of life, timid as a fawn, and with a soul full of romance, was ruthlessly seized by a sheriff, and placed on the public auction-stand in Savannah. There she stood, trembling, blushing, and weeping; compelled to listen to the grossest language, and shrinking from the rude hands that examined the graceful proportions of her beautiful frame. "Stop that!" exclaimed a stern voice. "I bid two thousand dollars for her, without asking any of their d-d questions." The speaker was probably about forty years of age, with handsome features, but a fierce and proud expression. An older man, who stood behind him, bid two thousand five hundred. The first bid higher; then a third, a dashing young man, bid three thousand; and thus they went on, with the keen excitement of gamblers, until the first speaker obtained the prize, for the moderate sum of five thousand dollars.

And where was George, during this dreadful scene? He was absent on a visit to his mother, at Mobile. But, had he been at Sand-Hills, he could not have saved his beloved from the wealthy profligate, who was determined to obtain her at any price. A letter of agonised entreaty from her brought him home on the wings of the wind. But what could he do? How could he ever obtain a sight of her, locked up as she was in the princely mansion of her master? At last, by bribing one of the slaves, he conveyed a letter to her, and received one in return. As yet, her

purchaser treated her with respectful gentleness, and sought to win her favour, by flattery and presents; but she dreaded every moment, lest the scene should change, and trembled at the sound of every footfall. A plan was laid for escape. The slave agreed to drug his master's wine; a ladder of ropes was prepared, and a swift boat was in readiness. But the slave, to obtain a double reward, was treacherous. Xarifa had scarcely given an answering signal to the low cautious whistle of her lover, when the sharp sound of a rifle was followed by a deep groan, and a heavy fall on the pavement of the court-yard. With frenzied eagerness she swung herself down by the ladder of ropes, and, by the glancing light of lanterns, saw George, bleeding and lifeless at her feet. One wild shriek, that pierced the brains of those who heard it, and she fell senseless by his side.

For many days she had a confused consciousness of some great agony, but knew not where she was, or by whom she was surrounded. The slow recovery of her reason settled into the most intense melancholy, which moved the compassion even of her cruel purchaser. The beautiful eyes, always pensive in expression, were now so heart-piercing in their sadness, that he could not endure to look upon them. For some months, he sought to win her smiles by lavish presents, and delicate attentions. He bought glittering chains of gold, and costly bands of pearl. His victim scarcely glanced at them, and her attendant slave laid them away, unheeded and forgotten. He purchased the furniture of the Cottage at Sand-Hills, and one morning Xarifa found her harp at the bed-side, and the room filled with her own books, pictures, and flowers. She gazed upon them with a pang unutterable, and burst into an agony of tears; but she gave her master no thanks, and her gloom deepened.

At last his patience was exhausted. He grew weary of her obstinacy, as he was pleased to term it; and threats took the place of persuasion.

In a few months more, poor Xarifa was a raving maniac. That pure temple was desecrated; that loving heart was broken; and that beautiful head fractured against the wall in the frenzy of despair. Her master cursed the useless expense she had cost him; the slaves buried her; and no one wept at the grave of her who had been so carefully cherished, and so tenderly beloved.

THE IRISH HEART.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a pleasant sight to look on James and Norah in their early childhood; their cheeks were so rosy, their hair so sunny, and their clear blue eyes so mild and innocent. They were the youngest of a cabin-full of children; and though they did now and then get a cuff from the elder ones, with the hasty words, "Get out of the way, you spalpeen," they were the pets and playmates of them all. Their love for each other was extreme; and though James, early in his boyhood, evinced the Irish predilection for giving knocks, he was never known to raise his hand against his little sister. When she could first toddle about, it was his delight to gather the May-gowans that grew about

the well, and put them in Norah's curly hair; and then he would sit before her, with his little hands resting on his knees, contemplating her with the greatest satisfaction. When they were older, they might be seen weeding the "pathies"* side by side, or hand in hand gathering berries among the hawthorn bushes. The greatest difference between them seemed to be, that James was all fun and frolic, while Norah was ever serious and earnest.

When the young maiden was milking the cows, her soft low voice might usually be heard, warbling some of the mournful melodies of Ireland. But plaintive tones were rarely heard from James. He came home from his daily labour whistling like a black-bird, mocking the cuckoo, or singing, at the top of his clear ringing voice, the merry jingle of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," or the facetious air of "Paudeen O'Rafferty." At dancing, too, he excelled all the lads of the neighbourhood. He could dance Irish jigs, three-part reel, four-part reel, or rowly-powly, to the tune of "The Dusty Miller," or "The Rakes of Bally-shanny," with such a quick ear for the music, that all the lassies declared they could "see the tune upon his feet." He was a comely lad, too, and at weddings and Christmas carousals, none of the rustic dandies looked more genteel than he, with his buff-coloured vest, his knot of ribbons at each knee, and his *caubeen*† set jauntily on one side of his head. Being good-natured and mirthful, he was a great favourite at wakes and dances, and festivities of all sorts; and he might have been in danger of becoming dissipated, had it not been for the happy consciousness of belonging to an honest industrious family, and being the pride and darling of Norah's heart.

Notwithstanding the natural gaiety of his disposition, he had a spirit of enterprise, and a love of earning money. This tendency led him early to think of emigrating to America, the Eldorado of Irish imagination. Norah resisted the first suggestion with many tears. But James drew fine pictures of a farm of his own in the new country, and cows and horses, and a pleasant jaunting-car; and in the farm-house and the jaunting-car, Norah was ever by his side; for with the very first guineas that crossed his hand, sure he would send for *her*. The affectionate sister, accustomed to sympathise with all his plans, soon began to help him to build his castles in America; and every penny that she could earn at her spinning-wheel was laid away for passage-money. But when the time actually arrived for him to go to Dublin, it was a day of sorrow. All the married sisters, with their little ones, and neighbours from far and near, came to bid him farewell, and give their parting blessing. The good mother was busy to the last, storing away some little comfort in his sea-box. Norah, with the big tears in her eyes, repeated, for the thousandth time, "And Jimmy, *mavourneen*,‡ if you grow grand there in the new country, you'll not be after forgetting me? You *will* send for your own Norah soon!"

"Forget you!" exclaimed James, while he pressed her warmly to his bosom: "When the blessed sun forgets to rise over the green earth, maybe I'll forget you, *mavourneen dheelish*."§

Amid oft-repeated words of love and blessing,

* Potatoes. † Cap. ‡ Darling. § Sweet darling.

he parted from them. Their mutual sorrow was a little softened by distant visions of a final reunion of them *all* in America. But there was a fearful uncertainty about this. The big sea might swallow him up, he might sicken and die among strangers, or bad examples might lead him into evil paths worse than death.

To this last suggestion, made by an elder sister, Norah replied with indignant earnestness: "Led into evil courses, indade!" she exclaimed. "Shame be on you for spaking that same! and he the dacentest and best behaved boy in all the county Longford. You don't know the heart of him, as I do, or you'd never be after spaking of him in that fashion. It's a shame on you, and indade it is. But och, *Wurrah dheelish*,* let him not sicken and die there in the strange country, and the sister not there to do for him!" And, overcome by the picture her own imagination had drawn, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

In a few weeks came a brief letter from James, written on board the ship in which he sailed from Dublin. About seven months later, came a letter, dated New York, saying he had obtained work at good wages, and, by God's blessing, should soon be enabled to send for his dear sister. He added a hint that one of these days, when he had a house of his own, perhaps the father and mother would be after coming over. Proud were they in the Irish cabin, when this letter was read aloud to all who came to inquire after the young emigrant. All his old cronies answered, "Throth, and *he'd* do well anywhere. He was always a dacent, clane, spirited boy, as there was widin a great ways of him. Divil a man in the ten parishes could dance the *Baltihorum jig* wid him, any how."

Time passed on, and no other letter came from James. Month after month, poor Norah watched with feverish anxiety to catch sight of her father when he returned from the distant post-office; for he promised, if he found a letter, to wave his hand high above his head, as soon as he came to the top of the hill fronting the house. But no letter came; and at last Norah fully believed that her darling brother was dead. After writing again and again, and receiving no answer, she at last wrote to the son of a neighbour, who had emigrated to America, and begged of him, for the love of heaven to ascertain whether James was dead or alive, and send them word as soon as possible. The Irishman to whom this urgent epistle was addressed, was at work on a distant railroad, and had no fixed place of residence; and so it happened that Norah received no answer to her anxious inquiries, for more than a year and a half after they were written. At last, there came a crumpled square of soiled paper, containing these words:

"DEAR FRINDS—Black and hevvy is my hart for the news I have to tell you. James is in prison, concernin a bit of paper, that he passed for money. Sorra a one of the nabors but will be lettin down the tears, when they hear o' the same. I don't know the rights of the case; but I will never believe he was a boy to disgrace an honest family. Perhaps some other man's sin is upon him. It may be some comfort to you to know that his time will be out in a year and a half, any

how. I have not seen James sense I come to Ameriky; but I heern tell of what I have writ. The blessed Mother of Heaven keep your harts from sinking down with this hevvy sorrow. Your frind and nabor,
MIKE MURPHY."

Deep indeed was the grief in that honest family, when these sad tidings were read. Poor Norah buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. The old mother rocked violently to and fro, with her apron at her eyes; and the father, though he tried hard to conceal his emotion, could not restrain the big tears from rolling down his weather-beaten face. "Och, woe is the day," said he, "that ever we let him go from us. Such a dacent lad, and belonging to a family that never did a dishonest action. And sure all hearts were upon him, and we all so proud out of him."

"Father," said the weeping Norah, "I know the heart of him better nor any of you does; and I know he never had intencion to do anything that would bring to the blush the mother that bore him, and the sister that slept in his arms, when we were both weeny things. I'll go to Ameriky, and find out all about it, and write you word."

"You go to Ameriky!" exclaimed her mother. "Sure you're crazed with the big grief that's upon you, *colleen machree*,* or you'd niver spake thim words."

"And wouldn't he follow *me* to the ends of the earth, if the black trouble was on me!" replied Norah, with passionate earnestness. "There was always kindness in him for all human crathurs; but he loved me better nor all the world. Never a one had a bad word agin him, but nobody knew the heart of him as I did. Proud was I out of him, and lonesome is my heart widout him. And is it I will lave him alone wid his trouble! Troth, not if there was ten oceans atween us."

This vehemence subsided after a while, and they talked more calmly of how they should hide their disgrace from the neighbourhood. That their hearts were sad they could not conceal. Day after day, their frugal meals were removed almost untasted, and every one stepped about silently, as after a funeral. The very cows came slowly and disconsolately, as if they heard grief in the voice of their young mistress, when she called them to be milked. And the good old mother no longer crooned at her spinning-wheel the song she had sung over the cradle of her darling boy. Norah at first persisted in her plan of crossing the Atlantic; but her father forbade it, and she said no more. But her heart grew more and more impatient. She spoke less and less of James, but she sighed heavily at her work, and her eyes were often red with weeping. At last, she resolved to depart unknown to any one. She rose stealthily at midnight, tied up a small bundle of clothing, placed a little bag of money in her bosom, paused and gazed lovingly on her sleeping parents, hastily brushed away the gathering tears, and stepped out into the moonlight. She stood for a few moments and gazed on the old familiar hills and fields, on the potato patch, where she and James had worked together many a day, on the old well, by the side of which the May-gowans grew, and on the clear white cabin, where the dear old ones

* Sweet Virgin.

* Pet of my heart.

asleep. She passed into the little shed, that served as a stable for the animals, and threw her arms about the donkey's neck, and kissed the cow, that knew her voice as well as her own mother did. She came forth weeping, and gazed on the old homestead, as she would gaze on the face of a dying friend. The clustering memories were too much for her loving heart. Dropping on her knees, she prayed, in agony of sorrow: "If it be a sin to go away from the good old father and mother, perhaps niver to see them agin, till the judgment day, thou O Father in Heaven, wilt forgive me; for thou seest I can not lave him alone wid his great trouble."

Then crossing herself, and looking toward the beloved home of her childhood, she said, in a stifled voice, "The Mother of Glory be wid ye, and bless and keep ye all."

Half blinded with tears, she wended her way over the moonlighted hills, and when her favourite cow called as usual for her milking pail, in the first blush of the morning, she was already far on her way to Dublin.

And had James been criminal! In the eye of the law he had been; but his sister was right, when she said he had no intention to do a wicked thing. Not long after his arrival in America, he was one day walking along the street, in a respectable suit of Sunday clothes, when a stranger came up, and entered into conversation with him. After asking some indifferent questions, he inquired what his coat cost.

"Sixteen dollars," was the answer.

"I will give you twenty for it," said the stranger; "for I am going away in a hurry, and have no time to get one made."

James was as unsuspecting as a child. He thought this was an excellent opportunity to make four dollars, to send to his darling sister; so he readily agreed to the bargain.

"I want a watch, too," said the stranger; "but perhaps you would not be willing to sell yours for ten dollars?"

James frankly confessed that it was two dollars more than he gave for it, and very willingly consented to the transfer. Some weeks after, when he attempted to pass the money the stranger had given him, he found, to his dismay, that it was counterfeit. After brooding over his disappointment for some time, he came to a conclusion at which better educated men than himself have sometimes arrived. He thought to himself—"It is hard for a poor man to lose so much, by no fault of his own. Since it was put off upon me, I will just put it off upon somebody else. Maybe it will keep going the rounds, or somebody will lose it that can better afford it than I can."

It certainly was a wrong conclusion; but it was a bewilderment of the reasoning powers in the mind of an ignorant man, and did not involve wickedness of intention. He passed the money, and was soon after arrested for forgery. He told his story plainly; but, as he admitted that he knew the money was counterfeit when he passed it, the legal construction of his crime was forgery in the second degree. He had passed three bills; and, had the penalty of the law been enforced with its utmost rigour, he might have been sentenced to the state-prison for fifteen years; but appearances

were so much in his favour, that the court sentenced him but for five years.

Five years taken away from the young life of a labouring man, spent in silent toil, in shame and sorrow for a blighted reputation, was, indeed, a heavy penalty for confused notions of right and wrong, concerning bits of paper, stamped with a nominal value. But law, in its wisest and kindest administration, cannot always make nice distinctions between thoughtless errors and wilful crimes.

It is probable James never felt the degree of compunction, that it is supposed every convict ought to feel; for the idea was ever with him, that if he had sinned against government, he did not mean to sin against God. That he had disgraced himself, he knew full well and felt keenly. The thoughts of what Norah and his good mother would suffer, if they could see him driven to hard labour with thieves and murderers, tore his soul with anguish. He could not bring his mind to write to them, or send them any tidings of his fate. He thought it was better that they should suppose him dead, than know of his disgrace. Thus the weary months passed silently away. The laugh of his eye and the bound of his step were gone. Day by day he grew more disconsolate and stupid.

He had been in prison about four years, when one of the keepers told him that a young woman had come to visit him, and he had received permission to see her. He followed silently, wondering who it could be; and a moment after, he was locked in his sister's arms. For some time, nothing but sobs were audible. They looked mournfully in each other's faces; then fell on each other's necks, and wept again.

"And so you know me, *mavourneen*!" said Norah, at last, trying to smile through her tears.

"Know you!" he replied, folding her more closely to his breast. "*A cushla machree*,"* and wouldn't I know your shadow on the wall, in the darkest cellar they could put me in? But who came wid you, *mavourneen*?"

"Troth, and it was alone I come. I run away in the night. I hope it wasn't wrong to lave the good father and mother, when they had spoke agin my coming. I wouldn't like to do anything displeasing to God. But Jimmy, *machree*, my heart was breakin' widout you; and I couldn't lave you alone wid your great trouble. Sure it's long ago I would have been wid you, if you had let us know of your misfortin."

The poor fellow wept afresh at these assurances of his sister's affection. When he was calmer, he told her circumstantially how the great trouble had come upon him.

"God be praised for the words you spake," replied Norah. "It will take a load off of hearts at home, when they hear of the same. I always said there was no sin in your heart; for who should know that better nor me, who slept in the same cradle! A blessing be wid you, *mavourneen*. The music's in my heart to hear the sound of your voice agin. And proud will I be out of you, as I used to be when all eyes, young and old, brightened on you in warm old Ireland."

"But Norah, *dheelish*, the disgrace is on me," said the young man, looking down. "They will say I am a convict."

* Pulse of my heart.

"Sorrah a fig I care for what they say," replied the warm-hearted girl. "Don't I know the heart that is in you? Didn't I say there was no sin in your intentions, though you *was* shut up in this bad place? And if there had been—if the black murder had been widin you, is it Norah would be after lavin you alone wid your sin and your shame? Troth, I would weary the saints in heaven wid prayers, till they made you a better man, for the sake of your sister's love. But there *was* no sin in your heart; and proud I am out of you, a *suillish machree*; * and bad luck to the rogue that brought you into this trouble."

The keeper reminded them that the time allowed for their interview was nearly spent.

"You will come agin?" said James, imploringly. "You will come to me agin, a *cushla machree*?"

"I had to beg hard to see you once," replied Norah. "They said it was agin the rules. But when I tould them how I come alone across the big ocean to be wid you in your trouble, because I knew the heart that was in you, they said I might come in. It is a heavy sorrow that we cannot spake together. But it will be a comfort, *mavourneen*, to be where I can look on these stone walls. The kind man here they call the chaplain says I may stay wid his family; and sure not an hour in the day but I will think of you, *avillish*.† The same moon shines here, that used to shine on us when we had our May dances on the green, in dear ould Ireland; and when they let you get a glimpse of her bright face, you can think maybe Norah is looking up at it, as she used to do when she was your own weeny darlint, wid the shamrock and gowan in her hair. I will work, and lay by money for you: and when you come out of this bad place, it's Norah will stand by you; and proud will I be out of you, a *suillish machree*."

The young man smiled as he had not smiled for years. He kissed his sister tenderly, as he answered, "Ah, Norah, *mavourneen*, it's yourself that was alway too good to me. God's blessing be wid you, a *cushla machree*. It will go hard wid me, but I will make some return for such goodness."

"And sure it's no goodness at all," replied Norah. "Is it yourself would be after lavin me alone, and I in the great trouble? Hut, tut, Jimmy, avick. Sure it's nothing at all. Anybody would do it. You're as dacent and clever a lad as iver you was. Sing that to your heart, *mavourneen*. It's Norah will stand by you, all the world over."

With a smile that she meant should be a brave one, but with eyes streaming with tears, she bade her beloved brother farewell. He embraced her with vehement tenderness, and, with a deep sigh, returned to his silent labour. But the weight was taken off his heart, and his step was lighter; for

"Hope's sunshine lingered on his prison wall,
And Love looked in upon his solitude."

Norah remained with the kind-hearted chaplain, ever watching the gloomy walls of Sing Sing. When her brother's term expired, she was at the prison door to welcome him, and lead him forth into the blessed sunshine and free air. The chaplain received them into his house, cheered and

strengthened their hearts by kind words and judicious counsel, and sent them to the office of the Prison Association, No. 13, Pine-street, New York. As James brought certificates of good conduct while in prison, the Association lent him tools, to be paid for if he should ever be able to do so, and recommended him to a worthy mechanic. At this place he would have remained, had not his employer needed a journeyman thoroughly versed in his trade. It is the policy at Sing Sing not to allow the prisoners to learn all branches of any business, lest they should come into competition with mechanics out of the prison. What James had been accustomed to do, he did with great industry and expertness; but he could not do all his employer required, and was therefore kindly and honourably dismissed.

Had he been dishonest, he might have gone off with the tools; but he went to the office of the Association, to ask whether they were willing he should keep them till he could obtain work elsewhere, and earn enough to pay for them. They consented very cordially, and told him to remember them as friends in need, so long as he behaved well. His sister was with him, like his shadow, and their earnest expressions of gratitude were truly affecting.

Her good-natured honest countenance, and industrious habits, attracted the attention of a thriving young farmer, who succeeded in obtaining the treasure of her warm and generous heart. She who made so good a sister, can scarcely fail to be an excellent wife. James continues to do well, and loves her with superabounding love. The blessing of our Father be with them! They are two of the kindest hearts, and most transparent souls, among that reverent, loving, confiding, and impulsive people, who, in their virtues and their defects, deserve to be called the little children of the nations.

A LEGEND OF THE APOSTLE JOHN.

SUGGESTED BY A WELL-KNOWN ANECDOTE IN THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF EUSEBIUS.

MORNING rose bright and clear on Ephesus, that beautiful city of the Ancients, which Pliny calls the Light of Asia. From the jutting points of lofty rocks on the mountain sides rose the massive and majestic pillars of Doric temples, embowered in verdant foliage, while the lighter and more elegant Ionian shafts shot up from the plain below, like graceful architectural flowers. Brilliant sunbeams streamed tremulously through the porticos, and reflected themselves in golden gleams on a forest of marble columns. Theairy summits of the mountains smiled in serene glory beneath the lucid firmament. Troops of graceful swans and beautiful white sea-doves floated on the sparkling waters of the Cayster, running joyfully into the bright bosom of the *Ægean*. Maidens bearing Etruscan vases on their heads, went and came from the fountains, gliding majestically erect among the crowd of merchants, or the long processions of priests and worshippers. Here and there, a Roman soldier rode through the busy streets, his steel trappings and glittering harness shining in the distance like points of fire.

* Light of my heart.

† Dear.

Strong and deep rolled the sonorous chaunt of bass voices from a Jewish synagogue, mingled with the sound of sackbut and harp. From the magnificent temple of Diana came up a plaintive strain, a modulated murmur, as of distant waves rippling to music; slowly swelling, slowly falling away, floating off in sweet echoes among the hills. There was a farewell sadness in this choral hymn, as of a religion passing away in its calm intellectual beauty, conscious that it had no adequate voice for the yearnings and aspirations of the human heart.

And then, as ever, when the want of a more spiritual faith began to be widely felt, it was already in existence. From the solemn shadows of Judaism, the mild form of Christianity had risen, and the Grecian mind was already preparing to encircle it with the mystic halo of a golden Platonism.

In the court of an artificer of Ephesus, there met that day an assembly of converts to the new and despised faith. Under the shadow of an awning, made by Paul the tent-maker, they talked together of Jesus, the holiness of his example, and the wide significance of his doctrines. It was a season of peculiar interest to the infant Church; for John, the disciple whom Jesus especially loved, had just returned from banishment. He was a man of ninety years, with hair and beard of silvery whiteness. His serious countenance beamed with resignation and love; but his high forehead, earnest eye, and energetic motions, showed plainly enough that his was not the serenity of a languid and quiet temperament. Through conflict he had attained humility and peace. His voice told the same story; for it was strong, deep, and restrained, though sweetly toned, and full of musical inflections. His once erect figure was slightly bent—the effect of digging in the mines of Patmos. Many eyes were moistened with tears, as they gazed on his beloved and venerated countenance; for it brought sad memories of the hardships he had endured by the cruel orders of Domitian. He made no allusion to privations or sufferings, but spoke only of the heavenly visions, and the indwelling glory, that had been with him in the Isle of Patmos; how in the darkest mines the heavens opened, and in the narrowest prisons angels came and moved the stone walls afar off, so that he saw them not; and this he urged as proof how little power man has over a spirit at peace with God.

Of those who hung upon his words, the emotions of two were especially visible. One was a young maiden, who sat on a divan at his feet, and leaning on one arm gazed upwards in his face. She was closely veiled, but the outlines of her figure, imperfectly revealed through the ample folds of her rich dress, gave indication of personal grace. As she bent earnestly forward, her drapery had fallen back, and showed an arm of exquisite proportions, its clear soft olive tint beautifully contrasted by a broad bracelet of gold. She reclined partially on the shoulder of her old nurse, who was seated behind her on the same divan. Both ran great risk in visiting that Christian assembly; for Miriam's father was the wealthiest Jew in Ephesus; his was the highest place in the synagogue, and few of her thousand merchants could count so many ships. Narrow and bigoted in his own adherence to forms and traditions, he was the last man

on earth to permit a woman to question them. But the earnest and truthful soul of his daughter early felt how little life there was in his solemn observances. Her nurse, a Galilean by birth, had told marvellous stories of the holy Nazarene, who had cured her father of blindness. With strict injunctions of secrecy, she lent her a copy of St. John's Gospel; and in this the young enthusiastic girl at once recognised the deeper and more spiritual teachings for which her soul had yearned. And so it came that the daughter of a wealthy house in Ephesus sat at the feet of the apostle, in the despised assembly of the Christians.

The other person who seemed most remarkably moved by the inspired eloquence of John, was a young Greek of superb beauty. His form was vigorous and finely proportioned. The carriage of his head was free and proud, and there was intense light in his large dark eyes, indicating a soul of fire. Indeed his whole countenance was remarkable for transparency and mobility of expression. When indignant at tyranny or insult, he looked like a young war-horse rushing to battle; but at the voice of tenderness, the dilated nostril subsided, and the flashing eye was dimmed with tears.

This constant revelation of soul particularly attracted the attention of the venerable apostle; for he saw in it a nature liable to the greatest dangers and capable of the highest good. After he had dismissed the assembly, with his usual paternal benediction, "Little children, love one another," he stepped forward, and laying his hand affectionately on the head of the young Greek, said, "And thou, my son, art thou too a Christian?" With emphasis full of feeling, the young man replied, "I would I were a Christian." Pleased with the earnest humility of this answer, the apostle drew his arm within his own, and they retired to an inner apartment to converse together. During this confidential conversation, the young man made a full and free revelation of his soul, in all its strength and weakness. At times, his daring and fiery words startled the more subdued nature of the meek disciple; but at the same moment, the crystalline frankness of his heart excited the warmest and most confiding affection. From that time, it was observable that the apostle treated him with more marked tenderness than he evinced toward any other of his converts. A few months after, feeling that duty required him to take a long journey to comfort and strengthen the surrounding churches of Asia, he called his flock together, and bade them an affectionate farewell. At parting, he placed the hand of the young Greek within the hand of the presiding elder, and said solemnly, "To thy care I consign my precious, my beloved son, Antiorus. In the Epicurean gardens he has learned that pleasure is the only good; from Christians let him learn that good is the only pleasure. Be to him a father; for at my return I shall require his soul at thy hands." The bishop promised, and the young man wept as he kissed his venerable friend.

The apostle was gathering his robe about him, and fastening his girdle, preparing to walk forth, when Miriam glided timidly before him, saying in a tremulous tone, "My father, bless me before you go." She removed her veil, and stooped to kiss his hand. The veil dropped again instantly, but the sudden action had revealed to Antiorus a

countenance of surpassing beauty. He had no time to analyse the features; but he saw that her contour was noble, and that her large almond-shaped eyes, of the darkest brown, were singularly brilliant, yet deep and serene in their expression. The tones of her voice, too, thrilled through his soul; for they were like a silver bell, softening language into music. For an instant, she caught the beaming glance of his eye, and an electric spark fell from it into her heart. Henceforth, each observed the other's motions, and each was indistinctly conscious of pervading the other's being. The customs of the times, combined with her maidenly reserve, rendered it difficult to form a personal acquaintance. But Antiorus had a Greek friend, whose dwelling adjoined the gardens of Miriam's father; and the house of this friend became singularly attractive to him. Here he could sometimes catch the sound of her voice, accompanied by her harp, as she sang to her father the psalms of David. At last, he ventured to speak to her, as they left the assembly of the Christians. He timidly asked her if she would play, on the next Sabbath evening, the same psalm he had heard on the preceding Sabbath. She started, and made no answer. The crimson suffusion of her face he could not see. But when the Sabbath came, softly on the evening air arose his favourite psalm, with a deeper expression, a more sweet solemnity than ever. While the strings yet vibrated, his Phrygian flute gently answered, in a simple Grecian air, the utterance of a soul tender and sad. Tear-drops fell slowly on the strings of Miriam's harp; but she alone knew that the spirit of the beautiful Greek had thus entered invisibly into the sanctuary of the Jewish maiden. How dear was now her harp, since his soul had kissed the winged messengers it sent from hers! Again and again, harp and flute responded to each other. Their young hearts were overflowing with new and heavenly emotions, which music alone could utter. For music is among the arts what love is among the passions; a divine mediator between spirit and matter; a flowery spiral, descending from the highest sanctuary of the soul into the outer court of the senses, returning again from the senses to the soul, twining them together in perpetual bloom and fragrance.

But music has the vagueness of all things infinite; and they who talked together in tones, earnestly desired to speak in words. At the Christian assemblies too strict decorum was observed, to admit of conversation between them. Into her father's house he could not gain entrance; or if he did, she would be carefully secluded from the gaze of a Gentile. And so at last, by help of the over-indulgent nurse, there came meetings in the garden, while all the household slept. Under the dim light of the stars, they talked of the new aith, which had brought them together. He loved to disclose to her mind the moonlight glory of Plato, showing a world of marvellous beauty in shadowy outline, but fully revealing nothing. While she, in soft serious tones, spoke of the Hebrew prophets, complaining that they seemed like an infinite glow, for ever expressing a want they never satisfied. Beautiful and majestic was their utterance, but it was not high and deep enough to satisfy the aspirations of her soul; therefore she clung to the sublime, all-embracing doctrines of Christ. From these

high themes, they came gradually to speak of their affection for each other. There was no desecration in this mingling of emotions; for genuine love is as holy as religion; and all round the circling horizon of our mysterious being, heaven and earth do kiss each other.

One night, their stolen interview in the garden was interrupted by a noise on the house-top; and fearing they were suspected or observed, they resolved to be more prudent. Weeks passed, therefore, and they saw each other only at the meetings of the Christians, rendered doubly precious by the obstacles which elsewhere separated them. There was another reason why they thought more of each other's presence, than they would have done had the good apostle John been with them. As a deep rich musical voice will sometimes join itself to a company of timid and wavering singers, and gradually raise the whole chorus to its own power and clearness, so the influence of his holy and living soul elevated the character of every assembly he joined. With him, something of unction and fervour had departed from the Christian meetings, and still more of calm assured faith. More ~~of~~ of the world was visible, more anxiety to build up a respectable name. The lovers felt this, though they had not distinctly defined it; and being less elevated by the religious services, their thoughts were more consciously occupied with each other. But their mutual absorption passed unobserved; for Miriam was always closely veiled, and if she dropped a rose, or Antiorus a sprig of myrtle, it seemed mere accident to all but the watchful and sympathising nurse. These silent manifestations of course made the concealed flame burn all the more fervently. Perpetual separation was so wearisome, that at last Miriam, in the plenitude of her love and confidence, granted his urgent entreaty to walk with him once, only once, in disguise, when all were sleeping. He had a proposition to make, he said, and he *must* have an opportunity to talk freely with her. In the garb of Greek peasants they joined each other, and passing through the least frequented streets, sought the mountains by a solitary path. In a concealed nook of rock, under the shadow of broad-leaved trees, they spoke together in agitation and tears. Love is ever a troubled joy; a semi-tone changes its brightest strains into plaintive modulations. Miriam wept, as she told her beloved that they must part for ever. She had come only to tell him so, and bid him farewell. As yet she had not courage to confess that she was promised to a wealthy kinsman, a stern old Pharisee; but her father had told her, that day, that immediate preparations must be made for the wedding. The enamoured Greek spoke with fiery indignation, that her father should dare thus to seal up the treasures of her large warm gushing heart, for the sake of preserving wealth in the family. To her timid suggestion that obedience was due to parents, he insisted upon a higher obedience to the divine law in the soul. In such a union as she spoke of, he said there was positive pollution, which no law or custom could cleanse; for the heart alone could sanctify the senses. The maiden bent her head, and felt her cheeks burning; for she was conscious of a painful sense of degradation whenever the odious marriage was forced upon her thoughts. He took her hand, and it trembled within his, while he spoke to her of

flight, of secret marriage, and a hidden home of love in some far-off Grecian isle. He drew her gently toward him, and for the first time her lovely head rested on his bosom. As she looked up fondly and tearfully in his face, he stooped to kiss her beautiful lips, which trembling, gave an almost imperceptible pressure in return. Faint and timid as was this first maiden kiss, it rushed through his system like a stream of fire. The earthly portion of love proclaimed ascendancy over the soul, and tried him with a fierce temptation. She loved him, and they were alone in the midnight. Should he ever be able to marry her? Might not this stolen and troubled interview be, as she said, the last? He breathed with difficulty, his whole frame shook like a tree in the storm; but she lay on his bosom, as ignorant of the struggle, as if she had been a sleeping babe. Rebuked by her unconscious innocence, he said inwardly to the tempting spirit, "Get thee behind me! Why strivest thou to lead me into evil?" But the spirit answered, "The sin is wholly of man's making. These Christians are too ascetic. The Epicurean philosophy better agrees with nature."

The scene seemed to have entered into a league with the tempting spirit. Nothing interrupted the drowsy moon-stillness, save the pattering of a little rill that trickled from the rocks, the amorous cooing of two ring-doves awake in their nests among the shrubbery above, and the flute of some distant lover conversing passionately with the moon. The maiden herself, saddened by a presentiment, that this bliss was too perfect to last, and melted into unusual tenderness by the silent beauty of the night, and the presence of the beloved one, folded her arm more caressingly about his waist, till he felt the beating of her heart. With frantic energy, he pressed his hand against his throbbing brow, and gazed earnestly into the clear arch of heaven, as if imploring strength to aid his higher nature. Again the tempter said, "Thy Epicurean philosophy was more in harmony with nature. Pleasure is the only good." Then he remembered the parting words of St. John, "Good is the only pleasure." A better influence glided into his soul, and a still small voice within him whispered, "Thou hast no need to compare philosophies and creeds, to know whether it be good to dishonour her who trusts thee, or by thy selfishness to bring a stain on the pure and persecuted faith of the Christians. Restore the maiden to her home." The tempter veiled his face and turned away, for he felt that the young man was listening to an angel.

With a calm sad voice, spoke the tempted one, as he gently and reverently removed the beloved head from his breast. Taking Miriam by the hand, he led her out from the deep shadow of the trees, to the little rill that gurgled near by, and gathering water in his hands, he offered her to drink. As she stood there in the moonlight, drinking from his hand, the shadow of the vines danced across her face, and fluttered gracefully over the folds of her white dress. At that moment, when the thought of danger was far from them both, an arrow whizzed through the air, and with a groan the maiden fell backward on the arm that was hastily extended to save her from falling.

They were standing near a portion of Mount

Prion, whence marble had been dug for the numerous edifices of the city. It was full of grottoes, with winding mazes blocked up with fragments of stone. The first thought of Antiorus was to retreat hastily from the moonlight that had made them visible, and the next was to conceal his senseless burden within the recesses of the grotto, here and there made luminous by fissures in the rocks. Carefully he drew the arrow from the wound, and bound it tightly with his mantle. He gathered water from the dripping cavern, and dashed it in her face. But his efforts to restore life were unavailing. Regardless of his own safety, he would have rushed back to the city and roused his friends, but he dared not thus compromise the fair fame of her who had loved him so purely, though so tenderly. Perhaps the person who aimed the arrow might have mistaken them for others; at all events, they could not have been positively known. In a state of agonized indecision, he stepped to the entrance of the grotto, and looked and listened. All was still, save the pattering of water-drops. Presently he heard a sound, as of feet descending the path from the mountains. With long strides, he bounded up to meet the advancing stranger, and with energetic brevity begged for assistance to convey a wounded maiden to some place of safety, away from the city. The stranger said he had companions, who would bring a litter from the mountains, and he turned back to summon them. The minutes seemed hours to Antiorus, till his return; for though all hope of restoring the precious life was well nigh extinct, he felt continual dread of being discovered by the unseen foe, who had aimed the fatal arrow. At last, the promised assistance came, and they slowly ascended the mountain with their mournful burden. After pursuing a winding rugged path for some distance, they entered a spacious cavern. A lamp was burning on a table of rock, and several men were stretched on the ground sleeping. The litter was gently lowered, and Antiorus bent in agony over the senseless form so lately full of life and love. Not until every means had been tried that ingenuity could devise, would he believe that her pure and gentle spirit had passed from its beautiful earthly frame for ever. But when the last ray of hope departed, he gave himself up to grief so frightfully stormy, that the rude dwellers in the cave covered their eyes, that they might not witness the terrible anguish of his sensitive and powerful soul. In his desperate grief, he heaped upon himself all manner of reproaches. Why had he sought her love, when it was almost sure to end unhappily? Why had he so selfishly availed himself of her tenderness, when the world would judge so harshly of the concessions she had made to love? Then, in the bitterness of his heart, he cursed the world for its false relations, its barriers built on selfishness and pride. But soon, in the prostration of deep humility, he forgave all men, and blamed only his own over-leaping nature. Through all his changes of mood, ran the intensely mournful strain, "Oh, my beloved, would to God I had died for thee!"

But it is kindly ordered that human nature cannot long remain under the influence of extreme anguish; its very intensity stupifies the soul. When Antiorus became calm from exhaustion, the man who had guided him to the mountain spoke

in low tones of the necessity of burial. The mourner listened with a visible shudder. While he could gaze on her beautiful face, so placid in the sleep of death, it seemed as if something remained to him; but when that should be covered from his gaze for ever, oh how fearfully lonely the earth would seem! By degrees, however, he was brought to admit the necessity of separation. He himself gathered green branches for the litter, and covered it with the fairest flowers. He cut a braid of her glossy hair, and his tears fell on it like the spring rain. In a green level space among the trees, they dug a deep grave, and reverently laid her within it, in her peasant robes. The doves cooed in the branches, and a pleasant sound of murmuring waters came up from the dell below. The mourner fashioned a large cross, and planted it strongly at the head of the grave. He sought for the most beautiful vines, and removing them in large sods, twined them about the cross. He sobbed himself to sleep on the mound, and when his companions brought him food, he ate as though he tasted it not.

The strong ardent nature of the young Greek, his noble beauty and majestic figure, commanded their involuntary respect, while the intensity of his sorrow moved even their slow sympathies. But when several days had elapsed, their leader began to question him concerning his future prospects and intentions. The subject thus forced upon his reluctant thoughts was a painful one. He dared not return openly to Ephesus; for whether his secret interviews with Miriam had been suspected by her family, or not, her sudden disappearance, connected with his own, must of course have given rise to the most unfavourable rumours. Of the effect on the little community of Christians, already so unpopular, he thought with exceeding pain. And these dark suspicious-looking men, that dwelt in caverns, who were they!

They soon resolved his doubts on the subject; for their leader said boldly, "We are robbers. You are in some way implicated in the death of this young woman, and you dare not return to Ephesus. Remain with us. We have seen your strength, and we like your temper. Stay with us, and you shall be our leader."

The proposition startled him with its strangeness, and filled his soul with loathing. He, on whose fair integrity no stain had ever rested, he become a robber! He, who had so lately sat at the feet of the holy apostle, and felt in his inmost heart the blessed influence of the words, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you"—was it proposed to him to arm himself against unoffending brethren? Concealing his abhorrence, by a strong effort, he thanked the robber for the kindness he had shown him in his great distress, and promised to repay him for it; but he told him mildly that his habits and his feelings alike unfitted him for a life like theirs. He would return to Ephesus, and consult with friends concerning his future plans. The men seemed dissatisfied with their leader's courtesy to the stranger, and grumbled something about his going to guide the magistrates to their cavern in the mountains. Antiorus turned proudly toward them, and with strong convincing earnestness replied, "You cannot deem me base enough thus to recompense your kindness." His voice became lower and deeper with emotion, as he

added, "Reverently and tenderly you have treated her who sleeps; and the secret that thus came to my knowledge shall never be revealed. I would die rather than divulge it." The men stood silent, awed by the dignity of his bearing and the clear truthfulness of his words. After a slight pause, their leader said, "We believe you; but there are doubtless those in Ephesus who would pay a handsome sum to gain tidings from you. You may keep your secret, if you like; but it cannot be concealed that you and the beautiful maiden were no peasants. What if we put the magistrates on your track!"

Looking him openly and fearlessly in the eye, Antiorus replied, "Because you have not so lost your manly nature. A voice within you would forbid you to persecute one already so crushed and heart-broken. You will not do it, because I am in your power, and because I trust you." This appeal to the manliness that remained within them, controlled their rough natures, and the bold frankness of his eyes kindled their admiration. Clapping his hand with rough cordiality, the leader said, "We will not inform against you, and we will trust you to go to Ephesus." "Let him seal his promise by an oath to Hecate and the Furies," murmured several voices. The leader folded his arms across his breast, and answered slowly and proudly: "The simple word of such a man is more sacred to him than the most terrible oaths." The countenance of the impetuous young Greek became at once illuminated. Seizing the hand of the robber-captain, he said, "My friend, you are worthy of a better occupation." "Perhaps so," replied the other, with a deep sigh; "at least I thought so once."

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Under the shadow of evening, and disguised in dress, Antiorus ventured to return to Ephesus. The first house he entered was the one adjoining the gardens, where he had so often listened to Miriam's harp. The moment he was recognised, all eyes looked coldly on him. "Why has thou come hither?" said his once friendly host. "Already my house has been searched for thee, and I am suspected of aiding thy designs by bringing thee within hearing of the gardens. Curse on thy imprudence! Were there not women enough in the streets of Ephesus, that thou must needs dishonour one of its wealthiest families!"

In former times, the sensitive young man would have flashed fire at these insulting words; but now he meekly replied, "You judge me wrongfully. I loved her purely and reverently." His friend answered sarcastically, "Perhaps you learned this smooth hypocrisy at the meetings of the Christians; for there, I understand, to my great surprise, it has been your habit to attend. What name they give to such transactions I do not care to know. It is enough to say that you are no longer a welcome guest in my house." For a moment a deep flush went over the young man's expressive countenance, and his eye kindled; but he turned away, and silently departed; lingering for a moment with fond reluctance, on the steps of the terrace he had so often mounted rapidly, buoyant with love and hope.

With a sorrowful heart, he sought the dwelling of the Christian elder, to whom St. John had so affectionately confided him, at parting. As soon

as he made himself known, a severe frown clouded the face of the bishop. "What impudence has brought thee hither?" he exclaimed. "Hast thou not sufficiently disgraced the Church by thy wickedness, without presuming to disgrace it further by thy presence?" "You judge me too harshly," replied the young man, meekly. "Imprudent I have been, but not wicked." "Where hast thou hidden thy paramour?" said the bishop impatiently. The eyes of the young Greek glowed like coals of fire, his nostrils expanded, his lips quivered, his breast heaved, and his hand strongly clenched the staff on which he leaned. But he constrained himself, and answered with mournful calmness, "I have no paramour. She on whose innocent name you have breathed an epithet so undeserved, has passed from earth to heaven, pure as the angels who received her."

In answer to further inquiries, he frankly repeated the whole story, not concealing the temptation, which had so nearly conquered him. In reply, the bishop informed him that suspicion had been awakened previous to their imprudent midnight ramble. The attendance of Miriam and her nurse at the Christian meetings had been discovered; her absence on that fatal night had been detected; the nurse fled in terror; the betrothed husband of Miriam went forth madly into the streets, vowing revenge; her father believed he had traced the fugitives on board a ship bound to Athens, whither he had sent spies to discover them. Whether the Jewish lover had aimed the arrow or not, it was impossible to tell; but should it be known that Miriam was dead, her death would unquestionably be charged on Antiorus, and the effect would be to renew the popular hatred against the Christians, with redoubled vigour. At present, believing her to be in Athens, it was the policy of her family to keep the affair from the public, as much as possible.

Antiorus expressed the utmost contrition for his imprudence, but averred most solemnly that he had in no way violated his conscience, or his Christian obligations. He begged the bishop for credentials to some distant Christian church, where, by a life of humility and prayer, he might make himself ready to rejoin his beloved Miriam.

The bishop, vexed at an affair so likely to bring discredit on his own watchfulness, listened coldly, and replied, "For the prosperity of the Church, it is very necessary to obtain and preserve a good name. We must avoid the appearance of evil. Appearances are very much against you. You are young and of fiery blood. You have been an Epicurean, whose doctrines favour unbridled pleasure. You say that your love for this maiden was pure; but what proof have we, save your own word?" Antiorus raised his head proudly, and with a clear bold glance replied, "What more is needed? Have I ever spoken falsely to friend or foe?" "I know not," answered the bishop. "Young men do not usually decoy maidens into hidden grottoes, at midnight, for purposes as pure as the angels."

Alas, for his less noble nature! He knew not the value of the warm heart he was thus turning to gall. The young man bent upon him a most intense and searching gaze. He thought of that fearfully strong temptation in the lonely midnight hour; of his extreme reluctance to bring suspicion

on the character of the Christian Church; of his conquest over himself; of his reverential love for the pure maiden; of his virtuous resolutions, and his holy aspirations. He had opened his whole heart to this father of the Church, and *thus* it had been received! Would Christ have thus weighed the respectability of the Church against the salvation of a human soul? Were these beautiful doctrines of love and forgiveness mere idle theories? Mere texts for fine speeches and eloquent epistles? A disbelief in all principles, a distrust of all men, took possession of him. With a deep sigh, he gathered his robe about him and departed. He walked hastily, as if to run away from his own mad thoughts. Ascending an eminence, he paused and looked back on the city, its white columns dimly visible in the starlight. "There is no one there to love me," said he. "I am an orphan; no mother or sister to comfort my aching heart. I have had great projects, great hopes, sublime aspirations; but that is all over now. No matter what becomes of me. I will go to the robbers. I have no other friends; and they at least believed me."

He was received in the mountain cavern with an uproarious burst of joy. They drank wine and caroused, and with loud acclamations proclaimed him king of their band. His heart was sick within him, but with wild desperation, he drank to their pledge. That night, when all the riotous crew were sleeping, he stole forth into the midnight, and stood alone on the mountain side, gazing mournfully upon the stars, that looked down upon him with solemn love. Then tossing his arms wildly above his head, he threw himself on the ground with a mighty sob, exclaiming, "Oh, if *she* had but lived, her pure and gentle spirit would have saved me!"

Hark! Is that a faint whispering of music in the air? Or is it memory's echo of Miriam's psalm? Now it dies away in so sad a cadence—and now it rises, full of victory. It has passed into his heart: and spite of recklessness and sin, it will keep there a nestling-place for holiness and love.

When the apostle John returned to Ephesus, his first inquiry of the bishop was, "Where is the beloved son I committed to thy charge?" The elder, looking down, replied, with some embarrassment, "He is dead!" "Dead!" exclaimed the apostle, "How did he die?" The elder answered with a sigh, "He is dead in trespasses and sins. He became dissolute, was led away by evil companions, and it is said he is now captain of a band of robbers in yonder mountains." With a voice full of sorrowful reproach, the apostle said, "And is it thus, my brother, thou hast cared for the precious soul that Christ and I committed to thy charge? Bring me a horse and a guide to the mountains. I will go to my erring son." "I pray you do not attempt it," exclaimed the elder. "You will be seized by the robbers and perhaps murdered." "Hinder me not," replied the venerable man. "If need be, I will gladly die to save his soul, even as Christ died for us. I will go to my son; perchance he will listen to me."

They brought him a horse, and he rode to the mountains. While searching for the cavern, one of the robbers came up and seized him rudely,

exclaiming, "Who art thou, old man? Come before our captain, and declare thy business."

"For that purpose I came hither," replied the apostle. "Bring me to your captain."

Antiorus, hearing the sound of voices, stepped forth from the mouth of the cavern; but when he saw John, he covered his face and turned quickly away. The apostle ran toward him with outstretched arms, exclaiming, "Why dost thou fly from me, my son? From me, an old unarmed man? Thou art dear to me, my son. I will pray for thee. If need be, I will die for thee. Oh, trust to me; for Christ has sent me to thee, to speak of hope, forgiveness, and salvation."

Antiorus stood with his face covered, and his strong frame shook in his armour. But when he heard the words forgiveness and hope, he fell on the ground, embraced the old man's knees, and wept like a child. The apostle laid his hand affectionately on that noble head, and said, with a heavenly smile, "Ah, now thou art baptised again, my dear son—baptised in thy tears. The Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!"

After speaking together for a few moments, they retired to Miriam's grave, and there the young man laid open all his sinning and suffering heart. In conclusion, he said, "There seems ever to be within me two natures; one for good, and one for evil." "It is even thus with us all," replied the apostle. "But thou, my father," rejoined Antiorus, "thou canst not imagine how I have sinned, or what I have realised. Thy blood flows so calmly. Thou art too pure and holy to be tempted as I have been."

"Hush, hush, I pray thee, my son," replied the apostle. "How I have struggled is known only to Him who seeth all the secrets of the heart. Because my blood has *not* always flowed so calmly, therefore, my son, have I been peculiarly drawn toward thee in the bonds of pity and of sympathy. Thy wild ambition, thy impetuous anger, are no strangers in my own experience; and that midnight temptation so brought back a scene of my youth, that it seemed almost like a page of my own history." "Of *thine*!" exclaimed the young man, with an accent of strong surprise. In a voice low and tender, he added, "Then thou hast loved?" The white-haired man bowed his head upon his hands, and with strong emotion answered, "Oh, how deeply, how tenderly!"

There was silence for some moments, interrupted only by the quiet lullaby of the waters, rippling in the dell below. Pressing the apostle's hand, Antiorus said, in a low reverential tone, "Does love end here, my father? Shall we know our loved ones among the angels of heaven? Do they witness our conflicts? Do they rejoice over our victories?"

Hark! Is that music in the air? Or is it a memory of the psalm? How distinctly it swells forth in joy! how sweetly it breathes of love and peace! The listener smiles; for he seems to hear a harp in the heavens.

The two beautiful ones, the young and the old, stand with clasped hands, looking upward into the sky. The countenance of the apostle was radiant with spiritual light, as he said, "Let us believe and hope." They knelt down, embracing each other, and offered a silent prayer, in the name of Him who had brought immortality to light.

Antiorus bade his wild comrades farewell, with exhortations, to which the apostle added words that were blessed in their gentleness; for the former leader of the band turned from the evil of his ways, and became a zealous Christian. The young Greek went to the Church in Corinth, bearing affectionate credentials from the beloved apostle. Many years after, hearing that the family of Miriam had gone to a Syrian city, he returned to Ephesus. The cross had been removed from the mountain, but he planted another on the well-remembered spot. Near by, he built a little cabin of boughs, where an opening in the thick groves gave glimpses of the marble columns of Ephesus, and the harbour of Panormus sparkling in the sun. Many came to talk with him concerning the doctrines of Plato, and the new truths taught by Jesus. He received them all with humility and love; but otherwise he mixed not with the world, except to visit the sick and suffering, or to meet with the increasing band of Christians in the plain below. He was an old man when he died. The name of Miriam had not passed his lips for many years; but when they buried him beside the mountain cross, they found a ringlet of black hair in a little ivory casket next his heart.

THE BELOVED TUNE.

FRAGMENTS OF A LIFE, IN SMALL PICTURES.

"A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings."
LEIGH HUNT.

IN a pleasant English garden, on a rustic chair of intertwined boughs, are seated two happy human beings. Beds of violets perfume the air, and the verdant hedge-rows stand sleepily in the moonlight. A guitar lies on the greensward, but it is silent now, for all is lulled in the deep stillness of the heart. That youthful pair are whispering their first acknowledgment of mutual love. With them is now unfolding life's best and brightest blossom, so beautiful and so transient, but leaving, as it passes into fruit, a fragrance through all the paths of memory.

And now the garden is alone in the moonlight. The rustic bench, and the whispering foliage of the tree, tell each other no tales of those still kisses, those gentle clasplings, and all the fervent language of the heart. But the young man has carried them away in his soul; and as he sits alone at his chamber window, gazing in the mild face of the moon, he feels, as all do who love and are beloved, that he is a better man, and will henceforth be a wiser and a purer one. The worlds within and without are veiled in transfigured glory, and breathe together in perfect harmony. For all these high aspirations, this deep tide of tenderness, this fulness of beauty, there is but one utterance; the yearning heart must overflow in music. Faint and uncertain come the first tones of the guitar, breathing as softly as if they responded to the mere touch of the moonbeams. But now the rich manly voice has united with them, and a clear spiritual melody flows forth, plaintive and impassioned, the modulated breath of indwelling life and love. All the secrets of the garden, secrets that painting and

poetry had no power to reveal, have passed into the song.

At first, the young musician scarcely noticed the exceeding beauty of the air he was composing. But a passage that came from the deepest of the heart, returned to the heart again, and filled it with its own sweet echoes. He lighted a lamp, and rapidly transferred the sounds to paper. Thus has he embodied the floating essence of his soul, and life's brightest inspiration cannot pass away with the moonlight and the violet-fragrance that veiled its birth.

But obstacles arise in the path of love. Dora's father has an aversion to foreigners, and Alessandro is of mingled Italian and German parentage. He thinks of worldly substance, as fathers are wont to do; and Alessandro is simply leader of an orchestra, and a popular composer of guitar music. There is a richer lover in question, and the poor musician is sad with hope deferred, though he leans ever trustfully on Dora's true heart. He labours diligently in his vocation, gives lessons day by day, and listens with all patience to the learner's triphammer measurement of time, while the soul within him yearns to pour itself forth in floods of improvised melody. He composes music industriously, too; but it is for the market, and slowly and reluctantly the offended tones take their places per order. Not thus came they in that inspired song, where love first breathed its bright but timid joy over vanished doubts and fears. The manuscript of that melody is laid away, and seldom can the anxious lover hear its voice.

But two years of patient effort secures his prize. The loved one has come to his humble home, with her bridal wreath of jessamine and orange-buds. He sits at the same window, and the same moon shines on him; but he is no longer alone. A beautiful head leans on his breast, and a loving voice says, "Dearest Alessandro, sing me a song of thine own composing." He was at that moment thinking of the rustic seat in her father's garden, of violets breathing to the moonlight, of Dora's first bashful confession of love; and smiling with a happy consciousness, he sought for the written voice of that blissful hour. But he will not tell her when it was composed, lest it should not say so much to her heart, as it does to his. He begins by singing other songs, which drawing-room misses love for their tinkling sweetness. Dora listens well pleased, and sometimes says, "That is pretty, Alessandro; play it again." But now comes the voice of melting, mingling souls. That melody, so like sunshine, and rainbows, and bird-warbling, after a summer shower, with rain drops from the guitar at intervals, and all subsiding into blissful, dreamy moonlight. Dora leans forward, gazing earnestly in his face, and with beaming tearful eyes, exclaims, "Oh, that is very beautiful! That is *my* tune." "Yes, it is indeed thy tune," replied the happy husband; and when she had heard its history, she knew why it had seemed so like echoes of her own deepest heart.

Time has passed, and Alessandro sits by Dora's bed-side, their eyes looking into each other through happy tears. Their love is crowned with life's deepest, purest joy, its most heavenly emotion. Their united lives have re-appeared in a new existence; and they feel that without this rich experience the human heart can never know one half

its wealth of love. Long sat the father in that happy stillness, and wist not that angels near by smiled when he touched the soft down of the infant's arm, or twined its little finger over his, and looked his joyful tenderness into the mother's eyes. The tear-dew glistened on those long dark fringes, when he took up his guitar and played the beloved tune. He had spoken no word to his child. These tones were the first sounds with which he welcomed her into the world.

A few months glide away, and the little Fioretta knows the tune for herself. She claps her hands and crows at sight of the guitar, and all changing emotions show themselves in her dark melancholy eyes, and on her little tremulous lips. Play not too sadly, thou fond musician; for this little soul is a portion of thine own sensitive being, more delicately tuned. Ah, see now the grieved lip, and the eyes swimming in tears! Change, change to a gayer measure! for the little heart is swelling too big for its bosom. There, now she laughs and crows again! Yet plaintive music is her choice, and especially the beloved tune. As soon as she can toddle across the room, she welcomes papa with a shout, and runs to bring the guitar, which mother must help her to carry, lest she break it in her zeal. If father mischievously tries other tunes than her favourites, she shakes her little curly head, and trots her feet impatiently. But when he touches the first notes he ever played to her, she smiles and listens seriously, as if she heard her own being prophesied in music. As she grows older, the little lady evinces a taste right royal; for she must needs eat her supper to the accompaniment of sweet sounds. It is beautiful to see her in her night-gown, seated demurely in her small arm chair, one little naked foot unconsciously beating time to the tune. But if the music speaks too plaintively, the big tears roll silently down, and the porringer of milk, all unheeded, pours its treasures on the floor. Then come smothering kisses from the happy father and mother, and love-claspings with her little soft arms. As the three sit thus intertwined, the musician says playfully, "Ah, this is the perfect chord!"

Three years pass away, and the scene is changed. There is discord now where such sweet harmony prevailed. The light of Dora's eyes is dim with weeping, and Fioretta "has caught the trick of grief, and sighs amid her playthings." Once, when she had waited long for the beloved father, she ran to him with the guitar, and he pushed her away, saying angrily, "Go to bed; why did your mother keep you up so long?" The sensitive little being, so easily repulsed, went to her pillow in tears; and after that, she no more ran to him with music in her hand, in her eye and in her voice. Hushed now is the beloved tune. To the unhappy wife it seems a mockery to ask for it; and Alessandro seldom touches his guitar; he says he is obliged to play enough for his bread, without playing for his family at home. At the glee-club the bright wine has tempted him, and he is slowly burying heart and soul in the sepulchre of the body. Is there no way to save this beautiful son of genius and feeling? Dora at first pleads with him tenderly; but made nervous with anxiety and sorrow, she at last speaks words that would have seemed impossible to her when she was so happy, seated on the rustic chair, in the moonlighted garden; and then comes

the sharp sorrow, which a generous heart always feels when it *has* so spoken to a cherished friend. In such moments of contrition, memory turns with fond sadness to the beloved tune. Fioretta, whose little fingers must stretch wide to reach an octave, is taught to play it on the piano, while mother sings to her accompaniment, in their lonely hours. After such seasons, a tenderer reception always greets the wayward husband; but his eyes, dulled by dissipation, no longer perceive the delicate shadings of love in those home pictures, once so dear to him. The child is afraid of her father, and this vexes him; so a strangeness has grown up between the two playmates, and casts a shadow over all their attempts at joy. One day Alessandro came home as twilight was passing into evening. Fioretta had eaten her supper, and sat on her mother's lap, chatting merrily; but the little clear voice hushed, as soon as father's step was heard approaching. He entered with flushed cheek and unsteady motions, and threw himself full length on the sofa, grumbling that it was devilish dismal there. Dora answered hastily, "When a man has made his home dismal, if he don't like it, he had better stay where he finds more pleasure." The next moment she would have given worlds if she had not spoken such words. Her impulse was to go and fall on his neck, and ask forgiveness; but he kicked over Fioretta's little chair with such violence, that the kindly impulse turned back, and hid itself in her widowed heart. There sat they silently in the twilight, and Dora's tears fell on the little head that rested on her bosom. I know not what spirit guided the child; perhaps in her busy little heart she remembered how her favourite sounds used to heighten all love, and cheer all sorrow: perhaps angels came and took her by the hand. But so it was, she slipped down from mother's lap, and scrambling up on the music-stool, began to play the tune which had been taught her in private hours, and which the father had not heard for many months. Wonderfully the little creature touched the keys with her tiny fingers, and ever and anon her weak but flexible voice chimed in with a pleasant harmony. Alessandro raised his head, and looked and listened. "God bless her dear little soul!" he exclaimed; "can *she* play it? God bless her! God bless her!" He clasped the darling to his breast, and kissed her again and again. Then seeing the little overturned chair, once so sacred to his heart, he caught it up, kissed it vehemently, and burst into a flood of tears. Dora threw her arms round him, and said softly, "Dear Alessandro, forgive me that I spoke so unkindly." He pressed her hand, and answered in a stifled voice, "Forgive me, Dora. God bless the little angel! Never again will father push away her little chair." As they stand weeping on each other's necks, two little soft arms encircle their knees, and a small voice says, "Kiss Fietta." They raise her up, and fold her in long embraces. Alessandro carries her to her bed, as in times of old, and says cheerfully, "No more wine, dear Dora; no more wine. Our child has saved me."

But when discord once enters a domestic paradise, it is not easily dispelled. Alessandro occasionally feels the want of the stimulus to which he has become accustomed, and the corroding appetite sometimes makes him gloomy and petulant. Dora does not make sufficient allowance for this, and her

own nature being quick and sensitive, she sometimes gives abrupt answers, or betrays impatience by hasty motions. Meanwhile Alessandro is busy with some secret work. The door of his room is often locked, and Dora is half displeased that he will not tell her why; but all her questions he answers only with a kiss and a smile. And now the Christmas morning comes, and Fioretta rises bright and early to see what Santa Claus has put in her stocking. She comes running with her apron full, and gives mother a package, on which is written "A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to my beloved wife." She opens it, and reads "Dearest Dora, I have made thee a music-box. When I speak hastily to my loved ones, I pray thee wind it up; and when I see the spark kindling in thy eyes, I will do the same. Thus, dearest, let memory teach patience unto love." Dora winds up the music-box, and lo, a spirit sits within, playing the beloved tune! She puts her hand within her husband's, and they look at each other with affectionate humility. But neither of them speak the resolution they form, while the voice of their early love falls on their ears, like the sounds of a fairy guitar.

Memory, thus aided, does teach patience unto love. No slackened string now sends discord through the domestic tune. Fioretta is passing into maidenhood, beautiful as an opening flower. She practises on the guitar, while the dear good father sits with his arm across her chair, singing from a manuscript tune of her own composing. In his eyes, this first effort of her genius cannot seem otherwise than beautiful. Ever and anon certain notes occur, and they look at each other and smile, and Dora smiles also. "Fioretta could not help bringing in *that* theme," she says, "for it was sung to her in her cradle." The father replies, "But the variations are extremely pretty and tasteful;" and a flush of delight goes over the expressive face of his child. The setting sun glances across the guitar, and just touches a rose in the maiden's bosom. The happy mother watches the dear group earnestly, and sketches rapidly on the paper before her. And now she, too, works privately in her own room, and has a secret to keep. On Fioretta's fifteenth birth-day, she sends by her hands a covered present to the father. He opens it and finds a lovely picture of himself and daughter, the rose and the guitar. The sunlight glances across them in a bright shower of fine soft rays, and touches on the manuscript, as with a golden finger, the few beloved notes, which had made them smile. As the father shrined within his divine art the memory of their first hour of mutual love, so the mother has embalmed in *her* beautiful art the first musical echo from the heart of their child.

But now the tune of life passes into a sadder mode. Dora, pale and emaciated, lies propped up with pillows, her hand clasped within Fioretta's, her head resting on her husband's shoulder.

All is still—still. Their souls are kneeling reverently before the Angel of Death. Heavy sunset guns from a neighbouring fort, boom through the air. The vibrations shake the music-box, and it starts up like a spirit, and plays the cherished tune. Dora presses her daughter's hand, and she, with a faint smile, warbles the words they have so often sung. The dying one

looks up to Alessandro, with a deep expression of unearthly tenderness. Gazing thus, with one long-drawn sigh, her affectionate soul floats away on the wings of that ethereal song. The memory that taught endurance unto love leaves a luminous expression, a farewell glory, on the lifeless countenance. Attendant angels smile, and their blessing falls on the mourners' hearts, like dew from heaven. Fioretta remains to the widowed one, the graceful blossom of his lonely life, the incarnation of his beloved tune.

ELIZABETH WILSON.

[The following story is founded upon facts which occurred during the latter part of the eighteenth century. The leading incidents are still in the memory of many of the inhabitants of Chester county, Pennsylvania.]

ELIZABETH WILSON was of humble, though respectable parentage. From infancy she was remarked for beauty, and a delicate nervous organisation. Her brother William, two years older, was likewise a handsome child, with a more sturdy and vigorous frame. He had a gentle, loving heart, which expended its affections most lavishly on his mother and little sister. In their early years, Lizzy was his constant shadow. If he went to the barn to hunt for eggs, the little one was sure to run prattling along with him, hand in hand. If he pelted walnuts from the tree, she was sure to be there with her little basket, to pick them up. They sat on the same blue bench to eat their bread and milk, and with the first jack-knife he ever owned, the affectionate boy carved on it the letters W. and E. for William and Elizabeth. The sister lavishly returned his love. If a pie was baked for her, she would never break it till Willie came to share; and she would never go to sleep unless her arms were about his neck.

Their mother, a woman of tender heart and yielding temper, took great delight in her handsome children. Often, when she went out to gather chips or brush, she stopped to look in upon them, as they sat on the blue bench, feeding each other from their little porringers of bread and milk. The cross-lights from a side-window threw on them a reflection of the lilac bushes, so that they seemed seated in a flowering grove. It was the only picture the poor woman had; but none of the old masters could have equalled its beauty.

The earliest and strongest development of Lizzy's character was love. She was always caressing her kitten, or twining her arms about Willie's neck, or leaning on her mother's lap, begging for a kiss. A dozen times a day she would look earnestly into her mother's eyes, and inquire, most beseechingly, "*Does you love your little Lizzy?*" And if the fond answer did not come as promptly as usual, her beautiful eyes, always plaintive in their expression, would begin to swim with tears. This "strong necessity of loving," which so pervades the nature of woman, the fair child inherited from her gentle mother; and from her, too, inherited a deficiency of firmness, of which such natures have double need. To be every thing, and do every thing, for those she loved, was the paramount law of her existence.

Such a being was of course born for sorrow.

Even in infancy, the discerning eye might already see its prophetic shadow resting on her expressive countenance. The first great affliction of her life was the death of her mother, when she was ten years old. Her delicate nerves were shattered by the blow, and were never after fully restored to health. The dead body of her beloved mother, with large coins on the eye-lids, was so awfully impressed on her imagination, that the image followed her everywhere, even into her dreams. As she slept, tears often dropped from her tremulous eyelashes, and nightmare visions made her start and scream. There was no gentle voice near to soothe her perturbed spirit; none to throw an angel's shining robe over the hideous spectre, that lay so cold and stiff in the halls of memory. Her father fed and clothed his children, and caused them to be taught to read and write. It did not occur to him that anything more was included in parental duty. Of clothing for the mind, or food for the heart, he knew nothing; for his own had never been clothed and fed. He came home weary from daily toil, ate his supper, dozed in his chair awhile, and then sent the children to bed. A few times, after the death of his wife, he kissed his daughter; but she never ventured to look into *his* eyes, and ask, "*Does you love your little Lizzy?*" Willie was her only consolation; and all he could do was to weep passionately with her, at everything which reminded them of their mother.

Nature, as usual, reflected back the image of the soul that gazed upon her. To Lizzy's excited mind, everything appeared mysterious and awful, and all sounds seemed to wail and sigh. The rustling of the trees in the evening wind went through her, like the voice of a spirit; and when the nights were bright, she would hide her head in her brother's bosom, and whisper, "Willie, dear, I wish the moon would not keep looking at me. She seems to *say* something to me; and it makes me afraid."

All susceptible souls have felt thus; particularly when under the influence of grief.

"The snow of deepest silence
O'er everything doth fall,
So beautiful and quiet,
And yet so like a pall—
As if all life were ended,
And rest were come to all."

Such a state of feeling, long indulged, could not be otherwise than injurious to a bodily frame originally delicate. The sensitive child soon became subject to fits, the severity of which at times threatened her life. On coming out of these spasms, with piteous tones and bewildered looks, she would ask, "Where is my mother?"

At the end of a year, an important change came over the lonely household. A strong active step-mother was introduced. Her loud voice and energetic tread, so different from her own quiet and timid mother, frightened poor Lizzy. Her heart more than ever turned back upon itself, and listened to the echoes of its own yearnings. Willie, being old enough to work on the farm, was now absent most of the day; and the fair girl, so richly endowed by nature with all deep feelings and beautiful capacities, so lavish of her affections, so accustomed to free outpourings of love, became reserved, and apparently cold and stupid. When

the step-mother gave birth to an infant, the fountain of feeling was again unsealed. It was her delight to watch the babe, and minister to its wants. But this development of the affections was likewise destined to be nipped in the bud. The step-mother, though by no means hard-hearted, was economical and worldly-wise. She deemed it most profitable to employ a healthy, stout niece of her own, somewhat older than Elizabeth, and to have her step-daughter bound out in some family where she could do light labour. It was also determined that William should go to service; and his place of destination was fifty miles from that of his sister.

The news of this arrangement was very bitter to the children. Both answered their father, very meekly, that they were willing to go; but their voices were deep, sad, and almost inaudible. Without saying another word, the boy put on his hat, and the girl her sun-bonnet, and taking each other by the hand, they went forth, and roamed silently to their mother's grave. There they stood for a long time, in silence, and their tears dropped fast on the green sod. At last, Elizabeth sobbed out, "Oh, if dear mother was alive, Willie, we should not have to go away from home." But Willie could only answer by a fresh outburst of grief. A little clump of wild flowers nodded over the edge of the mound. The affectionate boy cut two of them, and said, "Let us keep these, Lizzy, to remember mother by."

The flowers were carefully pressed between the leaves of Lizzy's Testament, and when the sorrowful day of parting came, one was nicely folded in a paper for Willie. "Now, dear sis, give me that nice little curl," said he, putting his finger on a soft, golden-brown ringlet, that nestled close to her ear, and lay caressingly on her downy cheek. She glanced in the fragment of a glass, which served them for a mirror, and with eyes brimful of tears she answered, "Oh, Willie, I cannot give you *that*. Don't you remember how dear mother used to wet my head all over with cold water, to make my hair curl? She used to laugh when I shook my head, and made the curls go all over my forehead; and she would kiss that little curl in particular. She said it was such a darling little curl." Thus childishly did the innocent ones speak together. The brother twisted the favourite curl round his finger, and kissed it, and a bright tear fell on it, and glittered in the sunshine.

William left home a few days earlier than his sister, and bitterly did the lonely one sob herself to sleep that night. She shuddered in the dark, and when the moon looked in at the window, its glance seemed more mournful than ever. The next morning she fell from the breakfast table in a fit more severe than usual. But as she soon recovered, and as these spasms now occurred only at distant intervals, her step-mother thought she had better be in readiness to depart at the appointed time.

The waggon was brought to the door, and the father said to her, "Lizzy, put on your bonnet, and bring your bundle. It is time to go." Oh, how the poor child lingered in her little bed-room, where she and Willie slept in their infant days, and where the mother used to hear them say their prayers, and kissed them both, as they lay folded in each other's arms. To the strong step-mother

she easily said good-bye; but she paused long over the cradle of her baby-brother, and kissed each of his little fingers, and fondly turned a little wave of sunny hair on his pure white forehead. Her heart swelled, and she had to swallow hard to keep down the sobs; for it was *her* cradle, and she was thinking how her mother used to sing her to sleep. Her father spoke to her in a tone of unusual tenderness, as if he too remembered her infancy, and the gentle one who used to rock her in that cradle. "Come, Lizzy," said he, "it is time to go. You shall come back and see the baby before long." With blinded eyes she stumbled into the waggon, and turned and looked back as long as she could see the old elm-tree by her bedroom window, where all the summers of her young life she had watched the swallows come and go.

It is a dreary fate for a loving and sensitive child to be bound out at service among strangers, even if they are kind-hearted. The good woman of the house received Lizzy in a very friendly manner, and told her to make herself at home. But the word only sent a mournful echo through her heart. For a few days, she went about in a state of abstraction, that seemed like absolute stupidity. Her step-mother had prepared them for this, by telling them there was something strange about Lizzy, and that many people thought her fits affected her mind. Being of coarser and stronger natures, they could none of them imagine that the slow stagnation of the heart might easily dim the light of intellect in a creature so keenly susceptible. But by degrees the duties required of her roused her faculties into greater activity; and when night came, she was fortunately too weary to lie awake and weep. Sometimes she dreamed of Willie, and her dreams of him were always bright and pleasant; but her mother sometimes fondled her with looks of love, and sometimes came as the pale cold spectre. Thus the months passed slowly away. Her father came to see her at distant intervals, and once in a great while, a letter came from Willie, in a large stiff hand. Unaccustomed to writing, he could not, through that medium, tell much that was passing in his heart. That he wanted badly to see his sister, and often kissed the flower they plucked from the dear mother's grave, was the substance of all his epistles.

In the mean time, Lizzy was passing into womanhood. Childhood and youth kissed each other, with new and glowing beauty. Her delicate cheeks mantled with a richer colour, and her deep blue eyes, shaded with long fringes of the darkest brown, looked out upon life with a more earnest and expressive longing. Plain and scanty garments could not conceal the graceful outline of her figure, and her motions were like a willow in the breeze. She was not aware of her uncommon loveliness, though she found it pleasant to look in the glass, and had sometimes heard strangers say to each other, "See that pretty girl!"

There were no young men in the immediate neighbourhood, and she had not been invited to any of the rustic dances or quilting frolics. One bashful lad in the vicinity always contrived to drive his cows past the house where she lived, and eagerly kept watch for a glimpse of her, as she went to the barn with her milking pails. But if she happened to pass near enough to nod and

smile, his cheeks grew red, and his voice forsook him. She could not know, or guess, that he would lie awake long that night, and dream of her smile, and resolve that some time or other he would have courage to tell her how handsome she was, and how the sight of her made his heart throb. She did not yet know that she could love anybody better than she had loved Willie. She had seen her darling brother but twice, during their three years of separation; but his image was ever fresh and bright in memory. When he came to see her, she felt completely happy. While he gazed upon her with delighted eyes, her affectionate nature was satisfied with love: for it had not yet been revealed to her in the melting glance of passion. Yet the insidious power already began to foreshadow itself in vague restlessness and romantic musings. For she was at an age

"To feel a want, yet scarce know what it is;
To seek one nature that is always new,
Whose glance is warmer than another's kiss;
Such longing instinct fills the mighty scope
Of the young heart with one mysterious hope."

At last an important event occurred in Lizzy's monotonous existence. A young girl in the village was to be married, and she was invited to the quilting party. It was the first invitation of the kind she had ever received, and of course it occupied her thoughts day and night. Could she have foreseen how this simple occurrence would affect her whole future destiny, she would have pondered over it still more deeply. The bridegroom brought a friend with him to the party, a handsome dark-eyed young man, clerk of a store in a neighbouring town. Aware of his personal attractions, he dressed himself with peculiar care. Elizabeth had never seen anything so elegant; and the moment his eye glanced on her, he decided that he had never seen anything half so beautiful. He devoted himself to her in a manner sufficiently marked to excite envy; and some of the rich farmers' daughters made critical remarks about her dress, which they concluded was passably genteel, for a girl who lived out at service. However, Lizzy was queen of the evening, by virtue of nature's own impress of royalty. When the quilt was finished, romping games were introduced according to the fashion of the times; and the young men took care that the forfeits paid by the pretty girls should generally involve kissing some of their own number. Among the forfeits required of the dark-eyed stranger, he was ordered to beg on his knees for the identical little curl that Willie had asked of his sister. In the midst of her mirthfulness, this brought a shadow over her countenance, and she could not answer playfully. However, this emotion passed away with the moment, and she became the gayest of the gay. Never before had she been half so handsome, for never before had she been half so happy. The joyful consciousness of pleasing everybody, and the attractive young stranger in particular, made her eyes sparkle, and her whole countenance absolutely radiant with beauty. When the party were about to separate, the young man was very assiduous about placing her shawl, and begged permission to accompany her home. Little was said during this walk; yet enough to afford entrance into both hearts for that quiet passion, which tangles the web of human life more than all the

other sentiments and instincts of our mysterious being. At parting, he took her hand, to say good night. He continued to hold it, and leaning against the gate, they stood for a few moments, gazing at the clear, silvery orb of night. Ah, how different the moon seemed to Lizzy now! Earth's spectral robe had changed to a veil of glory. Her bonnet had fallen back, and the evening breeze played gently with her ringlets. In soft insinuating tones, the young man said, "Will you not give me that little curl I asked for?" She blushed deeply and answered, in her child-like way, "I cannot give you that, because my mother used to kiss it so often." "No wonder she kissed it," he replied; "it looks so roguish, lying there on your pretty cheek." And before she was aware of it, he had kissed it too. Trembling and confused, she turned to open the gate, but he held it fast, until she had promised that the next time he came she would give him one of her curls.

Poor Lizzy went to bed that night with an intoxicated heart. When she braided her hair at the glass, next morning, she smiled and blushed, as she twined the favourite ringlet more carefully than ever. She was so childishly happy with her pretty little curl! The next Sunday evening, as she sat at the window, she heard the sound of a flute. He had promised to bring his flute; and he had not forgotten her. She listened—it came nearer and nearer, through the wood. Her heart beat audibly, for it was indeed the handsome dark-eyed stranger.

All summer long, he came every Sunday afternoon; and with him came moonlight walks, and flute-warblings, and tender whisperings, and glances, such as steal away a woman's heart. This was the fairy-land of her young life. She had somebody now into whose eyes she could gaze, with all the deep tenderness of her soul, and ask, "Do you love your own Lizzy?"

The young man did love, but not as she loved him; for hers was a richer nature, and gave more than he could return. He accompanied her to her father's, and they were generally understood to be betrothed. He had not seen brother William, but he was told a thousand affectionate anecdotes of his kind good heart. When they returned from the visit to the homestead, they brought with them the little blue bench marked W. and E. Lizzy was proud of her genteel lover; and the only drop which it now seemed possible to add to her cup of happiness was to introduce him to William. But her brother was far off; and when the autumn came, her betrothed announced the necessity of going to a distant city, to establish himself in business. It was a bitter, bitter parting to both. The warmest letters were but a cold substitute for those happy hours of mutual confidence; and after awhile, his letters became more brief and cool. The fact was, the young man was too vain to feel deeply; and among his new acquaintance in the city was a young good-looking widow, with a small fortune, who early evinced a preference for him. To be obviously, and at the same time modestly preferred, by a woman of any agreeable qualities, is what few men, even of the strongest character, can withstand. It is the knowledge of this fact, and experience with regard to the most delicate and acceptable mode of expressing preference, which, as Samuel Weller declares, makes "a

widow equal to twenty-five other women." Lizzy's lover was not a strong character, and he was vain and selfish. It is no wonder, therefore, that his letters to the pretty girl who lived out at service, should become more cool and infrequent. She was very slow to believe it thus; and when, at last, news reached her that he was positively engaged to be married to another, she refused to listen to it. But he came not to vindicate himself, and he ceased to answer her letters. The poor deluded girl awoke to a full consciousness of her misery, and suffered such intensity of wretchedness as only keenly sensitive natures can suffer. William had promised to come and see her the latter part of the winter, and her heart had been filled with pleasant and triumphant anticipations of introducing to him her handsome lover. But now the pride of her heart was humbled, and its joy turned into mourning. She was cast off, forsaken; and, alas! that was not the worst. As she sobbed on the neck of her faithful brother, she felt, for the first time, that there was something she could not tell him. The keenest of her wretched feelings she dared not avow. He pitied and consoled her, as well as he could; but to her it seemed as if there was no consolation but in death. Most earnestly did he wish that he had a home to shelter her, where he could fold her round with the soft wings of brotherly love. But they were both poor, and poverty fetters the impulses of the heart. And so they must part again, he guessing but half of her great sorrow. If the farewell was sad to him, what must it have been to her, who now felt so utterly alone in the wide world! Her health sank under the conflict, and the fits returned upon her with increased violence. In her state of gloomy abstraction and indifference, she hardly noticed the significant glances and busy whispers of neighbours and acquaintance. With her, the agony of death was past. The world seemed too spectral for her to dread its censure. At last she gave birth to a dead infant, and for a long time her own life trembled in the balance. She recovered in a state of confirmed melancholy, and with visible indications of intellect more impaired than ever.

"A shadow seemed to rise
From out her thoughts, and turned to dreariness
All blissful hopes and sunny memories."

She was no longer invited to visit with the young people of the neighbourhood; and the envy excited by her uncommon beauty showed itself in triumph over her blighted reputation. Her father thought it a duty to reprove her for sin, and her step-mother said some cutting words about the disgrace her conduct had brought upon the family. But no kind Christian heart strengthened her with the assurance that one false step in life might be forgiven and retrieved. Thus was the lily broken in its budding beauty, and its delicate petals blighted by harsh winds.

Poor Lizzy felt this depressing atmosphere of neglect and scorn; but fortunately with less keenness than she would have done, before brain was stultified, and heart congealed by shame and sorrow. She no longer showed much feeling about anything, except the little blue bench marked W. and E. Every moment that she could steal from household labours, she would retire to her little

room, and, seated on this bench, would read over William's letters, and those other letters, which had crushed her loving heart. She would not allow any person to remove the bench from her bedside, or to place a foot upon it. To such inanimate objects does the poor human heart cling in its desolation.

Years passed away monotonously with Elizabeth; years of loneliness and labour. Some young men, attracted by her beauty, and emboldened by a knowledge of her weakness, approached her with familiarity, which they intended for flattery. But their profligacy was too thinly disguised to be dangerous to a nature like hers. She turned coldly from them all, with feelings of disgust and weariness.

When she was about twenty-three years old, she went to Philadelphia to do household work for a family that wished to hire her. Important events followed this change, but a veil of obscurity rests over the causes that produced them. After some months' residence in the city, her health failed more and more, and she returned to the country. She was still competent to discharge the lighter duties of household labour, but she seemed to perform them all mechanically, and with a dull stupor. After a time, it became obvious that she would again be a mother. When questioned, her answers were incoherent and contradictory. Some said she must be a very base low creature to commit this second fault; but more kindly natures said, "She was always soft-hearted and yielding, from childhood; and she is hardly a responsible being; for trouble and continual fits have made her almost an idiot." At last she gave birth to twins. She wept when she saw them; but they seemed to have no power to withdraw her mind from its disconsolate wanderings. When they were a few months old, she expressed a wish to return to Philadelphia; and a lad, belonging to the family where she had remained during her illness, agreed to convey her part of the way in a waggon. When they came into the public road, she told him she could walk the rest of the way, and begged him to return. He left her seated on a rock, near a thick grove, nursing her babes. She was calm and gentle, but sad and abstracted as usual. That was in the morning. Where or how she spent the day was never known. Toward night she arrived in Philadelphia, at the house where she had formerly lived. She seemed very haggard and miserable; what few words she said were abrupt and unmeaning; and her attitudes and motions had the sluggish apathy of an insane person.

The next day, there was a rumour afloat that two strangled infants had been found in a grove on the road from Chester. Of course this circumstance soon became connected with her name. When she was arrested, she gave herself up with the same gloomy indifference that marked all her actions. She denied having committed the murder; but when asked who she supposed had done it, she sometimes shuddered and said nothing, sometimes said she did not know, and sometimes answered the children were still living. When conveyed to prison, she asked for pen and ink, and in a short letter, rudely penned, she begged William to come to her, and to bring from her bedroom the little blue bench they used to sit upon in

the happy days of childhood. He came at once, and long did the affectionate couple stand locked in each other's arms, sobbing, and without the power to speak. It was not until the second interview that her brother could summon courage to ask whether she really committed the crime of which she was accused.

"Oh no, William," she replied, "you could not suppose I did."

"You must indeed have been dreadfully changed, dear Lizzy," said he; "for you used to have a heart that could not hurt a kitten."

"I am dreadfully changed," she answered, "but I never wanted to harm anything."

He took her hand, played sadly with the emaciated fingers, and after a strong effort to control his emotions, he said, in a subdued voice, "Lizzy, dear, can you tell me who did do it?"

She stared at him with a wild intense gaze, that made him shudder. Then looking fearfully toward the door, she said, in a strange muffled whisper, "Did *what*?" Poor William bowed his head over the hand that he held in his own, and wept like a child.

During various successive interviews, he could obtain no satisfactory answer to the important question. Sometimes she merely gazed at him with a vacant inane expression; sometimes she faintly answered that she did not know; and sometimes she said she believed the babes were still alive. She gradually became more quiet and rational under her brother's soothing influence; and one day, when he had repeatedly assured her that she could safely trust her secrets to his faithful heart, she said with a suppressed whisper, as if she feared the sound of her own voice, "*He* did it."

"Who is *he*?" asked the brother, gently.

"The father," she replied.

"Did you know he meant to do it?"

"No. He told me he would meet me and give me some money. But when I asked him for something to support the children, he was angry, and choked them. I was frightened, and felt faint. I don't know what I did. I woke up and found myself on the ground alone, and the babies lying among the bushes."

"What is his name; and where does he live?" inquired the brother.

She gave him a wild look of distress, and said—"Oh, don't ask me. I ought not to have done so. I am a poor sinner—a poor sinner. But everybody deserted me; the world was very cold; I had nobody to love; and he was *very* kind to me."

"But tell me his name," urged the brother.

She burst into a strange mad laugh, picked nervously at the handkerchief she held in her hand, and repeated, idiotically, "Name! name! I guess the babies are alive now. I don't know—I don't know; but I guess they are."

To the lawyer she would say nothing, except to deny that she committed the murder. All their exertions could wring from her nothing more distinct than the story she had briefly told her brother. During her trial, the expression of her countenance was stupid and vacant. At times, she would drum on the railing before her, and stare round on the crowd with a bewildered look, as if unconscious where she was. The deranged state of her mind was strongly urged by her lawyer; but his opponent replied that all this might be

assumed. To the story she had told in prison, it was answered that her not telling of the murder at the time made her an accomplice. After the usual display of legal ingenuity on both sides, the jury brought her in guilty of murder, and the poor forlorn demented creature was sentenced to be hung at Chester.

The wretched brother was so stunned by the blow, that at first he could not collect his thoughts. But it soon occurred to him that the terrible doom might still be arrested, if the case could be brought suitably before the governor. A petition was accordingly drawn up, setting forth the alienation of mind to which she had been subject, in consequence of fits, and the extreme doubtfulness whether she committed the murder. Her youth, her beauty, the severe sorrows of her life, and the obviously impaired state of her reason, touched many hearts, and the petition was rapidly signed. When William went to her cell to bid her adieu, he tried to cheer her with the hope of pardon. She listened with a listless apathy. But when he pressed her hand, and with a mournful smile said, "Good-bye, dear Lizzy; I shall come back soon, and I hope with good news," she pointed tearfully to the little blue bench and said, "Let what will happen, Willie, take care of *that*, for my sake." He answered with a choked voice; and as he turned away, the tears flowed fast down his manly cheeks. She listened to the echoes of his steps, and when she could hear them no longer, she threw herself on the floor, laid her head down on the little blue bench, kissed the letters carved upon it, and sobbed as she had not sobbed since she was first deserted by her false lover. When the jailor went in to carry her supper, he found her asleep thus. Rich masses of her glossy brown hair fell over her pale, but still lovely face, on which rested a serene smile, as if she were happy in her dreams. He stood and gazed upon her, and his hard hand brushed away a tear. Some motion that he made disturbed her slumber. She opened her eyes, from which there beamed for a moment a rational and happy expression, as she said, "I was out in the woods, behind the house, holding my little apron to catch the nuts that Willie threw down. Mother smiled at me from a blue place between two clouds, and said, 'Come to me, my child.'"

The next day a clergyman came to see her. He spoke of the penalty for sin, and the duty of being resigned to the demands of justice. She heard his words, as a mother hears street sounds when she is watching a dying babe. They conveyed to her no import. When asked if she repented of her sins, she said she had been a weak erring creature, and she hoped that she was penitent; but that she never committed the murder.

"Are you resigned to die, if a pardon should not be obtained?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she replied, "I want to die."

He prayed with her in the spirit of real human love; and this soothed her heart. She spoke seldom, after her brother's departure; and often she did not appear to hear when she was spoken to. She sat on the little blue bench, gazing vacantly on the floor, like one already out of the body.

In those days, there was briefer interval between sentence and execution than at present. The fatal day and hour soon arrived, and still no tidings from the governor. Men came to lead her to the

gallows. She seemed to understand what they said to her, and turned meekly to obey their orders. But she stopped suddenly, gazed on the little blue bench, and said in a gasping tone, "Has William come?" When they told her no, a shudder seemed to go over her, and her pale face became still paler. A bit of looking-glass hung on the wall in front of her; and as she raised her head, she saw the little curl that had received her mother's caresses, and the first kiss of love. With a look of the most intense agony, she gave a loud groan, and burying her face in her hands, fell forward on the shoulder of the sheriff.

* * * * *

Poor William had worked with the desperate energy of despair, and the governor, after brief delay, granted a pardon. But in those days, the facilities for travelling were few; and it happened that the country was inundated with heavy rains, which everywhere impeded his progress. He stopped neither for food nor rest; but everywhere the floods and broken roads hindered him. When he came to Darby Creek, which was usually fordable, it was swollen too high to be crossed, and it was some time before a boat could be obtained. In agony of mind he pressed onward, till his horse fell dead under him. Half frantic, he begged for another at any price, mounted, and rode furiously. From the top of a hill, he saw a crowd assembled round the place of execution. He waved his handkerchief, he shouted, he screamed. But in the excitement of the moment he was not heard or noticed. All eyes were fastened on the gallows; and soon the awful object came within his own vision. Father of mercies! There are a woman's garments floating in the air. There is a struggling, a quivering—and all is still.

With a shriek that pierced the ears of the multitude, the desperate rider plunged forward; his horse fell under him, and shouting, "A pardon! A pardon!" he rolled senseless on the ground. He came too late. The unhappy Elizabeth was dead. The poor young creature, guilty of too much heart, and too little brain to guide it, had been murdered by law, and men called it justice.

Pale as a ghost, with hair suddenly whitened by excess of anguish, the wretched brother bent over the corpse of that beautiful sister whom he had loved so well. They spoke to him of resignation to God's will. He answered not; for it was not clear to him that the cruelty of man is the will of God. Reverently and tenderly, he cut from that fair brow the favourite little curl, twined about with so many sacred memories, and once a source of girlish innocent joy to the yearning heart, that slept so calmly now. He took the little bench from its cold corner in the prison, and gathering together his small personal property, he retired to a lonely cave in Dauphin county. He shunned all intercourse with his fellow men, and when spoken to, answered briefly and solemnly. There he died a few years ago, at an advanced age. He is well remembered in the region round about, as

WILLIAM THE HERMIT.

THE NEIGHBOUR-IN-LAW.

"Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own."

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good-nature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather, "she has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her, and the only lover she ever had, borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features, and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty, many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover, whom she had too much good sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks cold, and pinched, and frightened all the time, as if she were chased by the east wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap over the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humoured smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny has a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, and I never heard of any one else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue call her the Neighbour-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy, was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings had one common yard in the rear, and one common space for a garden in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation, she called on the Neighbour-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbour should want hot water, before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street; I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbour Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "It is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbours. I will try to keep everything as bright as a new five cent

piece, for I see that will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty had begun to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright colour flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressible temperament, for good or evil. "Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I hear one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose-colour subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered, "Yes, ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbour's house all went quite otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of, "Mind how you do that: if you don't I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words, "There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a nice handy little girl you are!" Under this enlivening influence, Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum much more agreeably than a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head, and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has! It is like the birds in the field. By and by, you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, carolling. The happy child tuned up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures what sort of a thing a music-box might be. She was a little afraid the kind lady would forget to show it to her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked very curiously at everything that resembled a box. At last Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired, by this time. We will rest awhile, and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake, with a humble little courtesy, and carefully held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewn about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in this room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music-box; and after awhile she opened it, and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures, till she called her. The little girl stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back, as if afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down with her finger on her lip, and answered in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play." "Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt

Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labours of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty; "if I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt, since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether the new neighbour would want her service again during the day. Her desire that it should be so, soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her own motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier line of her neighbour's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow it about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence. It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unintentionally, heard the words and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, then stepped out into the court, and after arranging divers little matters, she called aloud to her domestic, "Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Didn't I tell you Miss Turnpenny was very neat? Pray make haste and sweep it up. I wouldn't have her see it on any account. I told her I would try to keep everything nice about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is a comfort to have tidy neighbours." The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out with brush and dust-pan, and swept quietly away the pile, that was intended as a declaration of border war.

But another source of annoyance presented itself, which could not so easily be disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean scraggy animal, that looked as if she were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a distaste to poor poverty-stricken Tab, the first time he saw her; and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behaviour in his neighbourly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of doors without being saluted with a growl, and a short sharp bark, that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house, with her fur all on end. If she even ventured to doze a little on her own door-step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed, he would wake her with a bark and a box on the ear, and off he would run. Aunt Hetty vowed she would scald him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbours' cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavoured to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink sturdily resolved he would be scalded first; that he would. He could not have been more obstinate in his opposition, if

he and Tab had belonged to different sects in Christianity. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head, and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference, amounting to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free will, he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a small steam-engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own peculiar privilege to cuff the poor animal, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions she rushed into her neighbour's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog; see if I don't; and I shan't wait long, either, I can tell you. What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbours."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny. "What do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat?"

"I didn't think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so, that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbour Turnpenny; it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighbourhood. I am attached to poor little Pink, because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarrelling with the cat; but if he won't be neighbourly, I will send him out in the country to board. Sally, will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them."

The crabbed neighbour was helped abundantly; and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," rejoined Aunt Hetty: "I should get precious little work out of her, if I didn't keep a switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbour tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is the most economical. But, neighbour Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mould before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and

she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you are a neighbour. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say, "Neighbour Fairweather, you needn't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural you should like the little creature, seeing he belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab in doors, and perhaps after a while they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron. "We will try them awhile longer, and if they persist in quarrelling, I will send the dog into the country." Pink, who was sleeping in a chair, stretched himself and gaped. His kind mistress patted him on the head. "Ah, you foolish little beast," said she, "what's the use of plaguing poor Tab?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, smiling, "you are a master woman for stopping a quarrel."

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning, I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold snapping mornings, when a slight thing irritates both man and beast. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbour; whereupon the neighbour kicked and hit another. In five minutes, the whole herd were kicking and hooking each other, with all fury. Some lay sprawling on the ice, others were slipping about, with their hind heels reared in the air. My mother laughed, and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you're hit. Just so I've seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears, some frosty morning.' Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, children. Remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a deal of trouble.'"

That same afternoon, the sunshiny dame stepped into Aunt Hetty's rooms, where she found Peggy sewing, as usual, with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Harlem, on business," said she: "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve of young folks going a pleasuring, and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbour; "but I think there is a great deal of education that is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that she will do great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched the soft place in Miss Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbour was certainly one of the good fairies she read about in the picture books. The excursion was enjoyed as only a city child can enjoy the country. The world seems such a pleasant place, when the fetters are off, and Nature folds the young heart

lovingly on her bosom ! A flock of real birds and two living butterflies put the little orphan in a perfect ecstasy. She ran and skipped. One could see that she might be graceful, if she were only free. She pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and said, "See how pretty ! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah, our little stunted Peggy has poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher, in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tune ; and when winter came, she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into a consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she ; "and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation ; for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick, it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbour Turnpenny ? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased, that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbour's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless me, how the fingers flew ! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbour. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point ; but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose-bush. Neighbour Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard ? It will take very little room, and will need no care." At another time, she would say, "Well, really my ground is too full. Here is a root of Lady's-delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds, that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright good-natured little thing." Thus by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded by flowers ; and she even declared, of her own accord, that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming. Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep, in the sunshine, with her paw on Pink's neck, and little Peggy was singing at her work, as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here !" said Mrs. Lane.

"And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray, how do you manage to get on with the Neighbour-in-law ?"

"I find her a very kind obliging neighbour," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this is a miracle !" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it was never thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you, that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness, there is."

From this gospel of joy preached and practised, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of constraint and fear, straightened up, budded and blossomed, in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness.

Her affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music-teacher thought her more than almost handsome ; for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others, and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little cottage, on her wedding-day, she threw her arms round the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said, "Ah, thou dear good Aunt, it is thou who hast made my life Fairweather."

SHE WAITS IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

A ROMANCE FOUNDED ON AN INDIAN TRADITION.

"A bard of many breathings
Is the wind in sylvan wreathings,
O'er mountain tops and through the woodland groves :
Now piping and now drumming,
Now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

Though the wind a strange tone waketh
In every home it maketh,
And the maple-tree responds not as the larch,
Yet harmony is playing
Round all the green arms swaying
Neath heaven's arch.

Oh, what can be the teaching
Of these forest voices preaching ?
'Tis that a brother's creed, though not like mine,
May blend about God's altar,
And help to fill the psalter,
That's divine." ELIZA COOK.

PU-KEE-SHE-NO-QUA was famous among her tribe for her eloquent manner of relating stories. She treasured up all the old traditions, and though she repeated them truly, they came from her mouth in brighter pictures than from others, because she tipped all the edges with her own golden fancy. One might easily conjecture that there was poetry in the souls of her ancestry also ; for they had given her a name which signifies, "I light from flying." At fourteen years old, she was shut up in a hut by herself, to fast and dream, according to the custom of the Indians. She dreamed that the Morning Star came down and nestled in her

bosom, like a bird ; therefore she chose it for the Manitou, or Protecting Spirit of her life, and named her first-born son Wah-bu-nung-o, an Indian word for the Morning Star. The boy was handsome, brave and gentle ; and his childhood gave early indications that he inherited the spiritual and poetic tendencies of his mother. At the threshold of his young life, he too was set apart to fast and dream. He dreamed of a wild rose-bush, in full bloom, and heard a voice saying, "She will wait for thee in the Spirit-land. Do not forsake her." The Wild Rose was accordingly adopted as his Manitou.

In a neighbouring wigwam was a girl named O-ge-bu-no-quā, which signifies the Wild Rose. When she, at twelve years old, was sent into retirement to fast and dream, she dreamed of a Star ; but she could tell nothing about it, only that it was mild, and looked at her. She was a charming child, and grew into beautiful maidenhood. Her dark cheek looked like a rich brown autumn leaf, faintly tinged with crimson. Her large eyes, shaded with deep black fringe, had a shy and somewhat mournful tenderness of expression. Her voice seemed but the echo of her glance, it was so low and musical in tone, so plaintive in its cadences. Her well-rounded figure was pliant and graceful, and her motions were like those of some pretty, timid animal, that has always stepped to sylvan sounds.

The handsome boy was but two years older than the beautiful girl. In childhood, they swung together in the same boughs, hand in hand they clambered the rocks, and gathered the flowers and berries of the woods. Living in such playful familiarity with the deer and the birds, the young blood flowed fresh and strong, their forms were vigorous, and their motions flexible and free. The large dark eyes of Wah-bu-nung-o were tender and sad, and had a peculiarly deep, spiritual, inward-looking expression, as if he were the destined poet and prophet of his tribe. But the lofty carriage of his head, the Apollo curve of his parted lips, and his aquiline nose, with open well-defined nostrils, expressed the pride and daring of a hunter and a warrior.

It was very natural that the maiden should sometimes think it a beautiful coincidence that a Star was her guardian spirit, and this handsome friend of her childhood was named the Morning Star. And when he told her of the Wild Rose of his dream, had he not likewise some prophetic thoughts ? Fortunately for the free and beautiful growth of their love, they lived out of the pale of civilization. There was no Mrs. Smith to remark how they looked at each other, and no Mrs. Brown to question the propriety of their rambles in the woods. The simple philosophy of the Indians had never taught that nature was a sin, and therefore nature was troubled with no sinful consciousness. When Wah-bu-nung-o hunted squirrels, O-ge-bu-no-quā thought it no harm to gather basket-stuff in the same woods. There was a lovely crescent-shaped island opposite the village, profusely covered with trees and vines, and carpeted with rich grasses and mosses, strewn with flowers. Clumps of young birches shone among the dark shrubbery, like slender columns of silver, and willows stooped so low to look in the mirror of the waters, that their graceful tresses touched the stream. Here, above all other places, did the maiden love to go to gather twigs for baskets, and the young man to select wood

for his bows and arrows. Often, when day was declining, and the calm river reflected the western sky, glowing with amber light, and flecked with little fleecy rose-coloured clouds, his canoe might be seen gliding across the waters. Sometimes O-ge-bu-no-quā was waiting for him on the island, and sometimes he steered the boat for the grove of willows, while she urged it forward with the light swift stroke of her paddle.

Civilized man is little to be trusted under such circumstances ; but Nature, subjected to no false restraints, manifests her innate modesty, and even in her child-like abandonment to impulse, rebukes by her innocence the unclean self-consciousness of artificial society. With a quiet grave tenderness, the young Indian assisted his beautiful companion in her tasks, or spoke to her from time to time, as they met by brook or grove, in the pursuit of their different avocations. Her Manitou, the Morning Star of the sky, could not have been more truly her protecting spirit.

It was on her sixteenth birth-day that they, for the first time, lingered on the island after twilight. The Indians, with an untaught poetry of modesty, never talk of love under the bright staring gaze of day. Only amid the silent shadows do they yield to its gentle influence. O-ge-bu-no-quā was born with the roses ; therefore this birth-night of their acknowledged love was, in that beautiful month, named by the Indians "the Moon of Flowers." It was a lovely evening, and surpassingly fair was the scene around them. The picturesque little village of wigwams, on the other side of the river, gave a smiling answer to the sun's farewell. The abrupt heights beyond were robed in the richest foliage, through which the departing rays streamed like a golden shower. In the limitless forest, the tall trees were of noble proportions, because they had room enough to grow upward and outward with a strong free grace. In the flowery glades of the islands, flocks of pigeons, and other smaller birds, cooed and chirped. Soon all subsided into moon-silence, and the clysian stillness was interrupted only by the faint ripple of the sparkling river, the lone cry of the whippowill, or the occasional plash of some restless bull-frog. The lovers sat side by side on a grassy knoll. An evening breeze gave them a gentle kiss as it passed, and brought them a love-token of fragrance from a rose-bush that grew at their feet. Wah-bu-nung-o gathered one of the blossoms, by the dim silvery light, and placing it in the hand of O-ge-bu-no-quā, he said, in a voice tender and bashful as a young girl's : "Thou knowest the Great Spirit has given me the wild rose for a Manitou. I have told thee my dream ; but I have never told thee, thou sweet rose of my life, how sadly I interpret it."

She nestled closer in his bosom, and gazing earnestly on a bright star in the heavens, the Manitou of her own existence, she murmured, almost inaudibly, "How dost thou !" His brave strong arm encircled her in a closer embrace, as he answered with gentle solemnity, "The Rose will go to the Spirit-land, and leave her Star to mourn alone." The maiden's eyes filled with tears, as she replied, "But the Rose will wait for her Star. Thus said the voice of the dream."

They sat silently leaning on each other, till Wah-bu-nung-o took up the pipe, that lay beside him, and began to play. Birds sing only during their

mating season ; their twin-born love and music pass away together, with the roses ; and the Indian plays on his pipe only while he is courting. It is a rude kind of flute, with two or three stops, and very limited variety of tone. The life of a savage would not be fitly expressed in rich harmonies ; and life in any form never fashions to itself instruments beyond the wants of the soul. But the sounds of this pipe, with its perpetual return of sweet simple chords, and its wild flourishes, like the closing strain of a bob o' link, was in pleasing accord with the primeval beauty of the scene. When the pipe paused for awhile, O-ge-bu-no-quawarbled a wild plaintive little air, which her mother used to sing to her, when she swung from the boughs in her queer little birch-bark cradle. Indian music, like the voices of inanimate nature, the wind, the forest, and the sea, is almost invariably in the minor mode ; and breathed as it now was to the silent moon, and with the shadow of the dream interpretation still resting on their souls, it was oppressive in its mournfulness. The song hushed ; and O-ge-bu-no-quaw, clinging closer to her lover's arm, whispered in tones of superstitious fear, "Does it not seem to you as if the Great Spirit was looking at us ?" "Yes, and see how he smiles," replied Wah-bu-nung-o, in bolder and more cheerful accents, as he pointed to the sparkling waters. "The deer and the birds are not sad ; let us be like them."

He spoke of love ; of the new wigwam he would build for his bride, and the game he would bring down with his arrow. These home-pictures roused emotions too strong for words. Stolid and imperceptible as the Indian race seem in the presence of spectators, in these lonely hours with the beloved one, they too learn that love is the glowing wine, the exhilarating "fire-water" of the soul.

When they returned, no one questioned them. It was the most natural thing in the world that they should love each other ; and natural politeness respected the freedom of their young hearts. No marriage settlements, no precautions of the law, were necessary. There was no person to object, whenever he chose to lead her into his wigwam, and by that simple circumstance she became his wife. The next day, as O-ge-bu-no-quaw sat under the shadow of an elm, busily braiding mats, Wah-bu-nung-o passed by, carrying poles, which he had just cut in the woods. He stopped and spoke to her, and the glance of her wild melancholy eye met his with a beautiful expression of timid fondness. The next moment, she looked down and blushed very deeply. The poles were for the new wigwam, and so were the mats she was braiding ; and she had promised her lover that as soon as the wigwam was finished, she would come and live with him. He conjectured her thoughts ; but he did not smile, neither did he tell her that her blush was as beautiful as the brilliant flower of the Wickapee ; but that bashful loving glance filled him with an inward warmth. Its beaming, yet half-veiled tenderness passed into his soul, and was never afterward forgotten.

That afternoon, all the young men of the tribe went a few miles up the river to fish. Sad tidings awaited their return. Ong-pa-tonga, the Big Elk, chief of a neighbouring tribe, in revenge for some trifling affront, had attacked the village in their

absence, wounded some of the old warriors, and carried off several of the women and children. The blooming Wild Rose was among the captives. Wah-bu-nung-o was frantic with rage and despair. A demon seemed to have taken possession of his brave, but usually gentle soul. He spoke few words, but his eyes gleamed with a fierce unnatural fire. He painted himself with the colours of eternal enmity to the tribe of Big Elk, and secretly gloated over plans of vengeance. An opportunity soon offered to waylay the transgressors on their return from a hunting expedition. Several women accompanied the party, to carry their game and blankets. One of these, the wife of Big Elk, was killed by an arrow, and some of the men were wounded. This slight taste of vengeance made the flames of hatred burn more intensely. The image of his enemy expiring by slow tortures was the only thought that brought pleasure to the soul of Wah-bu-nung-o. Twice he had him nearly in his power, but was baffled by cunning. In one of the skirmishes between the contending tribes, he took captive a woman and her two children. Being questioned concerning the fate of O-ge-bu-no-quaw, she said that Big Elk, in revenge for the loss of his wife, had killed her with his war-club. For a moment, Wah-bu-nung-o stood as if suddenly changed to stone ; then his Indian firmness forsook him, he tore his hair, and howled in frantic agony. But in the midst of this whirlwind of grief, the memory of his dream came like a still small voice, and whispered, "She waits for thee in the Spirit-land. Do not forsake her." The mad fire of his eye changed to the mildest and deepest melancholy. He promised the captive that she and her children should be treated kindly, and allowed to return to her tribe, if she would guide him to the maiden's grave.

Leaving her children in his own village, as a security against treachery, he followed her through the forest, till they came to a newly-made mound, with a few stones piled upon it. This she said was O-ge-bu-no-quaw's grave. The young warrior gazed on it silently, with folded arms. No cry, or groan, escaped him ; though in the depths of his soul was sorrow more bitter than death. Thus he remained for a long time. At last, he turned to take a careful inspection of the scene around him, and marked a tree with the point of his arrow. Then commanding the woman to walk before him, he strode homeward in perfect silence. A monotonous accompaniment of tree-whispering alone responded to the farewell dirge in his heart. As he looked on the boundless wilderness, and gazed into its dark mysterious depths, wild and solemn reveries came over him ; vast shadowy visions of life and death ; but through all the changes of his thought sounded the ever-recurring strain, "She waits for thee in the Spirit-land." Then came the dread that Big Elk would go there before him, and would persecute his beloved, as he had done during her life in the body. An impatient shudder went over him, and he longed for death ; but he had been taught to consider suicide a cowardly act, and he was awe-stricken before the great mystery of the soul. The dreadful conflict terminated in one calm fixed resolution. He determined to relinquish all his cherished plans of vengeance, and during the remainder of his life to watch over Big Elk, and guard him from danger, that he might not go

the Spirit-land till he himself was there to protect his beloved.

The day after his return home, he told his mother that he must go away to fulfil a vow, and he knew not when he should return. He earnestly conjured his brothers to be kind and reverent to their mother; then bidding them a calm but solemn farewell, he stepped into his canoe, and rowed over to the Isle of Willows. Again he stood by the grassy knoll where the loved one had lain upon his breast. The rose-bush was there, tall and vigorous, though the human Rose had passed away, to return no more. He shed no tears, but reverently went through his forms of worship to the tutelary spirit of his life. With measured dance, and strange monotonous howls, he made a vow of utter renunciation of everything, even of his hopes of vengeance, if he might be permitted to protect his beloved in the Spirit-land. He brought water from the brook in a gourd, from which they had often drunk together; he washed from his face the emblems of eternal enmity to Big Elk, and with solemn ceremonial poured it on the roots of the rose. Then he rowed far up the river, and landed near the grave, on which he kindled a fire, that the dear departed might be lighted to the Spirit-land, according to the faith of his fathers. He buried the gourd in the mound, saying, "This I send to thee, my Rose, that thou mayest drink from it in the Spirit-land." Three nights he tended the fire, and then returned for the rose-bush, which he planted at the head of the grave. He built a wigwam near by, and dwelt there alone. He feared neither wild beast nor enemies; for he had fulfilled his duties to the dead, and now his only wish was to go and meet her. Big Elk and his companions soon discovered him, and came upon him with their war-clubs. He stood unarmed, and quietly told them he had consecrated himself by a vow to the Great Spirit, and would fight no more. He gazed steadily in the face of his enemy, and said, if they wanted his life, they were welcome to take it. The deep, mournful, supernatural expression of his eyes inspired them with awe. They thought him insane; and all such are regarded by the Indians with superstitious fear and reverence. "He has seen the door of the Spirit-land opened," they said; "the moon has spoken secrets to him; and the Great Spirit is angry when such are harmed." So they left him in peace. But he sighed as they turned away; for he had hoped to die by their hands. From that time he followed Big Elk like his shadow; but always to do him service. At first, his enemy was uneasy, and on his guard; but after awhile, he became accustomed to his presence, and even seemed to be attached to him. At one time, a fever brought the strong man to the verge of the grave. Wah-bu-nung-o watched over him with trembling anxiety, and through weary days and sleepless nights tended him as carefully as a mother tends her suffering babe. Another time, when Big Elk was wounded by an enemy, he drew out the arrow, sought medicinal herbs, and healed him. Once, when he was about to cross a wide deep ditch, bridged by a single tree, Wah-bu-nung-o perceived a rattlesnake on the bridge, and just as the venomous reptile was about to spring, his arrow nailed him to the tree.

Thus weary months passed away. The mourner,

meek and silent, held communion with his Manitou, the rose-bush, to which he repeated often, "Bid her look to the Morning Star, and fear nothing. I will protect her. Tell her we shall meet again in the Spirit-land, as we met in the Isle of Willows." Sadly but mildly his eye rested on the murderer of his beloved, and he tended upon him with patient gentleness, that seemed almost like affection. Very beautiful and holy was this triumph of love over hatred, seeking no reward but death. But the "twin-brother of sleep" came not where he was so much desired. Others who clung to life were taken, but the widowed heart could not find its rest. At last, the constant prayer of his faithful love was answered. By some accident, Big Elk became separated from his hunting companions, late in the afternoon of a winter's day. There came on a blinding storm of wind and snow and sleet. The deep drifts were almost impassable, and the keen air cut the lungs, like particles of sharpened steel. Night came down in robes of thick darkness. Nothing interrupted her solemn silence, but the crackling of ice from the trees, and the moaning and screaming of the winds. The very wolves hid themselves from the fury of the elements. While light enough remained to choose a shelter, the wanderers took refuge in a deep cleft screened by projecting rocks. The morning found them stiff and hungry, and almost buried in snow. With much difficulty they made their way out into the forest, completely bewildered, and guided only by the sun, which glimmered gloomily through the thick atmosphere. Two days they wandered without food. Toward night, Wah-bu-nung-o discovered horns projecting through the snow; and digging through the drift, he found a few moose bones, on which the wolves had left some particles of flesh. He resisted the cravings of hunger, and gave them all to his famishing enemy. As twilight closed, they took shelter in a large hollow tree, near which Wah-bu-nung-o, with the watchful eye of love and faith, observed a rose-bush, with a few crimson seed-vessels shining through the snow. He stripped some trees, and covered Ong-pa-tonga with the bark; then piling up snow before the entrance of the tree, to screen him from the cold, he bade him sleep, while he kept watch. Ong-pa-tonga asked to be awakened, that he might watch in his turn; but to this his anxious guardian returned no answer. The storm had passed away and left an atmosphere of intense cold. The stars glittered in the deep blue sky, like points of steel. Weary, faint, and starving, Wah-bu-nung-o walked slowly back and forth. When he felt an increasing numbness stealing over his limbs, a disconsolate smile gleamed on his countenance, and he offered thanks to the Manitou bush by his side. It was the first time he had smiled since his Wild Rose was taken from him. Presently, the howl of wolves was heard far off. He kept more carefully near the tree where his enemy slept, and listened to ascertain in what direction the ravenous beasts would come. "They shall eat me first, before they find their way to him," he said. "She would be so frightened to see his spirit, before mine came to protect her." But the dismal sounds died away in the distance, and were heard no more. Panting and staggering, the patient sufferer fell on the ground, at the foot of the rose-bush, and prayed imploringly, "Let not

the wild beasts devour him, while I lie here insensible. Oh, send me to the Spirit-land, that I may protect her!" He gasped for breath, and a film came over his eyes, so that he could no longer see the stars. How long he remained thus, no one ever knew.

Suddenly all was light around him. The rose-bush bloomed, and O-ge-bu-no-qua stood before him, with the same expression of bashful love he had last seen in her beautiful eyes. "I have been ever near thee," she said. "Hast thou not seen me?"

"Where am I, my beloved?" he exclaimed. "Are we in the Isle of Willows?"

"We are in the Spirit-land," she answered. "Thy Rose has waited patiently for the coming of her Morning Star."

A POET'S DREAM OF THE SOUL.

"For, as be all bards, he was born of beauty,
And with a natural fitness to draw down
All tones and shades of beauty to his soul,
Even as the rainbow-tinted shell, which lies
Miles deep at bottom of the sea, hath all
Colours of skies and flowers, and gems and plumes."

ÆSTHET.

"Forms are like sea-shells on the shore; they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been."

IMB.

HIDDEN among common stones, in a hill-side of Germany, an agate reposed in deep tranquillity. The roots of a violet twined about it, and as they embraced more and more closely, year by year, there grew up a silent friendship between the stone and the flower. In Spring, when the plant moved above the surface of the earth, it transmitted genial sun-warmth, and carried dim amethystine light into the dark home of the mineral. Lovingly it breathed forth the secrets of its life, but the agate could not understand its speech; for a lower form of existence has merely a vague feeling of the presence of the grade above it. But from circling degrees of vegetable life, spirally, through the violet, passed a subtle influence into the heart of the agate. It wanted to glow, to spread, to pass upward into the light. But the laws of its being girdled it round like a chain of iron.

A shepherd came and stretched himself fondly by the side of the violet, and piped sweet pastoral music, thinking the while of the fragrant breath and deep blue eyes of her he loved. The flower recognised the tones as a portion of its own soul, and breathed forth perfumes in harmony. Her deeply moved inward joy was felt by the mineral, and kindled enthusiastic longing. Under the glow which renders all forms fluid, the chain of necessity relaxed and the agate expressed its aspiration for vegetable life, in the form of mosses, roots, and leaves. But soon it touched the wall of limitation; upward it could not grow.

A compounder of medicines and amulets came digging for roots and minerals. He pounded the moss-agate to dust, and boiled it with the violet. The souls passed away from the destroyed forms, to enter again at some perfect union of Thought and Affection, a marriage between some of the

infinitely various manifestations of this central duality of the universe. The spirit of the agate floated far, and was finally attracted toward a broad inland lake in the wilds of unknown America. The water-lilies were making love, and it passed into the seed to which their union gave birth. In the deep tranquillity of the forest, it lived a snowy lily with a golden heart, gently swayed on the waters, to the sound of rippling murmurs. Brightly-solemn was the moon-stillness there. It agitated the breast of the lily; for the mild planet shed dewy tears on his brow, as he lay sleeping, and seemed to say mournfully, "I too am of thy kindred, yet thou dost not know me."

Soon came the happy days when the lily wooed his bride. Gracefully she bowed toward him, and a delicious languor melted his whole being, as he fondly veiled her in a golden shower of aroma. Its spiritual essence pervaded the atmosphere. The birds felt its influence, though they knew not whence it was. The wood-pigeons began to coo, and the mocking-bird poured forth all the loves of the forest. The flowers thrilled responsive to their extremest roots, and all the little blossoms wanted to kiss each other.

The remembrance of mineral existence had passed away from the lily; but with these sounds came vague reminiscences of kindred vibrations, that wrote the aspiration of the agate in mossy hieroglyphics on its bosom. Among the tall trees, a vine was dancing and laughing in the face of the sun. "It must be a pleasant life to swing so blithely high up in the air," thought the lily: "O, what would I give to be so much nearer to the stars!" He reared his head, and tried to imitate the vine; but the waters gently swayed him backward, and he fell asleep on the bosom of the lake. A troop of buffaloes came to drink, and in wild sport they pulled up the lilies, and tossed them on their horns.

The soul, going forth to enter a new body, arrived on the southern shores of the Rhone, at the courting time of blossoms, and became a winged seed, from which a vine leaped forth. Joyous was its life in that sunny clime of grapes and olives. Beautiful rainbow-tinted fairies hovered about it in swarms. They waltzed on the leaves, and swung from the tendrils, playing all manner of merry tricks. If a drowsy one fell asleep in the flower-bells, they tormented him without mercy, tickling his nose with a butterfly's feather, or piping through straws in his ear. Not a word of love could the vine-blossoms breathe to each other, but the mischievous fairies were listening; and with a zephyry laugh of silvery sweetness, they would sing, "Aha, we hear you!" Then the blossoms would throw perfumes at them, and they would dance away, springing from leaf to leaf, still shouting, "Aha, we hear you!" The next minute, the whole troop would be back again, making ugly faces from a knot-hole in the tree, pelting the blossoms with dew-drops, or disturbing their quiet loves with a serenade of musquito trumpets, and a grotesque accompaniment of cricket-rasping. But the blossoms delighted in the frolicsome little imps; for their capers were very amusing, and at heart they were real friends to love, and always ready to carry perfumes, or presents of golden flower-dust, from one to another, on their tiny wands. They could not reveal secrets, if they would; because the

flowers and the fairies have no secrets ; but many a graceful song they sang of Moth-feather kissed by Fly-wing, as she lay pretending to be asleep in a fox-glove ; or how Star-twinkle serenaded Dew-drop in the bosom of a rose.

It was a pleasant life the vine led among the butterflies and fairies ; but the stars seemed just as far off as when he was a lily ; and when he saw the great trees spread their branches high above him, he wished that he could grow strong, brave, and self-sustaining, like them. While such wishes were in his heart, a traveller passed that way, singing light carols as he went. With careless gaiety he switched the vine, the stem broke, and it hung fainting from the branches. The fairies mourned over the drooping blossoms, and sang sweet requiems as its spirit passed away.

On the heights of Mount Helicon, oak-blossoms were tremulous with love when the vine-spirit floated over them. He entered into an acorn, and became an oak. Serenely noble was his life, in a grove consecrated to the Muses. With calm happiness he gazed upon the silent stars, or watched his own majestic shadow dancing on the verdant turf, enamelled with flowers, which filled the whole air with fragrance. The olive-trees, the walnuts, and the almonds, whispered to him all the stories of their loves ; and the zephyrs, as they flew by, lingered among his branches, to tell marvellous stories of the winds they had kissed in foreign climes. The Dryads, as they leaned against him, and lovingly twined each other with vernal crowns from his glossy leaves, talked of primal spirits, veiled in never-ending varieties of form, gliding in harmonies through the universe. The murmur of bees, the music of pastoral flutes, and the silvery flow of little waterfalls, mingled ever with the melodious chime of these divine voices. Sometimes, long processions of beautiful youths, crowned with garlands, and bearing branches of laurel, passed slowly by, singing choral hymns in worship of the Muses. The guardian Nymphs of fountains up among the hills leaned forward on their flowing urns, listening to the tuneful sounds ; and often the flash of Apollo's harp might be seen among the trees, lightening the forest with a golden fire.

Amid this quiet grandeur, the oak forgot the prettiness of his life with the nimble fairies. But when he looked down on little streams fringed with oleander and myrtle, or saw bright-winged butterflies and radiant little birds sporting in vine-festoons, he felt a sympathy with the vines and the blossoms, as if they were somehow allied to his own being. The motion of the busy little animals excited a vague restlessness ; and when he saw goats skip from rock to rock, or sheep following the flute of the shepherd far over the plain, the sap moved more briskly in his veins, and he began to ask, "How is it beyond those purple hills ? Do trees and Dryads live there ? And these moving things, are their loves more lively and perfect than ours ? Why cannot I also follow that music ? Why must I stand still, and wait for all things to come to me ?" Even the brilliant lizard, when he crawled over his bark, or twined about his stems, roused within him a faint desire for motion. And when the winds and the trees whispered to him their pastoral romances, he wondered whether the pines, the hazels, and the zephyrs, there beyond, could tell the story of love between the moon and the hills,

that met so near them, to bid each other farewell with such a lingering kiss. There came no answer to these queries ; but the marble statue of Euterpe, in the grove below, smiled significantly upon him, and the bright warblings of a flute were heard, which sounded like the utterance of her smile. A Dryad, crowned with laurel, and bearing a branch of laurel in her hands, was inspired by the Muse, and spake prophetically. "That was the divine voice of Euterpe," she says ; "be patient, and I will reveal all things."

Long stood the oak among those Grecian hills. The whisperings of the forest became like the voices of familiar friends. But those grand choral hymns, accompanied by warblings of Euterpe's flute, with harmonic vibrations from Erato's silver lyre, and Apollo's golden harp, remained mysteries profound as the stars. Yet all his fibres unconsciously moved in harmony, the unintelligible sounds passed into his inmost being, and modified his outward growth. In process of time, a woodcutter, felled the magnificent tree, for pillars to an altar of Jove ; and weeping Dryads threw mosses and green garlands over the decaying roots.

A beautiful lizard, with bright metallic hues, glided about on the trees and temples of Hercules. He forgot that he had ever been an oak, nor did he know that he carried on his back the colours of the fairy songs he had heard as a vine. He led a pleasant life under the shadow of the leaves, but when Autumn was far advanced, he found a hole in the ground, under one of the pillars of the theatre, and crept into the crevice of a stone to sleep. A torpor came over him, at first occasionally startled by the sharp clash of cymbals, or the deep sonorous voice of trombones, from within the building. But the wind blew sand into the crevice, the earth covered him, and the unconscious lizard was entombed alive. Processions of drunken Bacchantes, with all their furious uproar, did not rouse him from his lethargy. Vesuvius roared, as it poured out rivers of fire, but he heard it not. Through the lapse of silent centuries, he lay there within a buried city, in a sepulchre of lava. But not even that long, long sleep, without a dream, could efface the impressions of his past existences. At last, some workmen, digging for a well, struck upon a statue, and the lost city was discovered. Breaking away the lava with pickaxes and hammers, they dashed in pieces the stone into which the lizard had crept. He gasped when the fresh air came upon him, and died instantly. His lizard life had passed without aspiration, and long imprisonment had made him averse to light. He slipped underground, and became a mole, blind as when he was an agate. He could not see the beauty of the flowers, or the glory of the stars. But music, the universal soul of all things, came to him also. A lark built her nest on the ground near by ; and when she returned to her little ones, the joyful trill of her gushing tones was so full of sunlight, that it warmed the heart of the poor little mole. He could not see where the lark went, when he heard her clear notes ascending far into the sky ; but he felt the expression of a life more free and bright than his own, and he grew weary of darkness and silence. As he came out oftener to feel the sunshine, his rich brown glossy fur attracted the attention of a boy, who caught him in a trap.

The emancipated spirit passed where birds were mating on the sea shore, and became a halcyon. He wooed a lady-bird, and she was enamoured of his beauty, though neither of them knew that the lark's song was painted in rainbow tints upon his plumage. Their favourite resort was a cave in the Isle of Staffa. Season after season, he and his successive lady-loves went there to rear their young, in a deep hole of the rock, where the tide, as it ebbs and flows, makes strange wild melody. As the mother brooded over her nest, he sat patiently by her side, listening to the measured rhythm of the sea, and the wild crescendo of the winds. When storms subsided, and rainbows spanned the rocky island, sirens and mermaids came riding on the billows, with pearls in their hair, singing of submarine gardens, where groves of fan-coral bend like flexile willows, and yellow and crimson sea-weeds float in their fluid element, as gracefully as banners on the wind. The halcyons, as they glided above the white wave-wreaths, or sat on the rocks watching for food, often saw these fantastic creatures swimming about, merrily pelting each other with pebbles and shells; and their liquid laughter, mingled with snatches of song, might be heard afar, as they went deep down to their grottoes in the sea.

When Winter approached, the happy birds flew to more southern climes. During these inland visits, the halcyon again heard the song of the lark. It moved him strangely, and he tried to imitate it; but the sounds came from his throat in harsh twirls, and refused to echo his tuneful wishes. One day, as the beautiful bird sat perched on a twig, gazing intently into the stream, and listening to woodland warbles, a sportsman pointed his gun at him, and killed him instantly.

The spirit, hovering over Italian shores, went into the egg of a nightingale, and came forth into an earthly paradise of soft sunny valleys, and vine-clad hills, with urns and statues gleaming amid dark groves of cypress and cedar. When the moon rose above the hills, with her little one, the evening star, by her side, and twilight threw over the lovely landscape a veil of rose-coloured mist, the bird felt the pervading presence of the beautiful, and poured forth his soul in songs of exquisite tenderness. Plaintive were the tones; for the moon spoke into his heart far more sadly than when he was a water lily, and with her solemn voice was mingled the chime of vesper bells across the water, the melancholy cry of gondoliers, and the measured plash of their oars. When the sun came up in golden splendour, flooding hill and dale with brilliant light, the nightingale nestled with his lady-love in cool sequestered groves of cypress and ilex, and listened in dreamy reverie to the trickling of many fountains. Fairies came there and danced in graceful undulations, to music of liquid sweetness. In their wildest mirth, they were not so giddy-paced as the pretty caperers of the Rhone, and more deeply passionate were the love-stories they confided to the sympathising nightingale. When the solemn swell of the church organ rose on the breeze, the fairies hid away timidly under leaves, while human voices chanted their hymns of praise. The nightingale, too, listened with awe; the majestic sounds disturbed him, like echoes of thunder among the hills. His mate had built her nest in low bushes, on the shore

of a broad lagune, and there he was wont to sing to her at eventide. The gondolas, as they glided by, with lights glancing on the water, passed his home more slowly, that passengers might listen to the flowing song. One night, a violinist in the gondola responded to his lay. The nightingale answered with an eager gush. Again the violin replied, more at length. Sadly, and with a lingering sweetness, the nightingale resumed; but suddenly broke off, and went silent. The musician stepped on shore, and played a long time under the shadow of the groves, to the ears of his lady-love, who leaned from her balcony to listen. Wildly throbbed the pulses of the nightingale. What was this enchanting voice! It repeated the sky-tone of the lark, the drowsy contemplations of the water-lily communing with the moon, the trills of fairies frisking among the vine-blossoms, the whispers of winds, and trees, and streams, the siren's song, and the mermaid's laugh. With all these he had unconsciously acquired sympathy, in the progress of his being; but mingled with them was a mysterious utterance of something deeper and more expansive, that thrilled his little bosom with an agony of aspiration. When the violin was itself a portion of trees, the music of winds, and leaves, and streams, and little birds, had passed into his heart. The poet's soul likewise listens passively to the voices of nature, and receives them quietly, as a divine influx. The violin knew by the poet's manner of questioning, that he could understand her, and she told him all the things she had ever heard. But by reason of this divine harmony between them, his human soul breathed through her, and made her the messenger of joys and sorrows far deeper than her own. This it was that troubled the breast of the nightingale. The next evening he flooded the whole valley with a rich tide of song. Men said, "Did ever bird sing so divinely!" But he felt how far inferior it was to those heavenly tones, which repeated all the things he had ever heard, and oppressed him with a prophecy of things unknown. Evening by evening, his song grew more sad in its farewell sweetness, and at last was heard no more. He had pined away and died, longing for the voice of the violin.

In a happy German home, a young wife leaned lovingly on the bosom of her chosen mate. They were not aware that the spirit of a nightingale was circling round them and would pass into the soul of their infant son, whom they named Felix Mendelssohn. The poet-musician, as he grew to manhood, lost all recollection of his own transmigrations. But often when his human eyes gazed on lovely scenes for the first time, Nature looked at him so kindly, and all her voices spoke so familiarly, that it seemed as if his soul must have been there before him. The moon claimed kindred with him, and lulled him into dreamy reverie, as she had done when the undulating waters cradled him as a lily. In music, he asked the fair planet concerning all this, and why she and the earth always looked into each other's eyes with such saddened love. Poets listening to the Concerto,* heard in it the utterance of their souls also; and they will give it again in painting, sculpture, and verse. Thus are all forms intertwined by the pervading spirit which flows through them.

* Concerto for the piano, in G Minor.

The sleeping flowers wakened vague reminiscences of tiny radiant forms. Mendelssohn called to them in music, and the whole fairy troop came dancing on moon-beams into his "Midsummer Night's Dream."

The sight of temples and statues brought shadowy dreams of Druids, and consecrated groves, of choral hymns, and the rich vibrations of Apollo's harp. Serene in classic beauty, these visions float through the music of "Antigone."

The booming of waves, and the screaming of gulls, stirred halcyon recollections. He asked in music whence they came, and Euterpe answered in the picturesque sea-wildness of his "Fingal's Cave."

The song of the nightingale brought dim memories of a pure brilliant atmosphere, of landscapes tinted with prismatic splendour, of deep blue lakes dimpled with sun-flecks; and gracefully glides the gondola, under the glowing sky of Italy, through the flowing melody of his "Songs without Words."

But music is to him as the violin was to the nightingale. It repeats, with puzzling vagueness, all he has ever known, and troubles his spirit with prophecies of the infinite unknown. Imploringly he asks Euterpe to keep her promise, and reveal to him all the secrets of the universe. Graciously and confidingly she answers. But as it was with the nightingale, so is it with him; the utterance belongs to powers above the circle of his being, and he cannot comprehend it now. Through the gate which men call Death, he will pass into more perfect life, where speech and tone dwell together for ever in a golden marriage.

THE BLACK SAXONS.

"Tyrants are but the spawn of ignorance,
Begot by the slaves they trample on;
Who, could they win a glimmer of the light,
And see that tyranny is *always* weakness,
Or fear with its own bosom ill at ease,
Would laugh away in scorn the sand-wave chain,
Which their own blindness feigned for adamant.
Wrong ever builds on quicksands; but the Right
To the firm centre lays its moveless base."

J. R. LOWELL.

MR. DUNCAN was sitting alone in his elegantly furnished parlour, in the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina. Before him lay an open volume, "Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest." From the natural kindness of his character, and democratic theories deeply imbibed in childhood, his thoughts dwelt more with a nation prostrated and kept in base subjection by the strong arm of violence, than with the renowned robbers, who seized their rich possessions, and haughtily trampled on their dearest rights.

"And so that bold and beautiful race became slaves!" thought he. "The brave and free-souled Harolds, strong of heart and strong of arm; the fair-haired Ediths, in their queenly beauty, noble in soul as well as ancestry; these all sank to the condition of slaves. They tamely submitted to their lot, till their free, bright beauty passed under the heavy cloud of animal dulness, and the contemptuous Norman epithet of 'base Saxon churls' "

was but too significantly true. Yet not without efforts did they thus sink. How often renewed, or how bravely sustained, we know not; for troubadours rarely sing of the defeated, and conquerors write their own history. That they did not relinquish freedom without a struggle, is proved by Robin Hood and his bold followers, floating in dim and shadowy glory on the outskirts of history; brave outlaws of the free forest, and the wild mountain-passes, taking back, in the very teeth of danger, a precarious subsistence from the rich possessions that were once their own; and therefore styled thieves and traitors by the robbers who had beggared them. Doubtless they had minstrels of their own; unknown in princely halls, untrumpeted by fame, yet singing of their exploits in spirit-stirring tones, to hearts burning with a sense of wrong. Troubled must be the sleep of those who rule a conquered nation!"

These thoughts were passing through his mind, when a dark mulatto opened the door, and making a servile reverence, said, in wheedling tones, "Would massa be so good as gib a pass to go to Methodist meeting?"

Mr. Duncan was a proverbially indulgent master; and he at once replied, "Yes, Jack, you may have a pass; but you must mind and not stay out all night."

"Oh, no, massa. Tom neber preach more than two hours."

Scarcely was the pass written, before another servant appeared with a similar request; and presently another; and yet another. When these interruptions ceased, Mr. Duncan resumed his book, and quietly read of the oppressed Saxons, until the wish for a glass of water induced him to ring the bell. No servant obeyed the summons. With an impatient jerk of the rope, he rang a second time, muttering to himself, "What a curse it is to be waited upon by slaves! If I were dying, the lazy loons would take their own time, and come dragging their heavy heels along, an hour after I was in the world of spirits. My neighbours tell me it is because I never flog them. I believe they are in the right. It is a hard case, too, to force a man to be a tyrant, whether he will or no."

A third time he rang the bell more loudly; but waited in vain for the sound of coming footsteps. Then it occurred to him that he had given every one of his slaves a pass to go to the Methodist meeting. This was instantly followed by the remembrance, that the same thing had happened a few days before.

We were then at war with Great Britain; and though Mr. Duncan often boasted the attachment of his slaves, and declared them to be the most contented and happy labourers in the world, who would not take their freedom if they could, yet, by some coincidence of thought, the frequency of Methodist meetings immediately suggested the common report that British troops were near the coast, and about to land in Charleston. Simultaneously came the remembrance of Big-boned Dick, who many months before had absconded from a neighbouring planter, and was suspected of holding a rendezvous for runaways, in the swampy depths of some dark forest. The existence of such a gang was indicated by the rapid disappearance of young corn, sweet potatoes, fat hogs, &c., from the plantations for many miles round.

"The black rascal!" exclaimed he: "if my boys are in league with him!"—

The coming threat was arrested by a voice within, which, like a chorus from some invisible choir, all at once struck up the lively ballad of Robin Hood; and thus brought Big-boned Dick, like Banquo's Ghost, unbidden and unwelcome, into incongruous association with his spontaneous sympathy for Saxon serfs, his contempt of "base Saxon churls," who tamely submitted to their fate, and his admiration of the bold outlaws, who lived by plunder in the wild freedom of Saxon forests.

His republican sympathies, and the "system entailed upon him by his ancestors," were obviously out of joint with each other; and the skillfullest soldering of casuistry could by no means make them adhere together. Clear as the tones of a cathedral bell above the hacks and drays of a city, the voice of Reason rose above all the pretexts of selfishness, and the apologies of sophistry, and loudly proclaimed that his sympathies were right, and his practice wrong. Had there been at his elbow some honest John Woolman, or fearless Elias Hicks, that hour might perhaps have seen him a freeman, in giving freedom to his serfs. But he was alone; and the prejudices of education, and the habits of his whole life, conjured up a fearful array of lions in his path; and he wist not that they were phantoms. The admonitions of awakened conscience gradually gave place to considerations of personal safety, and plans for ascertaining the real extent of his danger.

The next morning he asked his slaves, with assumed nonchalance, whether they had a good meeting.

"Oh, yes, massa; bery good meeting."

"Where did you meet?"

"In the woods behind Birch Grove, massa."

The newspaper was brought, and found to contain a renewal of the report that British troops were prowling about the coast. Mr. Duncan slowly paced the room for some time, apparently studying the figures of the carpet, yet utterly unconscious whether he trod on canvass or the greensward. At length, he ordered his horse and rode to the next plantation. Seeing a gang at work in the fields, he stopped; and after some questions concerning the crop, he said to one of the most intelligent, "So you had a fine meeting last night?"

"Oh, yes, massa, bery nice meeting."

"Where was it?"

The slave pointed far east of Birch Grove. The white man's eye followed the direction of the bondman's finger, and a deeper cloud gathered on his brow. Without comment he rode on in another direction, and with apparent indifference made similar inquiries of another gang of labourers. They pointed north of Birch Grove, and replied, "In the Hugonot woods, massa."

With increasing disquietude, he slowly turned his horse toward the city. He endeavoured to conceal anxiety under a cheerful brow; for he was afraid to ask counsel, even of his most familiar friends, in a community so prone to be blinded by insane fury under the excitement of such suspicions. Having purchased a complete suit of negro clothes, and a black mask well fitted to his face, he returned home, and awaited the next request for passes to a Methodist meeting.

In a few days, the sable faces again appeared before

him, one after another, asking permission to hear Tom preach. The passes were promptly given, accompanied by the cool observation, "It seems to me, boys, that you are all growing wonderfully religious of late."

To which they eagerly replied, "Ah, if massa could hear Tom preach, it make his hair stand up. Tom make ebry body tink wedder he hab a soul."

When the last one had departed, the master hastily assumed his disguise, and hurried after them. Keeping them within sight, he followed over field and meadow, through woods and swamps. As he went on, the number of dark figures, all tending toward the same point, continually increased. Now and then, some one spoke to him; but he answered briefly, and with an effort to disguise his voice. At last, they arrived at one of those swamp islands, so common at the south, insulated by a broad, deep belt of water, and effectually screened from the mainland by a luxuriant growth of forest trees, matted together by a rich entanglement of vines and underwood. A large tree had been felled for a bridge; and over this dusky forms were swarming, like ants into their new-made nest.

Mr. Duncan had a large share of that animal instinct called physical courage; but his heart throbbed almost audibly, as he followed that dark multitude.

At the end of a rough and intricate passage, there opened before him a scene of picturesque and imposing grandeur. A level space, like a vast saloon, was inclosed by majestic trees, uniting their boughs over it, in fantastic resemblance to some Gothic cathedral. Spanish moss formed a thick matted roof, and floated in funereal streamers. From the points of arches hung wild vines in luxuriant profusion, some in heavy festoons, others lightly and gracefully leaping upward. The blaze of pine torches threw some into bold relief, and cast others into a shadowy background. And here, in this lone sanctuary of Nature, were assembled many hundreds of swart figures, some seated in thoughtful attitudes, others scattered in moving groups, eagerly talking together. As they glanced about, now sinking into dense shadow, and now emerging into lurid light, they seemed to the slaveholder's excited imagination like demons from the pit, come to claim guilty souls. He had, however, sufficient presence of mind to observe that each one, as he entered, prostrated himself, till his forehead touched the ground, and rising, placed his finger on his mouth. Imitating this signal, he passed in with the throng, and seated himself behind the glare of the torches. For some time, he could make out no connected meaning amid the confused buzz of voices, and half-suppressed snatches of songs. But, at last, a tall man mounted the stump of a decayed tree, nearly in the centre of the area, and requested silence.

"When we had our last meeting," said he, "I suppose most all of you know, that we all concluded it was best for to join the British, if so be we could get a good chance. But we didn't all agree about our masters. Some thought we should never be able to keep our freedom, without we killed our masters, in the first place; others didn't like the thoughts of that; so we agreed to have another meeting to talk about it. And now, boys, if the

British land here in Carolina, what shall we do with our masters?"

He sat down, and a tall, sinewy mulatto stepped into his place, exclaiming, with fierce gestures, "Ravish wives and daughters before their eyes, as they have done to us! Hunt them with hounds, as they have hunted us! Shoot them down with rifles, as they have shot us! Throw their carcasses to the crows—they have fattened on our bones; and then let the devil take them where they never rake up fire o' nights. Who talks of *mercy* to our masters?"

"I do," said an aged black man, who rose up before the fiery youth, tottering as he leaned both hands on an oaken staff. "I do;—because the blessed Jesus always talked of *mercy*. I know we have been fed like hogs, and shot at like wild beasts. Myself found the body of my likeliest boy under the tree where buckra* rifles reached him. But thanks to the blessed Jesus, I feel it in my poor old heart to forgive them. I have been member of a Methodist church these thirty years; and I have heard many preachers, white and black; and they all tell me Jesus said, 'Do good to them that do evil to you, and pray for them that spite you.' Now I say, let us love our enemies; let us pray for them; and when our masters flog us, and sell our piccaninnies, let us break out singing:

'You may beat upon my body,
But you cannot harm my soul;
I shall join the forty thousand by and by.

You may sell my children to Georgy,
But you cannot harm their soul;
They will join the forty thousand by and by.

Come, slave-trader, come in too;
The Lord's got a pardon here for you;
You shall join the forty thousand by and by.

Come, poor nigger, come in too;
The Lord's got a pardon here for you;
You shall join the forty thousand by and by.

My skin is black, but my soul is white;
And when we get to Heaven we'll all be alike;
We shall join the forty thousand by and by.'

That's the way to glorify the Lord."

Scarcely had the cracked voice ceased the tremulous chant in which these words were uttered, when a loud altercation commenced; some crying out vehemently for the blood of the white men, others maintaining that the old man's doctrine was right. The aged black remained leaning on his staff, and mildly replied to every outburst of fury, "But Jesus said, 'Do good for evil.'" Loud rose the din of excited voices; and the disguised slaveholder shrank deeper into the shadow.

In the midst of the confusion, an athletic, gracefully-proportioned young man sprang upon the stump, and throwing off his coarse cotton garments, slowly turned round and round, before the assembled multitude. Immediately all was hushed; for the light of a dozen torches, eagerly held up by fierce revengeful comrades, showed his back and shoulders deeply gashed by the whip, and still oozing with blood. In the midst of that deep silence, he stopped abruptly, and with stern brevity exclaimed, "Boys! *shall* we not murder our masters?"

"Would you murder *all*?" inquired a timid voice at his right hand. "They don't all cruelise their slaves."

"There's Mr. Campbell," pleaded another; "he never had one of his boys flogged in his life. You wouldn't murder *him*, would you?"

"Oh, no, no, no," shouted many voices; "we wouldn't murder Mr. Campbell. He's always good to coloured folks."

"And I wouldn't murder *my* master," said one of Mr. Duncan's slaves; "and I'd fight anybody that set out to murder him. I an't a going to work for him for nothing any longer, if I can help it; but he shan't be murdered; for he's a good master."

"Call him a good master, if ye like!" said the bleeding youth, with a bitter sneer in his look and tone. "I curse the word. The white men tell us God made them our masters; I say it was the devil. When they don't cut up the backs that bear their burdens; when they throw us enough of the grain we have raised, to keep us strong for another harvest; when they forbear to shoot the limbs that toil to make *them* rich; there *are* fools who call them good masters. Why should *they* sleep on soft beds, under silken curtains, while *we*, whose labour bought it all, lie on the floor at the threshold, or miserably coiled up in the dirt of our own cabins? Why should I clothe *my* master in broadcloth and fine linen, when he knows, and I know, that he is my own brother? and I, meanwhile, have only this coarse rag to cover my aching shoulders?" He kicked the garment scornfully, and added, "Down on your knees, if ye like, and thank them that ye are not flogged and shot. Of *me* they'll learn another lesson!"

Mr. Duncan recognised in the speaker, the reputed son of one of his friends, lately deceased; one of that numerous class, which southern vice is thoughtlessly raising up, to be its future scourge and terror.

The high, bold forehead, and flashing eye, indicated an intellect too active and daring for servitude; while his fluent speech and appropriate language betrayed the fact that his highly educated parent, from some remains of instinctive feeling, had kept him near his own person, during his lifetime, and thus formed his conversation on another model than the rude jargon of slaves.

His poor, ignorant listeners stood spell-bound by the magic of superior mind; and at first it seemed as if he might carry the whole meeting in favour of his views. But the aged man, leaning on his oaken staff, still mildly spoke of the meek and blessed Jesus; and the docility of African temperament responded to his gentle words.

Then rose a man of middle age, short of stature, with a quick roguish eye, and a spirit of knowing drollery lurking about his mouth. Rubbing his head in uncouth fashion, he began: "I don't know how to speak like Bob; for I never had no chance. He says the devil made white men our masters. Now dat's a ting I've thought on a heap. Many a time I've axed myself how pon arth it was, that jist as sure as white man and black man come togeder, de white man sure to git he foot on de black man. Sometimes I tink one ting, den I tink anoder ting; and dey all be jumbled up in my head, jest like seed in de cotton afore he put in de gin. At last, I find it all out. White man *always*

* Buckra is the negro term for white man.

git he foot on de black man; no mistake in *dat*. But how he do it? I'll show you how!"

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he took out a crumpled piece of printed paper, and smoothing it carefully on the palm of his hand, he struck it significantly with his finger, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Dat's de way dey do it! Dey got de *knowledge*! Now, it'll do no more good to rise agin our masters, dan put de head in de fire and pull him out agin; and may be you can't pull him out agin. When I was a boy, I hear an old conjuring woman say she could conjure de devil out of anybody. I ask her why she don't conjure her massa, den; and she tell me, 'Oh, nigger neber conjure buckra—can't do't.' But I say nigger *can* conjure buckra. How he do it? Get de *knowledge*! Dat de way. We make de sleeve wide, and fill full of de tea and de sugar, ebery time we get in missis' closet. If we take half so much pains to get de *knowledge*, de white man take he foot off de black man. Maybe de British land, and maybe de British no land; but tell you sons to marry de free woman, dat know how to read and write; and tell you gals to marry de free man, dat know how to read and write; and den, by'm by, you be de British *yourselves*! You want to know how I manage to get de *knowledge*? I tell you. I want right bad to larn to read. My old boss is the most begrudgfullest massa, and I know he won't let me larn. So, when I see leetle massa wid he book, (he about six year old,) I say to him, what you call dat? He tell me dat is A. Oh, dat is A! So I take old newspaper, and I ax missis, may I hab dis to rub my brasses? She say yes. I put it in my pocket, and by'm by, I look to see I find A; and I look at him till I know him bery well. Den I ask my young massa, what you call dat? He say, dat is B. So I find him on my paper, and look at him, till I know him bery well. Den I ask my young massa what C A T spell? He tell me cat. Den, after great long time, I can read de newspaper. And what you tink I *find* dere? I read British going to land! Den I tell all de boys British going to land; and I say what you *do*, s'pose British land? When I stand behind massa's chair, I hear him talk, and I tell all de boys what he say. Den Bob say must hab Methodist meeting, and tell massa, Tom going to preach in de woods. But what you tink I did toder day? You know Jim, massa Gubernor's boy! Well, I want mighty bad to let Jim know British going to land. But he lib ten mile off, and old boss no let me go. Well, massa Gubernor he come dine my massa's house; and I bring he horse to de gate; and I make my bow, and say, massa Gubernor, how Jim do? He tell me Jim bery well. Den I ax him, be Jim good boy? He say yes. Den I tell him Jim and I leetle boy togeder; and I want mighty bad send Jim something. He tell me Jim hab enough of ebery ting. Oh, yes, massa Gubernor, I know you bery good massa, and Jim hab ebery ting he want; but when leetle boy togeder, dere is always something *here* (laying his hand on his heart). I want to send a leetle backy to Jim. I know he hab much backy he want; but Jim and I leetle boy togeder, and I want to send Jim something. Massa Gubernor say, bery well, Jack. So I gib him de backy, done up in de bery bit o' newspaper dat tell British going to land! And massa Gubernor

himself carry it! And massa Gubernor *himself* carry it!"

He clapped his hands, kicked up his heels, and turned somersets like a harlequin. These demonstrations were received with loud shouts of merriment; and it was sometime before sufficient order was restored to proceed with the question under discussion.

After various scenes of fiery indignation, gentle expostulation, and boisterous mirth, it was finally decided, by a considerable majority, that in case the British landed, they would take their freedom *without* murdering their masters; not a few, however, went away in wrathful mood, muttering curses deep.

With thankfulness to Heaven, Mr. Duncan again found himself in the open field, alone with the stars. Their glorious beauty seemed to him, that night, clothed in new and awful power. Groups of shrubbery took to themselves startling forms; and the sound of the wind among the trees was like the unsheathing of swords. Again he recurred to Saxon history, and remembered how he had thought that troubled must be the sleep of those who rule a conquered people. A new significance seemed given to Wat Tyler's address to the insurgent labourers of *his* day; an emphatic, and most unwelcome application of *his* indignant question why serfs should toil unpaid, in wind and sun, that lords might sleep on down, and embroider their garments with pearl.

"And these Robin Hoods, and Wat Tylers, were my Saxon ancestors," thought he. "Who shall so balance effects and causes, as to decide what portion of my present freedom sprung from their seemingly defeated efforts? Was the place I saw to-night, in such wild and fearful beauty, like the haunts of the *Saxon* Robin Hoods? Was not the spirit that gleamed forth as brave as *theirs*? And who shall calculate what even such hopeless endeavours may do for the future freedom of this down-trodden race?"

These cogitations did not, so far as I ever heard, lead to the emancipation of his bondmen; but they did prevent his revealing a secret, which would have brought hundreds to an immediate and violent death. After a painful conflict between contending feelings and duties, he contented himself with advising the magistrates to forbid all meetings whatsoever among the coloured people until the war was ended.

He visited Boston several years after, and told the story to a gentleman, who often repeated it in the circle of his friends. In brief outline it reached my ears. I have told it truly, with some filling up by imagination, some additional garniture of language, and the adoption of fictitious names, because I have forgotten the real ones.

HILDA SILFVERLING.

A FANTASY.

"Thou hast nor youth nor age;
But, as it were, an after dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both."—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

HILDA GYLLENLOF was the daughter of a poor Swedish clergyman. Her mother died before she

had counted five summers. The good father did his best to supply the loss of maternal tenderness; nor were kind neighbours wanting, with friendly words, and many a small gift for the pretty little one. But at the age of thirteen, Hilda lost her father also, just as she was receiving rapidly from his affectionate teachings as much culture as his own education and means afforded. The unfortunate girl had no other resource than to go to distant relatives, who were poor, and could not well conceal that the destitute orphan was a burden. At the end of a year, Hilda, in sadness and weariness of spirit, went to Stockholm, to avail herself of an opportunity to earn her living by her needle, and some light services about the house.

She was then in the first blush of maidenhood, with a clear innocent look, and exceedingly fair complexion. Her beauty soon attracted the attention of Magnus Andersen, mate of a Danish vessel then lying at the wharves of Stockholm. He could not be otherwise than fascinated with her budding loveliness; and alone as she was in the world, she was naturally prone to listen to the first words of a warm affection she had heard since her father's death. What followed is the old story, which will continue to be told as long as there are human passions and human laws. To do the young man justice, though selfish, he was not deliberately unkind; for he did not mean to be treacherous to the friendless young creature who trusted him. He sailed from Sweden with the honest intention to return and make her his wife; but he was lost in a storm at sea, and the earth saw him no more.

Hilda never heard the sad tidings; but, for another cause, her heart was soon oppressed with shame and sorrow. If she had had a mother's bosom on which to lean her aching head, and confess all her faults and all her grief, much misery might have been saved. But there was none to whom she dared to speak of her anxiety and shame. Her extreme melancholy attracted the attention of a poor old woman, to whom she sometimes carried clothes for washing. The good Virika, after manifesting her sympathy in various ways, at last ventured to ask outright why one so young was so very sad. The poor child threw herself on the friendly bosom, and confessed all her wretchedness. After that, they had frequent confidential conversations; and the kind-hearted peasant did her utmost to console and cheer the desolate orphan. She said she must soon return to her native village in the Norwegian valley of Westfoldalen; and as she was alone in the world, and wanted something to love, she would gladly take the babe, and adopt it for her own.

Poor Hilda, thankful for any chance to keep her disgrace a secret, gratefully accepted the offer. When the babe was ten days old, she allowed the good Virika to carry it away; though not without bitter tears, and the oft-repeated promise that her little one might be reclaimed, whenever Magnus returned and fulfilled his promise of marriage.

But though these arrangements were managed with great caution, the young mother did not escape suspicion. It chanced, very unfortunately, that soon after Virika's departure, an infant was found in the water, strangled with a sash very like one Hilda had been accustomed to wear. A train of circumstantial evidence seemed to connect the

child with her, and she was arrested. For some time, she contented herself with assertions of innocence, and obstinately refused to tell anything more. But at last, having the fear of death before her eyes, she acknowledged that she had given birth to a daughter, which had been carried away by Virika Gjetter, to her native place, in the parish of Tind, in the Valley of Westfoldalen. Inquiries were accordingly made in Norway, but the answer obtained was that Virika had not been heard of in her native valley for many years. Through weary months, Hilda lingered in prison, waiting in vain for favourable testimony; and at last, on strong circumstantial evidence, she was condemned to die.

It chanced there was at that time a very learned chemist in Stockholm; a man whose thoughts were all gas, and his hours marked only by combinations and explosions. He had discovered a process of artificial cold, by which he could suspend animation in living creatures, and restore it at any prescribed time. He had in one apartment of his laboratory a bear that had been in a torpid state five years, a wolf two years, and so on. This of course excited a good deal of attention in the scientific world. A metaphysician suggested how extremely interesting it would be to put a human being asleep thus, and watch the reunion of soul and body, after the lapse of a hundred years. The chemist was half wild with the magnificence of this idea; and he forthwith petitioned that Hilda, instead of being beheaded, might be delivered to him, to be frozen for a century. He urged that her extreme youth demanded pity; that his mode of execution would be a very gentle one, and, being so strictly private, would be far less painful to the poor young creature than exposure to the public gaze.

His request, being seconded by several men of science, was granted by the government; for no one suggested a doubt of its divine right to freeze human hearts, instead of chopping off human heads, or choking human lungs. This change in the mode of death was much lauded as an act of clemency, and poor Hilda tried to be as grateful as she was told she ought to be.

On the day of execution, the chaplain came to pray with her, but found himself rather embarrassed in using the customary form. He could not well allude to her going in a few hours to meet her final judge; for the chemist said she would come back in a hundred years, and where her soul would be meantime was more than theology could teach. Under these novel circumstances, the old nursery prayer seemed to be the only appropriate one for her to repeat:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The subject of this curious experiment was conveyed in a close carriage from the prison to the laboratory. A shudder ran through soul and body, as she entered the apartment assigned her. It was built entirely of stone, and rendered intensely cold by an artificial process. The light was dim and spectral, being admitted from above through a small circle of blue glass. Around the sides of the room, were tiers of massive stone

shelves, on which reposed various objects in a torpid state. A huge bear lay on his back, with paws crossed on his breast as devoutly as some pious knight of the fourteenth century. There was in fact no inconsiderable resemblance in the proceedings by which both these characters gained their worldly possessions; they were equally based on the maxim that "might makes right." It is true, the Christian obtained a better name, inasmuch as he paid a tithe of his gettings to the holy church, which the bear never had the grace to do. But then it must be remembered that the bear had no soul to save, and the Christian knight would have been very unlikely to pay fees to the ferryman, if he likewise had had nothing to send over.

The two public functionaries, who had attended the prisoner, to make sure that justice was not defrauded of its due, soon begged leave to retire, complaining of the unearthly cold. The pale face of the maiden became still paler, as she saw them depart. She seized the arm of the old chemist, and said, imploringly, "You will not go away, too, and leave me with these dreadful creatures!"

He replied, not without some touch of compassion in his tones, "You will be sound asleep, my dear, and will not know whether I am here or not. Drink this; it will soon make you drowsy."

"But what if that great bear should wake up?" asked she, trembling.

"Never fear. He cannot wake up," was the brief reply.

"And what if I should wake up, all alone here?"

"Don't disturb yourself," said he, "I tell you that you will not wake up. Come, my dear, drink quick; for I am getting chilly myself."

The poor girl cast another despairing glance round the tomb-like apartment, and did as she was requested. "And now," said the chemist, "let us shake hands, and say farewell; for you will never see me again."

"Why, won't you come to wake me up?" inquired the prisoner; not reflecting on all the peculiar circumstances of her condition.

"My great-grandson may," replied he, with a smile. "Adieu, my dear. It is a great deal pleasanter than being beheaded. You will fall asleep as easily as a babe in his cradle."

She gazed in his face, with a bewildered drowsy look, and big tears rolled down her cheeks. "Just step up here, my poor child," said he; and he offered her his hand.

"Oh, don't lay me so near the crocodile!" she exclaimed. "If he *should* wake up!"

"You wouldn't know it, if he did," rejoined the patient chemist; "but never mind. Step up to this other shelf, if you like it better."

He handed her up very politely, gathered her garments about her feet, crossed her arms below her breast, and told her to be perfectly still. He then covered his face with a mask, let some gases escape from an apparatus in the centre of the room, and immediately went out, locking the door after him.

The next day, the public functionaries looked in, and expressed themselves well satisfied to find the maiden lying as rigid and motionless as the bear, the wolf, and the snake. On the edge of the shelf where she lay was pasted an inscription: "Put to sleep for infanticide, Feb. 10, 1740, by

order of the king. To be wakened February 10, 1840."

The earth whirled round on its axis, carrying with it the Alps and the Andes, the bear, the crocodile, and the maiden. Summer and winter came and went; America took place among the nations; Bonaparte played out his great game, with kingdoms for pawns; and still the Swedish damsel slept on her stone shelf with the bear and the crocodile.

When ninety-five years had passed, the bear, having fulfilled his prescribed century, was waked according to agreement. The curious flocked round him, to see him eat, and hear whether he could growl as well as other bears. Not liking such close observation, he broke his chain one night, and made off for the hills. How he seemed to his comrades, and what mistakes he made in his recollections, there were never any means of ascertaining. But bears, being more strictly conservative than men, happily escape the influence of French revolutions, German philosophy, Fourier theories, and reforms of all sorts; therefore Bruin doubtless found less change in his fellow citizens, than an old knight or viking might have done, had he chanced to sleep so long.

At last came the maiden's turn to be resuscitated. The populace had forgotten her and her story long ago; but a select scientific few were present at the ceremony, by special invitation. The old chemist and his children all "slept the sleep that knows no waking." But carefully written orders had been transmitted from generation to generation; and the duty finally devolved on a great-grandson, himself a chemist of no mean reputation.

Life returned very slowly; at first by almost imperceptible degrees, then by a visible shivering through the nerves. When the eyes opened, it was as if by the movement of pulleys, and there was something painfully strange in their marble gaze. But the lamp within the inner shrine lighted up, and gradually shone through them, giving assurance of the presence of a soul. As consciousness returned, she looked in the faces round her, as if seeking for some one; for her first dim recollection was of the old chemist. For several days, there was a general sluggishness of soul and body; an overpowering inertia, which made all exertion difficult, and prevented memory from rushing back in too tumultuous a tide.

For some time, she was very quiet and patient; but the numbers who came to look at her, their perpetual questions how things seemed to her, what was the state of her appetite and her memory, made her restless and irritable. Still worse was it when she went into the street. Her numerous visitors pointed her out to others, who ran to doors and windows to stare at her, and this soon attracted the attention of boys and lads. To escape such annoyances, she one day walked into a little shop, bearing the name of a woman she had formerly known. It was now kept by her grand-daughter, an aged woman, who was evidently as afraid of Hilda, as if she had been a witch or a ghost.

This state of things became perfectly unendurable. After a few weeks the forlorn being made her escape from the city, at dawn of day, and with money which had been given her by

charitable people, she obtained a passage to her native village, under the new name of Hilda Silfverling. But to stand, in the bloom of sixteen, among well-remembered hills and streams and not recognise a single human face, or know a single human voice, this was the most mournful of all; far worse than loneliness in a foreign land; sadder than sunshine on a ruined city. And all these suffocating emotions must be crowded back on her own heart; for if she revealed them to any one, she would assuredly be considered insane or bewitched.

As the thought became familiar to her that even the little children she had known were all dead long ago, her eyes assumed an indescribably perplexed and mournful expression, which gave them an appearance of supernatural depth. She was seized with an inexpressible longing to go where no one had ever heard of her, and among scenes she had never looked upon. Her thoughts often reverted fondly to old Virika Gjetter, and the babe for whose sake she had suffered so much; and her heart yearned for Norway. But then she was chilled by the remembrance that even if her child had lived to the usual age of mortals, she must have been long since dead; and if she had left descendants, what would they know of her? Overwhelmed by the complete desolation of her lot on earth, she wept bitterly. But she was never utterly hopeless; for in the midst of her anguish, something prophetic seemed to beckon through the clouds, and call her into Norway.

In Stockholm, there was a white-haired old clergyman, who had been peculiarly kind, when he came to see her, after her centennial slumber. She resolved to go to him, to tell him how oppressively dreary was her restored existence, and how earnestly she desired to go, under a new name, to some secluded village in Norway, where none would be likely to learn her history, and where there would be nothing to remind her of the gloomy past. The good old man entered at once into her feelings, and approved her plan. He had been in that country himself, and had staid a few days at the house of a kind old man, named Eystein Hansen. He furnished Hilda with means for the journey, and gave her an affectionate letter of introduction, in which he described her as a Swedish orphan, who had suffered much, and would be glad to earn her living in any honest way that could be pointed out to her.

It was the middle of June when Hilda arrived at the house of Eystein Hansen. He was a stout, clumsy, red-visaged old man, with wide mouth, and big nose, hooked like an eagle's beak; but there was a right friendly expression in his large eyes, and when he had read the letter, he greeted the young stranger with such cordiality, she felt at once that she had found a father. She must come in his boat, he said, and he would take her at once to his island-home, where his good woman would give her a hearty welcome. She always loved the friendless; and especially would she love the Swedish orphan, because her last and youngest daughter had died the year before. On his way to the boat, the worthy man introduced her to several people, and when he told her story, old men and young maidens took her by the hand, and spoke as if they thought Heaven had sent them a daughter and a sister. The good Brenda

received her with open arms, as her husband had said she would. She was an old weather-beaten woman, but there was a whole heart full of sunshine in her honest eyes.

And this new home looked so pleasant under the light of the summer sky! The house was embowered in the shrubbery of a small island, in the midst of a fiord, the steep shores of which were thickly covered with pine, fir, and juniper, down to the water's edge. The fiord went twisting and turning about, from promontory to promontory, as if the Nereides, dancing up from the sea, had sportively chased each other into nooks and corners, now hiding away behind some bold projection of rock, and now peeping out suddenly, with a broad sunny smile. Directly in front of the island, the fiord expanded into a broad bay, on the shores of which was a little primitive romantic-looking village. Here and there a sloop was at anchor, and picturesque little boats tacked off and on from cape to cape, their white sails glancing in the sun. A range of lofty blue mountains closed in the distance. One giant, higher than all the rest, went up perpendicularly into the clouds, wearing a perpetual crown of glittering snow. As the maiden gazed on this sublime and beautiful scenery, a new and warmer tide seemed to flow through her stagnant heart. Ah, how happy might life be here among these mountain homes, with a people of such patriarchal simplicity, so brave and free, so hospitable, frank and hearty!

The house of Eystein Hansen was built of pine logs, neatly white-washed. The roof was covered with grass, and bore a crop of large bushes. A vine, tangled among these, fell in heavy festoons that waved at every touch of the wind. The door was painted with flowers in gay colours, and surmounted with fantastic carving. The interior of the dwelling was ornamented with many little grotesque images, boxes, bowls, ladles, &c., curiously carved in the close-grained and beautifully white wood of the Norwegian fir. This was a common amusement with the peasantry, and Eystein being a great favourite among them, received many such presents during his frequent visits in the surrounding parishes.

But nothing so much attracted Hilda's attention as a kind of long trumpet, made of two hollow half cylinders of wood, bound tightly together with birch bark. The only instrument of the kind she had ever seen was in the possession of Virika Gjetter, who called it a *luhr*, and said it was used to call the cows home in her native village, in Upper Tellemarken. She showed how it was used, and Hilda, having a quick ear, soon learned to play upon it with considerable facility.

And here in her new home, this rude instrument reappeared, forming the only visible link between her present life and that dreamy past! With strange feelings, she took up the pipe, and began to play one of the old tunes. At first, the tones flitted like phantoms in and out of her brain; but at last, they all came back, and took their places rank and file. Old Brenda said it was a pleasant tune, and asked her to play it again; but to Hilda it seemed awfully solemn, like a voice warbling from the grave. She would learn other tunes to please the good mother, she said; but this she would play no more; it made her too sad, for she had heard it in her youth.

"Thy youth!" said Brenda, smiling. "One sees well that must have been a long time ago. To hear thee talk, one might suppose thou wert an old autumn leaf, just ready to drop from the bough, like myself."

Hilda blushed, and said she felt old, because she had had much trouble.

"Poor child," responded the good Brenda: "I hope thou hast had thy share."

"I feel as if nothing could trouble me here," replied Hilda, with a grateful smile; "all seems so kind and peaceful." She breathed a few notes through the *luhr*, as she laid it away on the shelf where she had found it. "But, my good mother," said she, "how clear and soft are these tones! The pipe I used to hear was far more harsh."

"The wood is very old," rejoined Brenda: "they say it is more than a hundred years. Alerik Thorild gave it to me, to call my good man when he is out in the boat. Ah, he was such a Berserker* of a boy! and in truth he was not much more sober when he was here three years ago. But no matter what he did; one could never help loving him."

"And who is Alerik?" asked the maiden.

Brenda pointed to an old house, seen in the distance, on the declivity of one of the opposite hills. It overlooked the broad bright bay, with its picturesque little islands, and was sheltered in the rear by a noble pine forest. A water-fall came down from the hill-side, glancing in and out among the trees; and when the sun kissed it as he went away, it lighted up with a smile of rainbows.

"That house," said Brenda, "was built by Alerik's grandfather. He was the richest man in the village. But his only son was away among the wars for a long time, and the old place has been going to decay. But they say Alerik is coming back to live among us; and he will soon give it a different look. He has been away to Germany and Paris, and other outlandish parts, for a long time. Ah! the rogue! there was no mischief he didn't think of. He was always tying cats together under the windows, and barking in the middle of the night, till he set all the dogs in the neighbourhood a howling. But as long as it was Alerik that did it, it was all well enough: for everybody loved him, and he always made one believe just what he liked. If he wanted to make thee think thy hair was as black as Noeck's† mane, he would make thee think so."

Hilda smiled as she glanced at her flaxen hair, with here and there a gleam of paly gold, where the sun touched it. "I think it would be hard to prove *this* was black," said she.

"Nevertheless," rejoined Brenda, "if Alerik undertook it, he would do it. He always has his say, and does what he will. One may as well give in to him first as last."

This account of the unknown youth carried with it that species of fascination which the idea of uncommon power always has over the human heart. The secluded maiden seldom touched the *luhr* without thinking of the giver; and not unfrequently she found herself conjecturing when this wonderful Alerik would come home.

* A warrior famous in the Northern Sagas for his stormy and untameable character.

† An elfish spirit, which, according to popular tradition in Norway, appears in the form of a coal-black horse.

Meanwhile, constant but not excessive labour, the mountain air, the quiet life, and the kindly hearts around her, restored to Hilda more than her original loveliness. In her large blue eyes, the inward-looking sadness of experience now mingled in strange beauty with the out-looking clearness of youth. Her fair complexion was tinged with the glow of health, and her motions had the airy buoyancy of the mountain breeze. When she went to the mainland, to attend church, or rustic festival, the hearts of young and old greeted her like a May blossom. Thus with calm cheerfulness her hours went by, making no noise in their flight, and leaving no impress. But here was an unsatisfied want! She sighed for hours that did leave a mark behind them. She thought of the Danish youth, who had first spoken to her of love; and plaintively came the tones from her *luhr*, as she gazed on the opposite hills, and wondered whether the Alerik they talked of so much, was indeed so very superior to other young men.

Father Hansen often came home at twilight with a boat full of juniper boughs, to be strewed over the floors, that they might diffuse a balmy odour, inviting to sleep. One evening, when Hilda saw him coming with his verdant load, she hastened down to the water's edge to take an armful of the fragrant boughs. She had scarcely appeared in sight, before he called out, "I do believe Alerik has come! I heard the organ up in the old house. Somebody was playing on it like a north-east storm; and surely, said I, that must be Alerik."

"Is there an organ there?" asked the damsel, in surprise.

"Yes. He built it himself, when he was here three years ago. He can make anything he chooses. An organ, or a basket cut from a cherry-stone, is all one to him."

When Hilda returned to the cottage, she of course repeated the news to Brenda, who exclaimed joyfully, "Ah, then we shall see him soon! If he does not come before, we shall certainly see him at the weddings in the church to-morrow."

"And plenty of tricks we shall have now," said Father Hansen, shaking his head with a good-natured smile. "There will be no telling which end of the world is uppermost, while he is here."

"Oh yes, there will, my friend," answered Brenda, laughing; "for it will certainly be whichever end Alerik stands on. The handsome little Berserker! How I should like to see him!"

The next day there was a sound of lively music on the waters; for two young couples from neighbouring islands were coming up the fiord, to be married at the church in the opposite village. Their boats were ornamented with gay little banners, friends and neighbours accompanied them, playing on musical instruments, and the rowers had their hats decorated with garlands. As the rustic band floated thus gaily over the bright waters, they were joined by Father Hansen, with Brenda and Hilda in his boat.

Friendly villagers had already decked the simple little church with evergreens and flowers, in honour of the bridal train. As they entered, Father Hansen observed that two young men stood at the door with clarionets in their hands.

But he thought no more of it, till, according to immemorial custom, he, as clergyman's assistant, began to sing the first lines of the hymn that was given out. The very first note he sounded, up struck the clarionets at the door. The louder they played, the louder the old man bawled; but the instruments gained the victory. When he essayed to give out the lines of the next verse, the merciless clarionets brayed louder than before. His stentorian voice had become vociferous and rough, from thirty years of hallooing across the water, and singing of psalms in four village churches. He exerted it to the utmost, till the perspiration poured down his rubicund visage; but it was of no use. His rivals had strong lungs, and they played on clarionets in F. If the whole village had screamed fire, to the shrill accompaniment of railroad whistles, they would have over-topped them all.

Father Hansen was vexed at heart, and it was plain enough that he was so. The congregation held down their heads with suppressed laughter; all except one tall vigorous young man, who sat up very serious and dignified, as if he were reverently listening to some new manifestation of musical genius. When the people left church, Hilda saw this young stranger approaching toward them, as fast as numerous hand-shakings by the way would permit. She had time to observe him closely. His noble figure, his vigorous agile motions, his expressive countenance, hazel eyes, with strongly-marked brows, and abundant brown hair, tossed aside with a careless grace, left no doubt in her mind that this was the famous Alerik Thorild; but what made her heart beat more wildly was his strong resemblance to Magnus the Dane. He went up to Brenda and kissed her, and threw his arms about Father Hansen's neck, with expressions of joyful recognition. The kind old man, vexed as he was, received these affectionate demonstrations with great friendliness. "Ah, Alerik," said he, after the first salutations were over, "that was not kind of thee."

"Me! What?" exclaimed the young man, with well-feigned astonishment.

"To put up those confounded clarionets to drown my voice," rejoined he bluntly. "When a man has led the singing thirty years in four parishes, I can assure thee it is not a pleasant joke to be treated in that style. I know the young men are tired of my voice, and think they could do things in better fashion, as young fools always do; but I may thank thee for putting it into their heads to bring those cursed clarionets."

"Oh, dear Father Hansen," replied the young man, in the most coaxing tones, and with the most caressing manner, "you *couldn't* think I would do such a thing!"

"On the contrary, it is just the thing I think thou couldst do," answered the old man. "Thou need not think to cheat me out of my eye-teeth, this time. Thou hast often enough made me believe the moon was made of green cheese. But I know thy tricks. I shall be on my guard now; and mind thee, I am not going to be bamboozled by thee again."

Alerik smiled mischievously; for he, in common with all the villagers, knew it was the easiest thing in the world to gull the simple-hearted old man. "Well, come, Father Hansen," said he, "shake

hands and be friends. When you come over to the village, to-morrow, we will drink a mug of ale together, at the Wolf's Head."

"Oh yes, and be played some trick for his pains," said Brenda.

"No, no," answered Alerik, with great gravity; "he is on his guard now, and I cannot bamboozle him again." With a friendly nod and smile, he bounded off, to greet some one whom he recognised. Hilda had stepped back to hide herself from observation. She was a little afraid of the handsome Berserker; and his resemblance to the Magnus of her youthful recollections made her sad.

The next afternoon, Alerik met his old friend, and reminded him of the agreement to drink ale at the Wolf's Head. On the way, he invited several young companions. The ale was excellent, and Alerik told stories and sang songs, which filled the little tavern with roars of laughter. In one of the intervals of merriment, he turned suddenly to the honest old man, and said: "Father Hansen, among the many things I have learned and done in foreign countries, did I ever tell you I had made a league with the devil, and am shot-proof?"

"One might easily believe thou hadst made a league with the devil, before thou wert born," replied Eystein, with a grin at his own wit; "but as for being shot-proof, that is another affair."

"Try and see," rejoined Alerik. "These friends are witnesses that I tell you it is perfectly safe to try. Come, I will stand here; fire your pistol, and you will soon see that the Evil One will keep the bargain he made with me."

"Be done with thy nonsense, Alerik," rejoined his old friend.

"Ah, I see how it is," replied Alerik, turning towards the young men. "Father Hansen used to be a famous shot. Nobody was more expert in the bear or the wolf-hunt than he; but old eyes grow dim, and old hands will tremble. No wonder he does not like to have us see how much he fails."

This was attacking honest Eystein Hansen on his weak side. He was proud of his strength and skill in shooting, and he did not like to admit that he was growing old. "I not hit a mark!" exclaimed he, with indignation. "When did I ever miss a thing I aimed at?"

"Never, when you were young," answered one of the company; "but it is no wonder you are afraid to try now."

"Afraid!" exclaimed the old hunter, impatiently. "Who the devil said I was afraid?"

Alerik shrugged his shoulders, and replied carelessly, "It is natural enough that these young men should think so, when they see you refuse to aim at me, though I assure you that I am shot-proof, and that I will stand perfectly still."

"But art thou really shot-proof?" inquired the guileless old man. "The devil has helped thee to do so many strange things, that one never knows what he will help thee to do next."

"Really, Father Hansen, I speak in earnest. Take up your pistol and try, and you will soon see with your own eyes that I am shot-proof."

Eystein looked round upon the company like one perplexed. His wits, never very bright, were somewhat muddled by the ale. "What shall I do with this wild fellow?" inquired he. "You see he *will* be shot."

"Try him, try him," was the general response.

"He has assured you he is shot-proof; what more do you need?"

The old man hesitated awhile, but after some further parley, took up his pistol and examined it. "Before we proceed to business," said Alerik, "let me tell you that if you do *not* shoot me, you shall have a gallon of the best ale you ever drank in your life. Come and taste it, Father Hansen, and satisfy yourself that it is good."

While they were discussing the merits of the ale, one of the young men took the ball from the pistol. "I am ready now," said Alerik: "Here I stand. Now don't lose your name for a good marksman."

The old man fired, and Alerik fell back with a deadly groan. Poor Eystein stood like a stone image of terror. His arms adhered rigidly to his sides, his jaw dropped, and his great eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "Oh, Father Hansen, how *could* you do it!" exclaimed the young men.

The poor horrified dupe stared at them wildly, and gasping and stammering replied, "Why he said he was shot-proof; and you all told me to do it."

"Oh yes," said they; "but we supposed you would have sense enough to know it was all in fun. But don't take it too much to heart. You will probably forfeit your life; for the government will of course consider it a poor excuse, when you tell them that you fired at a man merely to oblige him, and because he said he was shot-proof. But don't be too much cast down, Father Hansen. We must all meet death in some way; and if worst comes to worst, it will be a great comfort to you and your good Brenda that you did not intend to commit murder."

The poor old man gazed at them with an expression of such extreme suffering, that they became alarmed, and said, "Cheer up, cheer up. Come, you must drink something to make you feel better." They took him by the shoulders, but as they led him out, he continued to look back wistfully on the body.

The instant he left the apartment, Alerik sprang up and darted out of the opposite door; and when Father Hansen entered the other room, there he sat, as composedly as possible, reading a paper, and smoking his pipe.

"There he is!" shrieked the old man, turning paler than ever.

"Who is there?" inquired the young men.

"Don't you see Alerik Thorild?" exclaimed he, pointing, with an expression of intense horror.

They turned to the landlord, and remarked, in a compassionate tone, "Poor Father Hansen has shot Alerik Thorild, whom he loved so well; and the dreadful accident has so affected his brain, that he imagines he sees him."

The old man pressed his broad hand hard against his forehead, and again groaned out, "Oh, don't you see him?"

The tones indicated such agony, that Alerik had not the heart to prolong the scene. He sprang on his feet, and exclaimed, "Now for your gallon of ale, Father Hansen! You see the devil did keep his bargain with me."

"And *are* you alive?" shouted the old man.

The mischievous fellow soon convinced him of that, by a slap on the shoulder, that made his bones ache.

Eystein Hansen capered like a dancing bear.

He hugged Alerik, and jumped about, and clapped his hands, and was altogether beside himself. He drank unknown quantities of ale, and this time sang loud enough to drown a brace of clarionets in F.

The night was far advanced when he went on board his boat to return to his island home. He pulled the oars vigorously, and the boat shot swiftly across the moon-lighted waters. But on arriving at the customary landing, he could discover no vestige of his white-washed cottage. Not knowing that Alerik, in the full tide of his mischief, had sent men to paint the house with a dark brown wash, he thought he must have made a mistake in the landing; so he rowed round to the other side of the island, but with no better success. Ashamed to return to the mainland, to inquire for a house that had absconded, and a little suspicious that the ale had hung some cobwebs in his brain, he continued to row hither and thither, till his strong muscular arms fairly ached with exertion. But the moon was going down, and all the landscape settling into darkness; and he at last reluctantly concluded that it was best to go back to the village inn.

Alerik, who had expected this result much sooner, had waited there to receive him. When he had kept him knocking a sufficient time, he put his head out of the window, and inquired who was there.

"Eystein Hansen," was the disconsolate reply. "For the love of mercy let me come in and get a few minutes' sleep, before morning. I have been rowing about the bay these four hours, and I can't find my house any where."

"This is a very bad sign," replied Alerik, solemnly. "Houses don't run away, except from drunken men. Ah, Father Hansen! Father Hansen! what *will* the minister say?"

He did not have a chance to persecute the weary old man much longer; for scarcely had he come under the shelter of the house, before he was snoring in a profound sleep.

Early the next day, Alerik sought his old friends in their brown-washed cottage. He found it not so easy to conciliate them as usual. They were really grieved; and Brenda even said she believed he wanted to be the death of her old man. But he had brought them presents, which he knew they would like particularly well; and he kissed their hands, and talked over his boyish days, till at last he made them laugh. "Ah now," said he, "you have forgiven me, my dear old friends. And you see, father, it was all your own fault. You put the mischief into me, by boasting before all those young men that I could never bamboozle you again."

"Ah thou incorrigible rogue!" answered the old man. "I believe thou hast indeed made a league with the devil; and he gives thee the power to make everybody love thee, do what thou wilt."

Alerik's smile seemed to express that he always had a pleasant consciousness of such power. The *lutr* lay on the table beside him, and as he took it up, he asked, "Who plays on this? Yesterday, when I was out in my boat, I heard very wild pretty little variations on some of my old favourite airs."

Brenda, instead of answering, called, "Hilda! Hilda!" and the young girl came from the next room, blushing as she entered. Alerik looked at

her with evident surprise. "Surely, this is not your Gunilda!" said he.

"No," replied Brenda, "she is a Swedish orphan, whom the all-kind Father sent to take the place of our Gunilda, when she was called hence."

After some words of friendly greeting, the visitor asked Hilda if it was she who played so sweetly on the *lutr*. She answered timidly, without looking up. Her heart was throbbing; for the tones of his voice were like those of Magnus the Dane.

The acquaintance thus begun, was not likely to languish on the part of such an admirer of beauty as was Alerik Thorild. The more he saw of Hilda, during the long evenings of the following winter, the more he was charmed with her natural refinement of look, voice, and manner. There was, as we have said, a peculiarity in her beauty, which gave it a higher character than mere rustic loveliness;—a deep, mystic, plaintive expression in her eyes; a sort of graceful bewilderment in her countenance, and at times in the carriage of her head, and the motions of her body, as if her spirit had lost its way, and was listening intently. It was not strange that he was charmed by her spiritual beauty, her simple untutored modesty. No wonder she was delighted with his frank strong exterior, his cordial caressing manner, his expressive eyes, now tender and earnest, and now sparkling with merriment, and his "smile most musical," because always so in harmony with the inward feeling, whether of sadness, fun, or tenderness. Then his moods were so bewitchingly various. Now powerful as the organ, now bright as the flute, now *naïve* as the oboe. Brenda said every thing he did seemed to be alive. He carved a wolf's head on her old man's cane, and she was always afraid it would bite her.

Brenda, in her simplicity, perhaps gave as good a description of genius as *could* be given, when she said everything he did seemed to be alive. Hilda thought it certainly was so with Alerik's music. Sometimes all went madly with it, as if fairies danced on the grass, and ugly gnomes came and made faces at them, and shrieked, and clutched at their garments; the fairies pelted them off with flowers, and then all died away to sleep in the moonlight. Sometimes, when he played on flute, or violin, the sounds came mournfully as the midnight wind through ruined towers; and they stirred up such sorrowful memories of the past, that Hilda pressed her hand upon her swelling heart, and said, "Oh, not such strains as that, dear Alerik." But when his soul overflowed with love and happiness, oh, then how the music gushed and nestled!

"The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together, as he neared
His happy home, the ground."

The old *lutr* was a great favourite with Alerik; not for its musical capabilities, but because it was entwined with the earliest recollections of his childhood. "Until I heard thee play upon it," said he, "I half repented having given it to the good Brenda. It has been in our family for several generations, and my nurse used to play upon it when I was in my cradle. They tell me my grandmother was a foundling. She was brought to my great-grandfather's house by an old peasant-woman, on her way to the valley of Westjordalen. She

died there, leaving the babe and the *lutr* in my great-grandmother's keeping. They could never find out to whom the babe belonged; but she grew up very beautiful, and my grandfather married her."

"What was the old woman's name?" asked Hilda; and her voice was so deep and suppressed, that it made Alerik start.

"Virika Gjetter, they have always told me," he replied. "But my dearest one, what is the matter?"

Hilda, pale and fainting, made no answer. But when he placed her head upon his bosom, and kissed her forehead, and spoke soothingly, her glazed eyes softened, and she burst into tears. All his entreaties, however, could obtain no information at that time. "Go home now," she said, in tones of deep despondency. "To-morrow I will tell thee all. I have had many unhappy hours; for I have long felt that I ought to tell thee all my past history; but I was afraid to do it, for I thought thou wouldst not love me any more; and that would be worse than death. But come to-morrow, and I will tell thee all."

"Well, dearest Hilda, I will wait," replied Alerik; "but what my grandmother, who died long before I was born, can have to do with my love for thee, is more than I can imagine."

The next day, when Hilda saw Alerik coming to claim the fulfilment of her promise, it seemed almost like her death-warrant. "He will not love me any more," thought she; "he will never again look at me so tenderly; and then what can I do, but die?"

With much embarrassment, and many delays, she at last began her strange story. He listened to the first part very attentively, and with a gathering frown; but as she went on, the muscles of his face relaxed into a smile; and when she ended by saying, with the most melancholy seriousness, "So thou seest, dear Alerik, we cannot be married; because it is very likely that I am thy great-grandmother"—he burst into immoderate peals of laughter.

When his mirth had somewhat subsided, he replied, "Likely as not thou art my great-grandmother, dear Hilda; and just as likely I was thy grandfather, in the first place. A great German scholar* teaches that our souls keep coming back again and again into new bodies. An old Greek philosopher is said to have come back for the fourth time, under the name of Pythagoras. If these things are so, how the deuce is a man ever to tell whether he marries his grand-mother or not?"

"But, dearest Alerik, I am not jesting," rejoined she. "What I have told thee is really true. They did put me to sleep for a hundred years."

"Oh, yes," answered he, laughing, "I remember reading about it in the Swedish papers; and I thought it a capital joke. I will tell thee how it is with thee, my precious one. The elves sometimes seize people, to carry them down into their subterranean caves; but if the mortals run away from them, they, out of spite, forever after fill their heads with gloomy insane notions. A man in Drontheim ran away from them, and they made

* Leasing.

him believe he was an earthen coffee-pot. He sat curled up in a corner all the time, for fear somebody would break his nose off."

"Nay, now thou art joking, Alerik; but really"—

"No, I tell thee, as thou hast told me, it was no joke at all," he replied. "The man himself told me he was a coffee-pot."

"But be serious, Alerik," said she, "and tell me, dost thou not believe that some learned men can put people to sleep for a hundred years?"

"I don't doubt some of my college professors could," rejoined he; "provided their tongues could hold out so long."

"But, Alerik, dost thou not think it possible that people may be alive, and yet not alive?"

"Of course I do," he replied; "the greater part of the world are in that condition."

"Oh, Alerik, what a tease thou art! I mean, is it not possible that there are people now living, or staying somewhere, who were moving about on this earth ages ago?"

"Nothing more likely," answered he; "for instance, who knows what people there may be under the ice-sea of Folgefond? They say the cocks are heard crowing down there, to this day. How a fowl of any feather got there is a curious question; and what kind of atmosphere he has to crow in, is another puzzle. Perhaps they are poor ghosts, without sense of shame, crowing over the recollections of sins committed in the human body. The ancient Egyptians thought the soul was obliged to live three thousand years, in a succession of different animals, before it could attain to the regions of the blest. I am pretty sure I have already been a lion and a nightingale. What I shall be next, the Egyptians know as well as I do. One of their sculptors made a stone image, half woman and half lioness. Doubtless his mother had been a lioness, and had transmitted to him some dim recollection of it. But I am glad, dearest, they sent thee back in the form of a lovely maiden; for if thou hadst come as a wolf, I might have shot thee; and I shouldn't like to shoot my—great-grandmother. Or if thou hadst come as a red herring, Father Hansen might have eaten thee in his soup; and then I should have had no Hilda Silfverling."

Hilda smiled, as she said, half reproachfully, "I see well that thou dost not believe one word I say."

"Oh yes, I do, dearest," rejoined he, very seriously. "I have no doubt the fairies carried thee off some summer's night and made thee verily believe thou hadst slept for a hundred years. They do the strangest things. Sometimes they change babies in the cradle; leave an imp, and carry off the human to the metal mines, where he hears only clink! clink! Then the fairies bring him back, and put him in some other cradle. When he grows up, how he does hurry skurry after the silver! He is obliged to work all his life, as if the devil drove him. The poor miser never knows what is the matter with him; but it is all because the gnomes brought him up in the mines, and he could never get the clink out of his head. A more poetic kind of fairies sometimes carry a babe to Æolian caves, full of wild dreamy sounds; and when he is brought back to upper earth, ghosts of sweet echoes keep beating time in some corner of his brain, to something which they hear, but which nobody else is the wiser for. I know that

is true; for I was brought up in those caves myself."

Hilda remained silent for a few minutes, as he sat looking in her face with comic gravity. "Thou wilt do nothing but make fun of me," at last she said. "I do wish I could persuade thee to be serious. What I told thee was no fairy story. It really happened. I remember it as distinctly as I do our sail round the islands yesterday. I seem to see that great bear now, with his paws folded up, on the shelf opposite to me."

"He must have been a great bear to have staid there," replied Alerik, with eyes full of roguery. "If I had been in his skin, may I be shot if all the drugs and gases in the world would have kept me there, with my paws folded on my breast."

Seeing a slight blush pass over her cheek, he added, more seriously, "After all, I ought to thank that wicked elf, whoever he was, for turning thee into a stone image; for otherwise thou wouldst have been in the world a hundred years too soon for me, and so I should have missed my life's best blossom."

Feeling her tears on his hand, he again started off into a vein of merriment. "Thy case was not so very peculiar," said he. "There was a Greek lady, named Niobe, who was changed to stone. The Greek gods changed women into trees, and fountains, and all manner of things. A man couldn't chop a walking-stick in those days, without danger of cutting off some lady's finger. The tree might be—his great-grandmother; and she of course would take it very unkindly of him."

"All these things are like the stories about Odin and Frigga," rejoined Hilda. "They are not true, like the Christian religion. When I tell thee a true story, why dost thou always meet me with fairies and fictions?"

"But tell me, best Hilda," said he, "what the Christian religion has to do with penning up young maidens with bears and crocodiles! In its marriage ceremonies, I grant that it sometimes does things not very unlike that, only omitting the important part of freezing the maiden's heart. But since thou hast mentioned the Christian religion, I may as well give thee a bit of consolation from that quarter. I have read in my mother's big Bible, that a man must not marry his grandmother; but I do not remember that it said a single word against his marrying his great-grandmother."

Hilda laughed, in spite of herself. But after a pause, she looked at him earnestly, and said, "Dost thou indeed think there would be no harm in marrying, under these circumstances, if I were really thy great-grandmother? Is it thy earnest! Do be serious for once, dear Alerik!"

"Certainly there would be no harm," answered he. "Physicians have agreed that the body changes entirely once in seven years. That must be because the soul outgrows its clothes; which proves that the soul changes every seven years, also. Therefore, in the course of one hundred years, thou must have had fourteen complete changes of soul and body. It is therefore as plain as day-light, that if thou wert my great-grandmother when thou fell asleep, thou couldst not have been my great-grandmother when they waked thee up."

"Ah, Alerik," she replied, "it is as the good Brenda says,—there is no use in talking with thee

One might as well try to twist a string that is not fastened at either end."

He looked up merrily in her face. The wind was playing with her ringlets, and freshened the colour on her cheeks. "I only wish I had a mirror to hold before thee," said he; "that thou couldst see how very like thou art to a—great-grandmother."

"Laugh at me as thou wilt," answered she; "but I assure thee I have strange thoughts about myself sometimes. Dost thou know," added she, almost in a whisper, "I am not always quite certain that I have not died, and am now in heaven!"

A ringing shout of laughter burst from the light-hearted lover. "Oh, I like that! I like that!" exclaimed he. "That is good! That a Swede coming to Norway does not know certainly whether she is in heaven or not."

"Do be serious, Alerik," said she imploringly. "Don't carry thy jests too far."

"Serious! I am serious. If Norway is not heaven, one sees plainly enough that it must have been the scaling-place, where the old giants got up to heaven; for they have left their ladders standing. Where else wilt thou find clusters of mountains running up perpendicularly thousands of feet right into the sky? If thou wast to see some of them, thou couldst tell whether Norway is a good climbing place into heaven."

"Ah, dearest Alerik, thou hast taught me that already," she replied, with a glance full of affection; "so a truce with thy joking. Truly one never knows how to take thee. Thy talk sets everything in the world, and above it, and below it, dancing together in the strangest fashion."

"Because they all do dance together," rejoined the perverse man.

"Oh, be done, be done, Alerik!" she said, putting her hand playfully over his mouth. "Thou wilt tie my poor brain all up into knots."

He seized her hand and kissed it, then busied himself with braiding the wild spring flowers into a garland for her fair hair. As she gazed on him earnestly, her eyes beaming with love and happiness, he drew her to his breast, and exclaimed fervently, "Oh, thou art beautiful as an angel; and here or elsewhere, with thee by my side, it seemeth heaven."

They spoke no more for a long time. The birds now and then serenaded the silent lovers with little twittering gushes of song. The setting sun, as he went away over the hills, threw diamonds on the bay, and a rainbow ribbon across the distant waterfall. Their hearts were in harmony with the peaceful beauty of nature. As he kissed her drowsy eyes, she murmured, "Oh, it was well worth a hundred years with bears and crocodiles, to fall asleep thus on thy heart."

The next autumn, a year and a half after Hilda's arrival in Norway, there was another procession of boats, with banners, music and garlands. The little church was again decorated with evergreens; but no clarinet players stood at the door to annoy good Father Hansen. The worthy man had in fact taken the hint, though somewhat reluctantly, and had good-naturedly ceased to disturb modern ears with his clamorous vociferation of the hymns. He and his kind-hearted Brenda were happy beyond measure at Hilda's good fortune. But when

she told her husband anything he did not choose to believe, they could never rightly make out what he meant by looking at her so slyly, and saying, "Pooh! Pooh! tell that to my—great-grandmother."

ROSENGLORY.

"A stranger among strange faces, she drinketh the worm-wood of dependence;
She is marked as a child of want; and the world hateth poverty.

She is cared for by none upon earth, and her God seemeth to forsake her.

Then cometh, in fair show, the promise and the feat of affection;

And her heart, long unused to kindness, remembereth her brother, and loveth;

And the traitor hath wronged her trust, and mocked and flung her from him;

And men point at her and laugh, and women hate her as an outcast;

But elsewhere, far other judgment may seat her among the martyrs." PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

"Oh, moralists, who treat of happiness and self-respect in every sphere of life, go into the squalid depths of deepest ignorance, the uttermost abyss of man's neglect, and say can any hopeful plant spring up in air so foul that it extinguishes the soul's bright torch as soon as it is kindled? Oh, ye Pharisees of the nineteen hundredth year of Christian knowledge, who soundingly appeal to human nature, see that it be human first. Take heed that during your slumber, and the sleep of generations, it has not been transformed into the nature of the beasts."—DICKENS.

JERRY GRAY and his sister Susan were the children of a drunken father, and of a poor woman, who saved them from starvation by picking up rags in the street, and washing them for the paper-makers. In youth, she had been a rustic belle, observable for her neat and tasteful attire. But she was a weak, yielding character; and sickness, poverty, and toil, gradually broke down the little energy with which nature had endowed her. "What's the use of patching up my old rags?" she used to say to herself; "there's nobody now to mind how I look." But she had a kind, affectionate heart; and love for her children preserved her from intemperance, and sustained her in toiling for their daily bread.

The delight she took in curling her little daughter's glossy brown ringlets was the only remaining indication of early coquettish taste. Though often dirty and ragged herself, Susan was always clean and tidy. She was, in fact, an extremely lovely child; and as she toddled through the streets, holding by her mother's skirts, Napoleon himself could not have been more proud of popular homage to his little King of Rome, than was the poor rag-woman of the smiles and kisses bestowed on her pretty one. Her large chestnut-coloured eyes had been saddened in their expression by the sorrows and privations of her mother, when the same life-blood sustained them both; but they were very beautiful; and their long dark fringes rested on cheeks as richly coloured as a peach fully ripened in the sunshine. Like her mother, she had a very moderate share of intellect, and an extreme love of pretty things. It was a gleam in their souls of that intense love of the beautiful, which makes poets and artists of higher natures, under more favourable circumstances.

A washerwoman, who lived in the next room, planted a Morning-Glory seed in a broken tea-pot; and it bore its first blossom the day Susan was three years old. The sight of it filled her with passionate joy. She danced, and clapped her hands; she returned to it again and again, and remained a long time stooping down, and looking into the very heart of the flower. When it closed, she called out, impatiently, "Wake up! wake up, pretty posy!" When it shrivelled more and more, she cried aloud, and refused to be comforted. As successive blossoms opened day by day, her friendship for the vine increased, and the conversations she held with it were sometimes quite poetic, in her small way.

One day, when her mother was hooking up rags from the dirty gutters of the street, with the little ones trudging behind her, a gentleman passed with a large bouquet in his hand. Susan's eyes brightened, as she exclaimed, "Oh, mammy, look at the pretty posies!"

The gentleman smiled upon her and said, "Would you like one, my little girl?"

She eagerly held out her hand, and he gave her a flower, saying, "There's a rose for you."

"Thank the good gentleman," said her mother. But she was too much occupied to attend to politeness. Her head was full of her pet Morning-Glory, the first blossom she had ever looked upon; and she ran to her brother shouting joyfully, "See my Rosenglory!"

The gentleman laughed, patted her silky curls, and said, "You are a little Rosenglory yourself; and I wish you were mine."

Jerry, who was older by two years, was quite charmed with the word. "Rosenglory," repeated he; "what a funny name! Mammy, the gentleman called our Susy a Rosenglory."

From that day, it became a favourite word in the wretched little household. It sounded there with mournful beauty, like the few golden rays which at sunset fell aslant the dingy walls and the broken crockery. When the weary mother had washed her basket of rags, she would bring water for Susan's hands, and a wooden comb to smooth her hair, and gazing fondly in that infant face, her only vision of beauty in a life otherwise all dark and dreary, she would say, "Now kiss your poor mammy, my little Rosenglory." Even the miserable father, when his senses were not stupified with drink, would take the pretty little one on his knee, twine her shining ringlets round his coarse fingers, and sigh deeply as he said, "Ah, how many a rich man would be proud to have my little Rosenglory for his own!"

But it was brother Jerry who idolized her most of all. He could not go to bed on his little bunch of straw, unless her curly head was nestled on his bosom. They trudged the streets together, hand in hand, and if charity offered them an apple or a slice of bread, the best half was always reserved for her. A proud boy was he when he received an old tatterdemalion rocking-horse from the son of a gentleman, for whom his father was sawing wood. "Now Rosenglory shall ride," said he; and when he placed her on the horse, and watched her swinging back and forth, his merry shouts of laughter indicated infinite satisfaction. But these pleasant scenes occurred but seldom. More frequently, they came home late and tired; every-

body was hungry and cross, and they were glad to steal away in silence to their little bed. When the father was noisy in his intoxication, the poor boy guarded his darling with the thoughtfulness of maturer years. He patiently warded off the random blows, or received them himself; and if harm accidentally came to her, it was affecting to see his tearful eyes, and hear his grieved whisper, "Mammy! he struck Rosenglory!"

Poor child! her young life was opening in dark and narrow places; though, like the vine in the broken tea-pot, she caught now and then a transient gleam of sunshine. It would be well if men could spare time from the din of theological dispute, and the drowsiness of devotional routine, to reflect whether such ought to be the portion of any of God's little ones, in this broad and beautiful earth, which He created for the good of all.

Many a hungry day, and many a night of pinching cold, this brother and sister went struggling through their blighted youth, till the younger was eight years old. At that period, the father died of delirium tremens, and the mother fell into a consumption, brought on by constant hardship and unvarying gloom. The family were removed to the almshouse, and found it an improvement in their condition. The coarse food was as good as that to which they had been accustomed, there was more air and a wider scope for the eye to range in. Blessed with youthful impressibility to the bright and joyous, Jerry and Susan took more notice of the clear silvery moon and the host of bright stars, than they did of the deformity, paleness, and sad looks around them. The angels watch over childhood, and keep it from understanding the evil that surrounds it, or retaining the gloom which is its shadow.

The poor weak mother was daily wasting away, but they only felt that her tones were more tender, her endearments more fond. One night, when they were going to bed, she held them by the hand longer than usual. The rough hireling nurse felt the eloquence of her sad countenance, and had not the heart to hurry them away. No one knew what deep thought, what agony of anxious love, was in the soul of the dying one; but she gazed earnestly and tearfully into their clear young eyes, and said, with a troubled voice, "My children, *try* to be good." She kissed them fervently, and spoke no more. The next day, the nurse told them their mother was dead. They saw her body laid in a white pine coffin, and carried away in a cart to the burying ground of the poor. It was piled upon a hundred other nameless coffins, in a big hole dug in the sandy hill side. She was not missed from the jostling crowd; but the orphans wept bitterly, for she was all the world to them.

In a few days, strangers came to examine them, with a view to take them into service. Jerry was bound to a sea-captain, and Susan to a grocer's wife, who wanted her to wait upon the children. She was, indeed, bound; for Mrs. Andrews was entirely forgetful that anything like freedom or enjoyment might be necessary or useful to servants. All day long she lugged the heavy baby, and often sat up late at night, to pacify its fretfulness as she best could, while her master and mistress were at balls, or the Bowery. While the babe was sleeping, she was required to scour knives, or scrub the pavement. No one talked to her, except to say,

"Susy do this;" or "Susy, why didn't you do as I bade you?"

Now and then she had a visit from Jerry, when his master was in port. He was always very affectionate, and longed for the time when he should be a man, and able to have his sister live with him. But after a few years, he came no more; and as neither of them could write, they had no means of communication.

When Susan grew older, and there were no more babes to tend, she was mostly confined to the cellar kitchen, from which she looked out upon stone steps and a brick wall. Her mistress had decided objections to her forming acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and for several years the young girl scarcely held communion with any human being, except the old cook. Even her beauty made her less a favourite; for when company came in, it was by no means agreeable to Mrs. Andrews to observe that the servant attracted more attention than her own daughter. Her husband spent very little of his time at home, and when there, was usually asleep. But one member of the family was soon conscious of a growing interest in the orphan. Master Robert, a year older than herself, had been a petulant, over-indulged boy, and was now a selfish, pleasure-seeking lad. In juvenile days, he had been in the habit of ordering the little servant to wash his dog, and of scolding at her, if she did not black his shoes to his liking. But as human nature developed within him, his manners toward her gradually softened; for he began to notice that she was a very handsome girl.

Having obtained from his sister a promise not to reveal that he had said anything, he represented that Susy ought to have better clothes, and be allowed to go to meeting sometimes. He said he was sure the neighbours thought she was very meanly clad, and he had heard that their servants made remarks about it. He was not mistaken in supposing that his mother would be influenced by such arguments. She had never thought of the almshouse child in any other light than as a machine for her convenience; but if the neighbours talked about her meanness, it was certainly necessary to enlarge Susy's privileges. In answer to her curious inquiries, her daughter repeated that Mrs. Jones's girl had said so and so, and that Mrs. Smith, at the next door, had made a similar remark to Mrs. Dickson. Whether this gossip was, or was not, invented by Robert, it had the effect he desired.

Susan, now nearly sixteen years of age, obtained a better dress than she had ever before possessed, and was occasionally allowed to go to meeting on Sunday afternoon. As Mrs. Andrews belonged to a very genteel church, she could not, of course, take a servant girl with her. But the cook went to a Methodist meeting, where "the poor had the gospel preached to them;" and there a seat was hired for Susan also. Master Robert suddenly became devotional, and was often seen at the same meeting. He had no deliberately bad intentions; but he was thoughtless by nature, and selfish by education. He found pleasant excitement in watching his increasing power over the young girl's feelings; and sometimes, when he queried within himself whether he was doing right to gain her affections, and what would come of it all, he had floating visions that he might possibly educate

Susan, and make her his wife. These very vague ideas he impressed so definitely on the mind of the old cook, aided by occasional presents, that she promised to tell no tales. Week after week, the lovers sat together in the same pew, and sang from the same hymn-book. Then came meetings after the family had retired to rest, to which secrecy gave an additional charm. The concealment was the only thing that troubled Susan with a consciousness of wrong; and he easily persuaded her that this was a duty, in order to screen him from blame. "Was it his fault that he loved her?" he asked; "he was sure he could not help it."

She, on her part, could not help loving him deeply and fervently. He was very handsome, and she delighted in his beauty, as naturally as she had done in the flower, when her heart leaped up and called it a Roseglory. Since her brother went away, there was no other human bosom on which she could rest her weary head; no other lips spoke lovingly to her, no other eye-beams sent warmth into her soul. If the gay, the prosperous, and the flattered find it pleasant to be loved, how much more so must it be to one whose life from infancy had been so darkened! Society reflects its own pollution on feelings which nature made beautiful, and does cruel injustice to youthful hearts by the grossness of its interpretations. Thus it fared with Susan. Late one summer's night, she and Robert were sitting by the open window of the breakfast-room. All was still in the streets; the light of the moon shone mildly on them, and hushed their souls into quiet happiness. The thoughtless head of sixteen rested on the impressible heart of seventeen, and thus they fell asleep.

Mrs. Andrews had occasion for some camphor, in the course of the night, and it chanced to be in the closet of that room. When she entered in search of it, she started back, as if she had heard the report of a pistol. No suspicion of the existing state of things had ever crossed her mind; and now that she discovered it, it never occurred to her that she herself was much to blame. Her own example, and incidental remarks not intended as education, but which in fact were so, had taught her son that the world was made for him to get as much pleasure in as possible, without reference to the good of others. She had cautioned him against the liability of being cheated in money matters, and had instructed him how to make the cheapest bargains, in the purchase of clothing or amusement; but against the most inevitable and most insidious temptations of his life, he had received no warning. The sermons he heard were about publicans and pharisees, who lived eighteen hundred years ago; none of them met the wants of his own life, none of them interpreted the secrets of his own heart, or revealed the rational laws of the senses.

As for Susan, the little fish, floated along by the tide, were not more ignorant of hydrostatics, than she was of the hidden dangers and social regulations, in the midst of which she lived. Robert's love had bloomed in her dreary monotonous life, like the Morning-Glory in the dark dismal court; and she welcomed it, and gazed into it, and rejoiced in it, much after the same fashion.

All these thoughts were, however, foreign to the mind of Mrs. Andrews. She judged the young

couple as if they had her experience of forty years, and were encased in her own hard crust of worldly wisdom. The dilemma would have been a trying one, even for a sensible and judicious mother; and the management of it required candour and delicacy altogether beyond her shallow understanding and artificial views. She wakened them from their dream with a storm of indignation. Her exaggerated statements were in no degree adapted to the real measure of wrong-doing, and therefore, instead of producing humility and sorrow, they roused resentment against what was felt to be unjust accusation. The poor heedless neglected child of poverty was treated as if she were already hardened in depravity. No names were too base to be bestowed upon her. As the angry mistress drove her to her garret, the concluding words were, "You ungrateful, good-for-nothing hussy, that I took out of the almshouse from charity! You vile creature, you, thus to reward all my kindness by trying to ruin and seduce my only son!"

This was reversing matters strangely. Susan was sorely tempted to ask for what kindness she was expected to be grateful; but she did not. She was ashamed of having practised concealment, as every generous nature is; but this feeling of self-reproach was overpowered by a consciousness that she did not deserve the epithets bestowed upon her, and she timidly said so. "Hold your tongue," replied Mrs. Andrews. "Leave my house to-morrow morning, and never let me see you again. I always expected you'd come to some bad end, since that fool of a painter came here and asked to take your likeness, sweeping the sidewalk. This comes of setting people up above their condition."

After talking the matter over with her husband, Mrs. Andrews concluded to remain silent about Robert's adventure, to send him forthwith into the country, to his uncle the minister, and recommend Susan to one of her friends, who needed a servant, and had no sons to be endangered. At parting, she said, "I shall take away the cloak I gave you last winter. The time for which you were bound to me isn't up by two years; and the allowance Mr. Jenkins makes to me isn't enough to pay for my disappointment in losing your services just when you are beginning to be useful, after all the trouble and expense I have had with you. He has agreed to pay you, every month, enough to get decent clothing; and that's more than you deserve. You ought to be thankful to me for all the care I have taken of you, and for concealing your bad character; but I've done expecting any such thing as gratitude in this world." The poor girl wept, but she said nothing. She did not know what to say.

No fault was found with the orphan in the family of Mr. Jenkins, the alderman. His wife said she was capable and industrious; and he himself took a decided fancy to her. He praised her cooking, he praised the neatness with which she arranged the table, and after a few days, he began to praise her glossy hair and glowing cheeks. All this was very pleasant to the human nature of the young girl. She thought it was very kind and fatherly, and took it all in good part. She made her best courtesy when he presented her with a handsome calico gown; and she began to think she had fallen into the hands of real friends. But when he

chucked her under the chin, and said such a pretty girl ought to dress well, she blushed and was confused by the expression of his countenance, though she was too ignorant of the world to understand his meaning. But his demonstrations soon became too open to admit of mistake, and ended with offers of money. She heard him with surprise and distress. To sell herself without her affections, had never been suggested to her by nature, and as yet she was too little acquainted with the refinements of high civilization, to acquire familiarity with such an idea.

Deeming it best to fly from persecutions which she could not avoid, she told Mrs. Jenkins that she found the work very hard, and would like to go to another place as soon as possible. "If you go before your month is up I shall pay you no wages," replied the lady; "but you may go if you choose." In vain the poor girl represented her extreme need of a pair of shoes. The lady was vexed at heart, for she secretly suspected the cause of her departure; and though she could not in justice blame the girl, and was willing enough that she should go, she had a mind to punish her. But when Susan, to defend herself, hinted that she had good reasons for wishing to leave, she brought a storm on her head at once. "You vain, impertinent creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, "because my husband gave you a new gown, for shame of the old duds you brought from Mrs. Andrews, do you presume to insinuate that his motives were not honourable? And he a gentleman of high respectability, an alderman of the city! Leave my house; the sooner the better; but don't expect a cent of wages."

Unfortunately, a purse lay on the work-table, near which Susan was standing. She had no idea of stealing; but she thought to herself, "Surely I have a right to a pair of shoes for my three weeks of hard labour." She carried off the purse, and went into the service of a neighbour, who had expressed a wish to hire. That very evening she was arrested, and soon after tried and sentenced to Blackwell's Island. A very bold and bad woman was sentenced at the same time, and they went in company. From her polluting conversation and manners, poor Susan received a new series of lessons in that strange course of education, which a Christian community had from the beginning bestowed upon her. Her residence on the island rapidly increased her stock of evil knowledge. But she had no natural tendencies to vice; and though her ideas of right and wrong were inevitably confused by the social whirlpool into which she was borne, she still wished to lead a decent and industrious life. When released from confinement, she tried to procure a situation at service; but she had no references to give, except Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Jenkins. When she called a second time, she uniformly met the cold reply, "I hear you have been on Blackwell's Island. I never employ people who have lost their character."

From the last of these attempts, she was walking away hungry and disconsolate, doubtful where to obtain shelter for the night, when she met the magistrate who had sentenced her and the other woman. He spoke to her kindly, gave her a quarter of a dollar, and asked her to call upon him that evening. At parting, he promised to be a friend to her, if she behaved herself, and then

murmured something in a lower tone of voice. What were his ideas of behaving herself were doubtless implied by the whisper; for the girl listened with such a smile as was never seen on her innocent face, before he sent her to improve her education on the island. It is true she knew very little, and thought still less, about the machinery of laws, and regulations for social protection; but it puzzled her poor head, as it does many a wiser one, why men should be magistrates, when they practise the same things for which they send women to Blackwell's Island. She had never read or heard anything about "Woman's Rights;" otherwise it might have occurred to her that it was because men made all the laws, and elected all the magistrates.

The possible effect of magisterial advice and protection is unknown; for she did not accept the invitation to call that evening. As she walked away from the tempter, thinking sadly of Robert Andrews, and her dear brother Jerry, she happened to meet the young man who had gained her first youthful love, unmixing with thoughts of evil. With many tears, she told him her adventures since they parted. The account kindled his indignation and excited his sympathy to a painful degree. Had he lived in a true and rational state of society, the impulse then given to his better feelings might have eventually raised his nature to noble unselfishness and manly frankness. But as it was, he fell back upon deception and false pride. He hired apartments for Susan, and, by some pretence, wheedled his mother out of the means of paying for them. Those who deem the poor girl unpardonable for consenting to this arrangement, would learn mercy if they were placed under similar circumstances of poverty, scorn, and utter loneliness.

Ten years passed since Jerry last parted with his blooming sister, then fourteen years old. He had been shipwrecked twice, and returned from sea in total blindness, caused by mismanagement of the small-pox. He gained a few coppers by playing a clarinet in the street, led by a little ragged boy. Everywhere he inquired for his sister, but no one could give him any tidings of her. One day, two women stopped to listen, and one of them put a shilling into the boy's hand. "Why, Susy, what possesses you to give so much to hear that old cracked pipe?" said one.

"He looks a little like somebody I knew when I was a child," replied the other; and they passed on.

The voices were without inflections, rough and animal in tone, indicating that the speakers led a merely sensual existence. The piper did not recognise either of them; but the name of Susy went through his heart, like a sunbeam through November clouds. Then she said he looked like somebody she had known! He inquired of the boy whether the woman called Susy was handsome.

He replied, "No. She is lean and pale; her cheek-bones stand out, and her great staring dark eyes look crazy."

The blind man hesitated a moment, and then said: "Let us walk quick and follow them." They did go, but lost sight of the women at the turning of a dirty alley. For six weeks, the blind piper kept watch in the neighbourhood, obviously a very bad one. In many houses he inquired if any one

knew a woman by the name of Susan Gray; but he always received an answer in the negative. At last an old woman said that a girl named Susan Andrews boarded with her for a while; that she was very feeble, and lived in a street near by. He followed the directions she gave, and stopped before the house to play. People came to the door and windows, and in a few minutes the boy pressed his hand and said, "There is the woman you want to find."

He stopped abruptly, and exclaimed, "Susy!" There was an anxious tenderness in his tones, which the bystanders heard with loud laughter. They shouted, "Susy, you are called for! Here's a beau for you!" and many a ribald jest went round.

But she, in a sadder voice than usual, said, "My poor fellow, what do you want of me?"

"Did you give me a shilling a few weeks ago?" he asked.

"Yes, I did; but surely that was no great thing."

"Had you ever a brother named Jerry?" he inquired.

"Oh, Heavens! tell me if you know anything of him!" she exclaimed.

He fell into her arms, sobbing, "My sister! My poor sister!"

The laughter hushed instantly, and many eyes were filled with tears. There were human hearts there also; and they felt at once the poor piper was Susy's long-lost brother, and that he had come home to her blind.

For an instant, she clasped him convulsively to her heart. Then thrusting him away with a sudden movement, she said, "Don't touch me, Jerry! Don't touch me!"

"Why not, dear sister!" he asked. But she only replied, in a deep, hollow tone of self-loathing, "Don't touch me!"

Not one of the vicious idlers smiled. Some went away weeping; others, with affectionate solicitude, offered refreshments to the poor blind wanderer. Alas, he would almost have wished for blindness, could he have seen the haggard spectre that stood before him, and faintly recognised, in her wild melancholy eyes, his own beloved Rosenglory.

From that hour, he devoted himself to her with the most assiduous attention. He felt that her steps trembled when she leaned on his arm, he observed that her breath came with difficulty, and he knew that she spoke truly when she said she had not long to live. A woman, who visited the house, told him of a charitable institution in Tenth Avenue, called the Home, where women who have been prisoners, and sincerely wish to reform, can find shelter and employment. He went and besought that his sister might be allowed to come there and die.

There, in a well ventilated room, on a clean and comfortable bed, the weary pilgrim at last reposed in the midst of true friends. "Oh, if I had only met with such when my poor mother first died, how different it might all have been," she was wont to say. The blind brother kissed her forehead, and said, "Don't grieve for that now, dear. It was not your fault that you had no friends."

One day, a kind sympathising lady gave him a bunch of flowers for his sister. Hitherto an undefined feeling of delicacy had restrained him, when

he thought of using the pet-word of their childhood. But thinking it might perhaps please her, he stepped into the room, and said, cheerfully, "Here, Rosenglor! See what I have brought you!" It was too much for the poor nervous sufferer. "Oh, don't call me *that*!" she said; and she threw herself on his neck, sobbing violently.

He tried to soothe her; and after a while she said, in a subdued voice, "I am bewildered when I think about myself. They tell me that I am a great sinner: and so I am. But I never injured any human being; I never hated any one. Only once, when Robert married that rich woman, and told me to keep out of his way, and get my living as others in my situation did—then for a little while, I hated him; but it was not long. Dear Jerry, I did not mean to be wicked; I never wanted to be wicked. But there seemed to be no place in the world for me. They all wronged me; and my heart dried up. I was like a withered leaf, and the winds blew me about just as it happened."

He pressed her hand to his lips, and hot tears fell upon it. "Oh, bless you, for your love!" she said. "Poor outcast as I am, *you* do not think I have sinned beyond forgiveness. Do you?"

Fervently he embraced her, and answered, "I too have sinned; but God only knows the secret history of our neglected youth, our wrongs, sufferings, and temptations; and say what they will, I am sure He will not judge us so harshly as men have done."

He knelt down by the bed-side in silent prayer, and with her hand clasped in his they both fell asleep. He dreamed that angels stood by the pillow and smiled with sad pitying love on the dying one. It was the last night he watched with her. The next day, her weary spirit passed away from this world of sin and suffering. The blind piper was all alone.

As he sat holding her emaciated hand, longing once more to see that dear face, before the earth covered it for ever, a visitor came in to look at the corpse. She meant to be kind and sympathising; but she did not understand the workings of the human heart. To the wounded spirit of the mourner, she seemed to speak with too much condescension of the *possibility* of forgiveness *even* to so great a sinner. He rose to leave the room, and answered meekly, "She was a good child. But the paths of her life were dark and tangled, and she lost her way."

A LEGEND OF THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

FOUNDED ON INDIAN TRADITION.

"From all its kind
This wasted heart,
This moody mind
Now drifts apart;
It longs to find
The tideless shore,
Where rests the wreck
Of Heretofore—
The great heart-break
Of loves no more.

"I drift alone,
For all are gone,

Dearest to me;
And hail the wave
That to the grave
On hurrieth me:
Welcome, thrice welcome, then,
Thy wave, Eternity." MOTHERWELL.

WEE-CHUSH-TA-DOO-TA was a powerful Sioux chief. He numbered many distinguished warriors among his ancestors, and was as proud of his descent as was ever feudal noble. His name simply signified The Red Man; but he was "a great brave," and the poet of his tribe, whose war-songs were sung on all great occasions. In one of the numerous battles of the Sioux with their enemies the Chippewas, he took prisoner a very handsome little girl. A widowed woman begged to adopt her, to supply the place of a daughter, who had gone to the spirit-land; and thus the pretty young creature was saved from the general massacre of prisoners. As she approached womanhood, the heart of the poet-chieftain inclined towards her, and he made her his wife.

Their first-born was a daughter. When she was two years old, the mother, struck by a peculiarity in the expression of her eyes named her Zah-gah-see-ga-quay, which, in her own language, signified Sun-beams breaking through a Cloud. As she grew older, this poetic name became more and more appropriate; for when she raised her large deeply-shaded eyes, their bright lucid expression was still more obviously veiled with timidity and sadness. Her voice, as usual with young Indian women, was low and musical, and her laugh was gentle and childlike.

There was a mixed expression in her character, as in her eyes. She was active, buoyant, and energetic in her avocations and amusements; yet from childhood she was prone to serious moods, and loved to be alone in sequestered places, watching the golden gleam of sunset on the green velvet of the hills, till it passed away, and threw their long twilight shadows across the solitude of the prairies.

Her father, proud of her uncommon intelligence and beauty, resolved to mate her with the most renowned of warriors, and the most expert of hunters. In the spring of 1765, when she had just passed her fourteenth birth-day she attracted the attention of one worthy to claim the prize. Nee-hee-o-ee-woo, The Wolf of the Hill, was a noble-looking young chief, belonging to the neighbouring tribe of Shiennes. He was noted for bold exploits, superb horsemanship, and the richness of his savage attire. The first time he saw the beautiful Sioux, he looked at her with earnest eyes; and he soon after returned, bringing Wee-chush-ta-doo-ta a valuable present of furs. The maiden understood very well why his courting-flute was heard about the wigwam till late into the night, but the sounds excited no lively emotions in her heart. The dashing young warrior came too late. The week previous, a Frenchman, drawn thither by thirst for new adventures, had arrived with a company of fur traders from Quebec. He was a handsome man; but Zah-gah-see-ga-quay was less attracted by his expressive face and symmetrical figure, than by his graceful gallantry towards women, to which she had been hitherto unaccustomed. His power of fascinating was increased by the marked preference bestowed upon herself. She received his attentions with childish delight and pretty bash-

fulness, like a coy little bird. The lustrous black hair, which he praised, was braided more neatly than ever; her dress of soft beaver-skins was more coquettishly garnished with porcupine quill-work, and her moccasins were embroidered in gayer patterns.

The beauty of this forest nymph pleased the Frenchman's fancy, and his vanity was flattered by the obvious impression he had made on her youthful imagination. He was incapable of love. A volatile temperament, an early dissipation, had taken from him that best happiness of human life. But Indian lands were becoming more and more desirable to his ambitious nation, and Wee-chuah-ta-doo-ta had the disposal of broad and valuable tracts. He had an aversion to marriage; but this he knew would be but the shadow of a fetter; for he could dissolve the bond at any moment, with as little loss of reputation as if it were a *liaison* in Paris. Thus reasoned civilized man, while the innocent child of the woods was as unconscious of the possibility of such selfish calculations, as is a robin in the mating season.

Her father had encountered white men, and was consequently more on his guard. When Jerome de Rancé offered rich presents, and asked his daughter in marriage, he replied, "Zah-gah-see-ga-quay must mate with a chieftain of her own people. If a pale-face marries an Indian woman, he calls her his wife while he likes to look upon her, but when he desires another, he walks away and says she is not his wife. Such are not the customs of the red men."

Though Jerome de Rancé had secretly rejoiced over the illegality of an Indian marriage, being highly civilized, he of course made the most solemn protestations of undying love and everlasting good faith. But the proud chieftain had set his heart upon an alliance with the magnificent Wolf of the Hill, and he listened coldly. Obstacles increased the value of the prize, and the adventurous Frenchman was determined to win his savage bride at any price. With the facility of his pliant nation, he accommodated himself to all the customs of the tribe; he swore to adopt all their friendships and all their enmities: he exercised himself in all performances requiring strength and skill, and on all possible occasions he exhibited the most reckless courage. These things made him very popular, and gained the admiration of the chief, more than was shown by his grave countenance and indifferent manner. Still he could not easily overcome a reluctance to mix his proud race with foreign blood.

De Rancé, considering himself the one who stooped in the proposed alliance, was piqued by what seemed to him a ridiculous assumption of superiority. Had it not been for the tempting Indian lands, of which he hoped to come in possession, he would have gained the loving maiden on his own terms, and left her when he chose, without seeking to conciliate her father. But the fulfilment of his ambitious schemes required a longer probation. With affected indifference, he made arrangements for departure. He intended to re-appear among them suddenly, in a few weeks, to test his power over the Clouded Sunbeam; but he said he was going to traffic with a neighbouring tribe, and it was doubtful whether he should see them again, or return to Canada by a different

route. That she would pine for him, he had no doubt; and he had observed that Wee-chuah-ta-doo-ta, though bitter and implacable to his enemies, was tender-hearted as a child towards his own family.

He was not mistaken in his calculations. Zah-gah-see-ga-quay did not venture to dispute the will of her father; but her sweet voice was no more heard in songs; the sunbeam in her eyes went more and more behind the cloud, and the bright healthy colour of her cheek grew pale. Her listless movements and languid glance pained her mother's heart, and the stern father could not endure the mournfulness of their beseeching looks. He spoke no words, but called together a few of his companions, and went forth apparently to hunt in the forest. Before the moon had traversed half her monthly orbit, he and Jerome entered the wigwam together. Zah-gah-see-ga-quay was seated in a dark corner. Her head leaned despondingly on her hand, and her basket-work lay tangled beside her. As she looked up, a quick blush mantled her face, and her eyes shone like stars. Wee-chuah-ta-doo-ta noticed the sudden change, and, in tones of deep tenderness, said, "My child, go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun and the opening flowers." There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the Clouded Sunbeam, and when she turned away bashfully from his triumphant gaze, the Frenchman smiled with a consciousness of unlimited power over her simple heart.

That evening, they rambled alone under the friendly light of the moon. When they returned, a portion of the scarlet paint from her brown cheek was transferred to the face of her lover. Among his Parisian acquaintance, this would have given rise to many a witty jest; but the Indians, with more natural politeness, observed it silently. A few days after, the gentle daughter of the Sioux passed into the tent of the stranger, and became his wife.

Years passed on, and she remained the same devoted, submissive friend. In all domestic avocations of the Indians, she was most skilful. No one made more beautiful matting, or wove into it such pretty patterns. The beaver skins she dressed were as soft and pliable as leather could be. She rowed her canoe with light and vigorous stroke, and the flight of her arrow was unerring. Her husband loved her as well as was possible for one of his butterfly temperament and selfish disposition; but the deferential courtesy of the European lover gradually subsided into something like the lordly indifference of the men around him. He was never harsh; but his affectionate bride felt the change in his manner, and sometimes wept in secret. When she nestled at his feet, and gazed into his countenance with her peculiarly pleading plaintive look, she sometimes obtained a glance such as he had given her in former days. Then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile through wearisome days of silence and neglect. Her love amounted to passionate idolatry. If he wished to cross the river, she would ply the oar, lest he should suffer fatigue. She carried his quiver and his gun through the forest, and when they returned at twilight, he lounged indolently

on the bottom of the boat, while she dipped her oars in unison with her low sweet voice, soothing him with some simple song, where the same plaintive tones perpetually came, and went away in lullaby-cadence.

To please him, she named her son and daughter Felicie and Florimond, in memory of his favourite brother and sister. On these little ones she could lavish her abundant love without disappointment or fear. The children inherited their parents' beauty; but Felicie, the eldest, was endowed with a double portion. She had her mother's large lucid eye, less deeply shaded with the saddening cloud; but her other features resembled her handsome father. Her oval cheeks had just enough of the Indian tint to give them a rich warm colouring. At thirteen years old, her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth, with the rounded fulness of womanhood. She inherited her father's volatile temperament, and was always full of fun and frolic. As a huntress, she was the surest eye, and the fleetest foot; and her pretty canoe skimmed the waters like a stormy petrel. It was charming to see this young creature, so full of life, winding about among the eddies of the river, or darting forward, her long black hair streaming on the wind, and her rich red lips parted with eagerness. She sported with her light canoe, and made it play all manner of gambols in the water. It dashed and splashed, and whirled round in pirouettes, like an opera-dancer; then, in the midst of swift circles, she would stop at once, and laugh, as she gracefully shook back the hair from her glowing face. Jerome de Rancé had never loved anything, as he did this beautiful child. But something of anxiety and sadness mingled with his pride, when he saw her caracoling on her swift little white horse of the prairies, or leaping into the chase, or making her canoe caper like a thing alive. Buoyant and free was her Indian childhood; but she was approaching the period when she would be claimed as a wife; and he could not endure the thought that the toilsome life of a squaw would be the portion of his beautiful daughter. He taught her to dance to his flute, and hired an old Catholic priest to instruct her in reading and writing. But these lessons were irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually eluding her father's vigilance, to hunt squirrels in the woods, or sport her canoe among the eddies. He revolved many plans for her future advancement in life; and sometimes, when he turned his restless gaze from daughter to mother, the wife felt troubled, by an expression she did not understand. In order to advance his ambitious views, it was necessary to wean Felicie from her woodland home; and he felt that his Clouded Sunbeam, though still beautiful, would be hopelessly out of place in Parisian saloons. Wee-chush-ta-doo-ta and his wife were dead, and their relatives were too much occupied with war and hunting to take particular notice of the white man's movements. The acres of forest and prairie, which he had received, on most advantageous terms, from his Indian father-in-law, were sold, tract after tract, and the money deposited in Quebec. Thither he intended to convey first his daughter, and then his son, on pretence of a visit, for the purposes of education, but in reality with the intention of deserting his wife, to return no more.

According to Indian custom, the mother's right to her offspring amounts to unquestioned law. If her husband chooses to leave the tribe, the children must remain with her. It was therefore necessary to proceed artfully. De Rancé became more than usually affectionate; and Zah-gah-seega-quay, grateful for such gleams of his old tenderness, granted his earnest prayer, that Felicie might go to Quebec, for a few moons only. The Canadian fur-traders made their annual visit at this juncture, and he resolved to accept their escort for himself and daughter. His wife begged hard to accompany them; humbly promising that she would not intrude among his white friends, but would remain with a few of her tribe, hidden (in neighbouring woods, where she could now and then get a glimpse of their beloved faces. Such an arrangement was by no means pleasing to the selfish European. The second time she ventured to suggest it, he answered briefly and sternly, and the beautiful shaded eyes filled with unnoticed tears. Felicie was the darling of her heart; she so much resembled the handsome Frenchman, as she had first known him. When the parting hour came, she clung to her daughter with a passionate embrace, and then starting up with convulsive energy, like some gentle animal when her young is in danger, she exclaimed, "Felicie is *my* child, and I will not let her go." De Rancé looked at her, as he had never looked before, and raised his arm to push her away. Frightened at the angry expression of his eye, she thought he intended to strike her; and with a deep groan she fell on the earth, and hid her face in the long grass.

Felicie sobbed, and stretched out her arms imploringly towards her mother; but quick as a flash, her father lifted her on the horse, swung himself lightly into the same saddle, and went off at a swift gallop. When the poor distracted mother rose from the ground, they were already far off, a mere speck on the wide prairie. This rude parting would perhaps have killed her heart, had it not been for her handsome boy of seven summers. With a sad countenance, he gravely seated himself by her side. She spoke no word to him, but the tears rolled slowly down, as she gazed at him, and tried to trace a resemblance to his unkind father.

The promised period of return arrived; but moon after moon passed away, and nothing was heard from the absent ones. A feeling that she had been intentionally deceived gradually grew strong within the heart of the Indian mother; and the question often arose, "Will he seek to take my boy away also!" As time passed on, and suspicion changed into certainty, she became stern and bitter. She loved young Florimond intensely; but even this love was tinged with fierceness, hitherto foreign to her nature. She scornfully abjured his French name, and called him Mah-to-chee-ga, The Little Bear. Her strongest wish seemed to be to make him as hard and proud as his grandfather had been, and to instil into his bosom the deadliest hatred of white men. The boy learned her lessons well. He was the most inveterate little savage that ever let fly an arrow. Already, he carried at his belt the scalp of a boy older and bigger than himself, the son of a chief with whom his tribe were at war. The Sioux were proud of his vigour and his boldness, and considered his reckless courage almost a

sufficient balance to the disadvantage of mixed blood.

Such was the state of things, when Jerome de Rancé returned to the shores of the Mississippi, after an absence of three years. He was mainly induced to make this visit by a wish to retain some hold upon his Indian boy, and preserve a good understanding with the tribe, as an advantage in future speculations. He had some dread of meeting the Clouded Sunbeam, and was not without fear that she might have exasperated her people against him. But he trusted much to her tenderness for him, and still more to his own adroitness. He was, however, surprised at the cold indifference with which she met him. He had expected deep resentment, but he was not prepared for such perfect apathy. He told a mournful and highly-wrought story of Felicie's sudden death, by being thrown from her horse, in their passage through the forest; and sought to excuse his long absence, by talking of his overwhelming grief, and his reluctance to bring sad tidings. The bereaved mother listened without emotion; for she did not believe him. She thought, and thought truly, that Felicie was in her father's native land, across the wide ocean. All his kind glances and endearing epithets were received with the same stolid indifference. Only when he talked with her Little Bear, did she rouse from this apparent lethargy. She watched over him like a she-wolf, when her young are in danger. She hoped that the hatred of white men, so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield against all attempts to seduce him from her. But in the course of a few weeks, she saw plainly enough that the fascinating and insidious Frenchman was gaining complete power over the boy, as he had over her own youthful spirit. She was maddened with jealousy at her own diminished influence; and when Mah-to-chee-ga at last expressed a wish to go to Canada with his father, the blow was too severe for her deeply lacerated soul. The one thought that he would be enticed away from her took complete possession of her mind, and night and day she brooded over plans of vengeance. More than once, she nearly nerved her hand to murder the father of her son. But his features recalled the image of the handsome young Frenchman, who had carried her arrows through the woods, and kissed the moccasins he stooped to tie; and she could not kill him.

As the time approached for de Rancé to return to Canada with the traders, her intense anxiety increased almost to frenzy. One day, when he had gone to a neighbouring tribe to traffic for furs, she invited Mah-to-chee-ga to go up the river with her, to fish. She decked herself in her most richly embroidered skins, and selected the gaudiest wampum-belt for her Little Bear. When the boy asked why they were dressed so carefully, she replied, "Because we are going to meet your grandfather, who was a great brave, and a mighty hunter." He was puzzled by the answer, but when he questioned of her meaning, she remained silent. When they came to the waterside, she paused and looked back on the forest, where she had spent her happy childhood, and enjoyed her brief dream of love. The beautiful past, followed by a long train of dark shadows, rushed through memory, and there seemed no relief for her but death.

She entered the boat with a calm countenance, and began to chant one of those oppressively mournful songs, which must have been suggested to her people by the monotonous minor cadences of the rustling forest. As they approached the Falls of St. Anthony, and heard more and more plainly the rush of waters, she gazed on her child with such a wild expression of vehement love, that the boy was frightened. But his eye was spell-bound to hers, and he could not escape its concentrated magnetic power. At length, his attention was roused by the violent motions of the boat; and he screamed, "Mother! mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!"

"We go to the spirit-land together," she replied: "he cannot come there to separate us."

With whirl and splash, the boat plunged down the cataract. The white foam leaped over it, and it was seen no more.

The sky soon after darkened, and the big rain fell in torrents.

The Indians believe that the spirits of the drowned ones, veiled in a winding-sheet of mist, still hover over the fatal spot. When they see the vapour rising, they say, "Let us not hunt to-day; a storm will certainly come; for Zah-gah-see-ga-quay and her son are going over the Falls of St. Anthony."

Felicie was informed of the death of her mother and brother, and wept for them bitterly, though she never knew the painful circumstances of their exit. She married a wealthy Frenchman, and was long pointed out in society as "*La Belle Indienne*."

THE BROTHERS.

"Three pure heavens opened, beaming in three pure hearts, and nothing was in them but God, love, and joy, and the little tear-drop of earth which hangs upon all our flowers."—RICHMAN.

Few know how to estimate the precious gem of friendship at its real worth; few guard it with the tender care which its rarity and excellence deserves. Love, like the beautiful opal, is a clouded gem, which carries a spark of fire in its bosom; but true friendship, like a diamond, radiates steadily from its transparent heart.

This sentiment was never experienced in greater depth and purity than by David and Jonathan Trueman, brothers, of nearly the same age. Their friendship was not indeed of that exciting and refreshing character which is the result of a perfect accord of very different endowments. It was unison, not harmony. In person, habits, and manners, they were as much alike as two leaves of the same tree. They were both hereditary members of the Society of Friends, and remained so from choice. They were acquainted in the same circle, and engaged in similar pursuits. "Their souls wore exactly the same frock-coat and morning-dress of life; I mean two bodies with the same cuffs and collars, of the same colour, button-holes, trimmings and cut."

Jonathan was a little less sedate than his elder brother; he indulged a little more in the quiet, elderly sort of humour of the "Cheeryble Brothers." But it was merely the difference between the same lake perfectly calm, or faintly rippled by

the slightest breeze. They were so constantly seen together, that they were called the Siamese Twins. Unfortunately, this similarity extended to a sentiment which does not admit of partnership. They both loved the same maiden.

Deborah Winslow was the only daughter of one of those substantial Quakers, whom a discriminating observer would know, at first sight, was "well to do in the world;" for the fine broadcloth coat and glossy hat spoke that fact with even less certainty than the perfectly comfortable expression of countenance. His petted child was like a blossom planted in sunny places, and shielded from every rude wind. All her little lady-like whims were indulged. If the drab-coloured silk was not exactly the right shade, or the Braithwaite muslin was not sufficiently fine and transparent, orders must be sent to London, that her daintiness might be satisfied. Her countenance was a true index of life passed without strong emotions. The mouth was like a babe's, the blue eyes were mild and innocent, and the oval face was unvarying in the delicate tint of the sweet pea blossom. Her hair never straggled into ringlets, or played with the breeze; its silky bands were always like molasses-candy, moulded to yellowish whiteness, and laid in glossy braids.

There is much to be said in favour of this unvarying serenity; for it saves a vast amount of suffering. But all natures cannot thus glide through an unruffled existence. Deborah's quiet temperament made no resistance to its uniform environment; but had I been trained in her exact sect, I should inevitably have boiled over and melted the moulds.

She had always been acquainted with the Trueman brothers. They all attended the same school, and they sat in sight of each other at the same meeting; though Quaker custom, ever careful to dam up human nature within safe limits, ordained that they should be seated on different sides of the house, and pass out by different doors. They visited the same neighbours, and walked home in company. She probably never knew, with positive certainty, which of the brothers she preferred; she had always been in the habit of loving them both; but Jonathan happened to ask first, whether she loved him.

It was during an evening walk that he first mentioned the subject to David; and he could not see how his limbs trembled, and his face flushed. The emotion, though strong and painful, was soon suppressed; and in a voice but slightly constrained, he inquired, "Does Deborah love thee, brother?"

The young man replied that he thought so, and he intended to ask her, as soon as the way opened.

David likewise thought that Deborah was attached to him; and he had invited her to ride the next day, for the express purpose of ascertaining the point. Never had his peaceful soul been in such a tumult. Sometimes he thought it would be right and honourable to tell Deborah that they both loved her, and ask her to name her choice. "But then if she should prefer me," he said to himself, "it will make dear Jonathan very unhappy; and if she should choose him, it will be a damper on their happiness, to know that I am disappointed. If she accepts him, I will keep my secret to myself. It is a heavy cross to take up;

but William Penn says, 'No cross, no crown.' In this case, I would be willing to give up the crown, if I could get rid of the cross. But then if I lay it down, poor Jonathan must bear it. I have always found that it brought great peace of mind to conquer selfishness, and I will strive to do so now. As my brother's wife, she will still be a near and dear friend; and their children will seem almost like my own."

A current of counter thoughts rushed through his mind. He rose quickly and walked the room, with a feverish agitation he had never before experienced. But through all the conflict, the idea of saving his brother from suffering remained paramount to his own pain.

The promised ride could not be avoided, but it proved a temptation almost too strong for the good unselfish man. Deborah's sweet face looked so pretty under the shadow of her plain bonnet; her soft hand remained in his so confidently, when she was about to enter the chaise, and turned to speak to her mother; she smiled on him so affectionately, and called him Friend David, in such winning tones, that it required all his strength to avoid uttering the question, which for ever trembled on his lips: "Dost thou love me, Deborah?" But always there rose between them the image of that dear brother, who slept in his arms in childhood, and shared the same apartment now. "Let him have the first chance," he said to himself. "If he is accepted, I will be resigned, and will be to them both a true friend through life." A very slight pressure of the hand alone betrayed his agitation, when he opened the door of her house, and said, "Farewell, Deborah."

In a few days, Jonathan informed him that he was betrothed; and the magnanimous brother wished him joy with a sincere heart, concealing that it was a sad one. His first impulse was to go away, that he might not be daily reminded of what he had lost; but the fear of marring their happiness enabled him to choose the wiser part of making at once the effort that must be made. No one suspected the sacrifice he laid on the altar of friendship. When the young couple were married, he taxed his ingenuity to furnish whatever he thought would please the bride, by its peculiar neatness and elegance. At first he found it very hard to leave them by their cozy pleasant fireside, and go to his own solitary apartment, where he never before had dwelt alone; and when the bride and bridegroom looked at each other tenderly, the glance went through his heart like an arrow of fire. But when Deborah, with gentle playfulness, apologised for having taken his brother away from him, he replied, with a quiet smile, "Nay, my friend, I have not lost a brother, I have only gained a sister." His self-denial seemed so easy, that the worldly might have thought it cost him little effort, and deserved no praise; but the angels loved him for it.

By degrees he resumed his wonted serenity, and became the almost constant inmate of their house. A stranger might almost have doubted which was the husband; so completely were the three united in all their affections, habits, and pursuits. A little son and daughter came to strengthen the bond; and the affectionate uncle found his heart almost as much cheered by them, as if they had been his own. Many an agreeable young Friend

would have willingly superintended a household for David ; but there was a natural refinement in his character, which rendered it impossible to make a marriage of convenience. He felt, more deeply than was apparent, that there was something wanting in his earthly lot ; but he could not marry, unless he found a woman whom he loved as dearly as he had loved Deborah ; and such a one never again came to him.

Their years flowed on with quiet regularity, disturbed with few of the ills humanity is heir to. In all the small daily affairs of life, each preferred the other's good, and thus secured the happiness of the whole. Abroad, their benevolence fell with the noiseless liberality of dew. The brothers both prospered in business, and Jonathan inherited a large portion of his father-in-law's handsome property. Never were a family so pillowed and cushioned on the carriage-road to heaven. But they were so simply and naturally virtuous, that the smooth path was less dangerous to them than to others.

Reverses came at last in Jonathan's affairs. The failure of others, less careful than himself, involved him in their disasters. But David was rich, and the idea of a separate purse was unknown between them ; therefore the gentle Deborah knew no change in her household comforts and elegancies, and felt no necessity of diminishing their large liberality to the poor.

At sixty-three years old, the younger brother departed this life, in the arms of his constant friend. The widow, who had herself counted sixty winters, had been for some time gradually declining in health. When the estate was settled, the property

was found insufficient to pay debts. But the kind friend, with the same delicate disinterestedness which had always characterised him, carefully concealed this fact. He settled a handsome fortune upon the widow, which she always supposed to be a portion of her husband's estate. Being executor, he managed affairs as he liked. He borrowed his own capital ; and every quarter, he gravely paid her interest on his own money. In the refinement of his generosity, he was not satisfied to support her in the abundance to which she had been accustomed ; he wished to have her totally unconscious of obligation, and perfectly free to dispose of the funds as she pleased.

His goodness was not limited to his own household. If a poor seamstress was declining in health, for want of exercise and variety of scene, David Trueman was sure to invite her to Niagara, or the Springs, as a particular favour to him, because he needed company. If there was a lone widow, peculiarly friendless, his carriage was always at her service. If there was a maiden lady uncommonly homely, his arm was always ready as an escort to public places. Without talking at all upon the subject, he practically devoted himself to the mission of attending upon the poor, the unattractive, and the neglected.

Thus the good old bachelor prevents his sympathies from congealing, and his heart from rusting out. The sunlight was taken away from his landscape of life ; but little birds sleep in their nests, and sweet flowers breathe their fragrance lovingly through the bright moonlight of his tranquil existence.

THE END.

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2

CONFESSIONS

OF AN

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

To weep afresh a long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets.

De Quincey (Thomas)

FIFTH EDITION. . .



NOTICE TO THE READER.

THE incidents recorded in the Preliminary Confessions lie within a period of which the earlier extreme is now rather more, and the latter extreme less, than nineteen years ago : consequently, in a popular way of computing dates, many of the incidents might be indifferently referred to a distance of eighteen or of nineteen years ; and, as the notes and memoranda for this narrative were drawn up originally about last Christmas, it seemed most natural in all cases to prefer the former date. In the hurry of composing the narrative, though some months had then elapsed, this date was everywhere retained : and, in many cases, perhaps, it leads to no error, or to none of importance. But in one instance, viz., where the author speaks of his own birth-day, this adoption of one uniform date has led to a positive inaccuracy of an entire year : for, during the very time of composition, the *nineteenth* year from the earlier term of the whole period revolved to its close. It is, therefore, judged proper to mention, that the period of that narrative lies between the early part of July 1802, and the beginning or middle of March 1863.

Oct. 1, 1831.

CONFESSIONS

OF

AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

TO THE READER.

I HERE present you, courteous reader, with the record of a remarkable period in my life : according to my application of it, I trust that it will prove, not merely an interesting record, but, in a considerable degree, useful and instructive. In *that* hope it is, that I have drawn it up: and *that* must be my apology for breaking through that delicate and honourable reserve, which, for the most part, restrains us from the public exposure of our own errors and infirmities. Nothing, indeed, is more revolting to English feelings, than the spectacle of a human being obtruding on our notice his moral ulcers or scars, and tearing away that 'decent drapery,' which time, or indulgence to human frailty, may have drawn over them: accordingly, the greater part of *our* confessions (that is, spontaneous and extra-judicial confessions) proceed from demireps, adventurers, or swindlers: and for any such acts of gratuitous self-humiliation from those who can be supposed in sympathy with the decent and self-respecting part of society, we must look to French literature, or to that part of the German, which is tainted with the spurious and defective sensibility of the French. All this I feel so forcibly, and so nervously am I alive to reproach of this tendency, that I have for many months hesitated about the propriety of allowing this, or any part of my narrative, to come before the public eye, until after my death (when, for many reasons, the whole will be published):

and it is not without an anxious review of the reasons for and against this step, that I have, at last, concluded on taking it.

Guilt and misery shrink, by a natural instinct, from public notice: they court privacy and solitude: and, even in their choice of a grave, will sometimes sequester themselves from the general population of the churchyard, as if declining to claim fellowship with the great family of man, and wishing (in the affecting language of Mr. Wordsworth)

— humbly to express
A penitential loneliness.

It is well, upon the whole, and for the interest of us all, that it should be so: nor would I willingly, in my own person, manifest a disregard of such salutary feelings; nor in act or word do any thing to weaken them. But, on the one hand, as my self-accusation does not amount to a confession of guilt, so, on the other, it is possible that, if it *did*, the benefit resulting to others, from the record of an experience purchased at so heavy a price, might compensate, by a vast overbalance, for any violence done to the feelings I have noticed, and justify a breach of the general rule. Infirmity and misery do not, of necessity, imply guilt. They approach, or recede from, the shades of that dark alliance, in proportion to the probable motives and prospects of the offender, and the palliations, known or secret, of the offence: in proportion as the temptations to it were potent from the first, and the

resistance to it, in act or in effort, was earnest to the last. For my own part, without breach of truth or modesty, I may affirm, that my life has been, on the whole, the life of a philosopher: from my birth I was made an intellectual creature: and intellectual in the highest sense my pursuits and pleasures have been, even from my school-boy days. If opium-eating be a sensual pleasure, and if I am bound to confess that I have indulged in it to an excess, not yet recorded* of any other man, it is no less true, that I have struggled against this fascinating enthralment with a religious zeal, and have, at length, accomplished what I never yet heard attributed to any other man—have untwisted, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which fettered me. Such a self-conquest may reasonably be set off in counterbalance to any kind or degree of self-indulgence. Not to insist, that, in my case, the self-conquest was unquestionable, the self-indulgence open to doubts of casuistry, according as that name shall be extended to acts aiming at the bare relief of pain, or shall be restricted to such as aim at the excitement of positive pleasure.

Guilt, therefore, I do not acknowledge: and, if I did, it is possible that I might still resolve on the present act of confession, in consideration of the service which I may thereby render to the whole class of opium-eaters. But who are they? Reader, I am sorry to say, a very numerous class indeed. Of this I became convinced some years ago, by computing, at that time, the number of those in one small class of English society (the class of men distinguished for talents, or of eminent station), who were known to me, directly or indirectly, as opium-eaters: such, for instance, as the eloquent and benevolent —, the late dean of —; Lord —; Mr. —, the philosopher; a late under-secretary of state (who described to me the sensation which first drove him to the use of opium, in the very same words as the dean of —, viz. "that he felt as though rats were gnawing and abrading the coats of his stomach"); Mr. —; and many others, hardly less known, whom it would be tedious to mention. Now, if one

class, comparatively so limited, could furnish so many scores of cases (and *that* within the knowledge of one single inquirer), it was a natural inference, that the entire population of England would furnish a proportionable number. The soundness of this inference, however, I doubted, until some facts became known to me, which satisfied me that it was not incorrect. I will mention two: 1. Three respectable London druggists, in widely remote quarters of London, from whom I happened lately to be purchasing small quantities of opium, assured me, that the number of *amateur* opium-eaters (as I may term them) was, at this time, immense; and that the difficulty of distinguishing these persons, to whom habit had rendered opium necessary, from such as were purchasing it with a view to suicide, occasioned them daily trouble and disputes. This evidence respected London only. But, 2. (which will possibly surprise the reader more,) some years ago, on passing through Manchester, I was informed by several cotton-manufacturers, that their work-people were rapidly getting into the practice of opium-eating; so much so, that on a Saturday afternoon the counters of the druggists were strewed with pills of one, two, or three grains, in preparation for the known demand of the evening. The immediate occasion of this practice was the lowness of wages, which, at that time, would not allow them to indulge in ale or spirits: and, wages rising, it may be thought that this practice would cease: but, as I do not readily believe that any man, having once tasted the divine luxuries of opium, will afterwards descend to the gross and mortal enjoyments of alcohol, I take it for granted,

That those eat now, who never ate before;
And those who always ate, now eat the more.

Indeed, the fascinating powers of opium are admitted, even by medical writers, who are its greatest enemies: thus, for instance, Awwsiter, apothecary to Greenwich-hospital, in his "Essay on the Effects of Opium," (published in the year 1763,) when attempting to explain, why Mead had not been sufficiently explicit on the properties, counteragents, &c., of this drug, expresses himself in the following mysterious terms (*φωφάρτα στυγερώτα*): "perhaps he thought the subject of too delicate a nature to be made

* 'Not yet recorded,' I say: for there is one celebrated man of the present day, who, if all be true which is reported of him, has greatly exceeded me in quantity.

common ; and as many people might then indiscriminately use it, it would take from that necessary fear and caution, which should prevent their experiencing the extensive power of this drug : *for there are many properties in it, if universally known, that would habituate the use, and make it more in request with us than the Turks them-*

selves : the result of which knowledge," he adds, "must prove a general misfortune." In the necessity of this conclusion I do not altogether concur : but upon that point I shall have occasion to speak at the close of my confessions, where I shall present the reader with the moral of my narrative.

PRELIMINARY CONFESSIONS.

THESE preliminary confessions, or introductory narrative of the youthful adventures which laid the foundation of the writer's habit of opium-eating in after-life, it has been judged proper to premise, for three several reasons :

1. As forestalling that question, and giving it a satisfactory answer, which else would painfully obtrude itself in the course of the Opium-Confessions—"How came any reasonable being to subject himself to such a yoke of misery, voluntarily to incur a captivity so servile, and knowingly to fetter himself with such a sevenfold chain?"—a question, which, if not somewhere plausibly resolved, could hardly fail, by the indignation which it would be apt to raise as against an act of wanton folly, to interfere with that degree of sympathy which is necessary in any case to an author's purposes.

2. As furnishing a key to some parts of that tremendous scenery which afterwards peopled the dreams of the opium-eater.

3. As creating some previous interest of a personal sort in the confessing subject, apart from the matter of the confessions, which cannot fail to render the confessions themselves more interesting. If a man "whose talk is of oxen," should become an opium-eater, the probability is, that (if he is not too dull to dream at all)—he will dream about oxen : whereas, in the case before him, the reader will find that the opium-eater boasteth himself to be a philosopher ; and accordingly, that the phantasmagoria of his dreams (waking or sleeping, day-dreams or night-dreams) is suitable to one who in that character,

Humani nihil à se alienum putat.

For amongst the conditions which he deems indispensable to the sustaining of any claim to the title of philosopher, is not merely the possession of a superb intellect in its *analytic* functions (in which part of the pretension, however, England can for some generations show but few claimants ; at least, he is not aware of any known candidate for this honour, who can be styled emphatically a *subtle thinker*, with the exception of *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, and in a narrower department of thought, with the recent illustrious exception* of *David Ricardo*)—but also such a constitution of the moral faculties, as shall give him an inner eye and power of intuition for the vision and the mysteries of our human nature : that constitution of faculties, in short, which (amongst all the generations of men that from the beginning of time have deployed into life, as it were, upon this planet,) our English poets have possessed in the highest degree,—and Scottish† professors in the lowest.

* A third exception might perhaps have been added : and my reason for not adding that exception is chiefly because it was only in his juvenile efforts that the writer whom I allude to expressly addressed himself to philosophical themes ; his riper powers having been all dedicated (on very excusable and very intelligible ground, under the present direction of the popular mind in England,) to criticism and the fine arts. This reason apart, however, I doubt whether he is not rather to be considered an acute thinker than a subtle one. It is, besides, a great drawback on his mastery over philosophical subjects, that he has obviously not had the advantage of a regular scholastic education : he has not read Plato in his youth (which most likely was only his misfortune) ; but neither has he read Kant in his manhood (which is his fault).

† I disclaim any allusion to *existing* professors, of whom indeed I know only one.

I have often been asked, how I first came to be a regular opium-eater; and have suffered very unjustly, in the opinion of my acquaintance, from being reputed to have brought upon myself all the sufferings which I shall have to record, by a long course of indulgence in this practice purely for the sake of creating an artificial state of pleasurable excitement. This, however, is a misrepresentation of my case. True it is, that for nearly ten years I did occasionally take opium, for the sake of the exquisite pleasure it gave me: but so long as I took it with this view, I was effectually protected from all material bad consequences, by the necessity of interposing long intervals between the several acts of indulgence, in order to renew the pleasurable sensations. It was not for the purpose of creating pleasure, but of mitigating pain in the severest degree, that I first began to use opium as an article of daily diet. In the twenty-eighth year of my age, a most painful affection of the stomach, which I had first experienced about ten years before, attacked me in great strength. This affection had originally been caused by extremities of hunger, suffered in my boyish days. During the season of hope and redundant happiness which succeeded (that is, from eighteen to twenty-four) it had slumbered: for the three following years it had revived at intervals: and now, under unfavourable circumstances, from depression of spirits, it attacked me with a violence that yielded to no remedies but opium. As the youthful sufferings, which first produced this derangement of the stomach, were interesting in themselves, and in the circumstances that attended them, I shall here briefly retrace them.

My father died when I was about seven years old, and left me to the care of four guardians. I was sent to various schools, great and small; and was very early distinguished for my classical attainments, especially for my knowledge of Greek. At thirteen I wrote Greek with ease; and at fifteen my command of that language was so great, that I not only composed Greek verses in lyric metres, but could converse in Greek fluently, and without embarrassment—an accomplishment which I have not since met with in any scholar of my times, and which, in my case,

was owing to the practice of daily reading off the newspapers into the best Greek I could furnish *extempore*: for the necessity of ransacking my memory and invention, for all sorts and combinations of periphrastic expressions, as equivalents for modern ideas, images, relations of things, &c., gave me a compass of diction which would never have been called out by a dull translation of moral essays, &c. "That boy," said one of my masters, pointing the attention of a stranger to me, "that boy could harangue an Athenian mob, better than you or I could address an English one." He who honoured me with this eulogy, was a scholar, "and a ripe and good one:" and, of all my tutors, was the only one whom I loved or revered. Unfortunately for me (and, as I afterwards learned, to this worthy man's great indignation), I was transferred to the care, first of a blockhead, who was in a perpetual panic, lest I should expose his ignorance; and finally, to that of a respectable scholar, at the head of a great school on an ancient foundation. This man had been appointed to his situation by — College, Oxford; and was a sound, well-built scholar, but (like most men, whom I have known from that college) coarse, clumsy, and inelegant. A miserable contrast he presented, in my eyes, to the Etonian brilliancy of my favourite master: and, besides, he could not disguise from my hourly notice, the poverty and meagreness of his understanding. It is a bad thing for a boy to be, and to know himself, far beyond his tutors, whether in knowledge or in power of mind. This was the case, so far as regarded knowledge at least, not with myself only: for the two boys, who jointly with myself composed the first form, were better Grecians than the head-master, though not more elegant scholars, nor at all more accustomed to sacrifice to the graces. When I first entered, I remember that we read Sophocles: and it was a constant matter of triumph to us, the learned triumvirate of the first form, to see our 'Archididasculus' (as he loved to be called) conning our lesson before he went up, and laying a regular train, with lexicon and grammar, for blowing up and blasting (as it were) any difficulties he found in the choruses; whilst we never condescended

to open our books until the moment of going up, and were generally employed in writing epigrams upon his wig, or some such important matter. My two class-fellows were poor, and dependent for their future prospects at the university, on the recommendation of the head master : but I, who had a small patrimonial property, the income of which was sufficient to support me at college, wished to be sent thither immediately. I made earnest representations on the subject to my guardians, but all to no purpose. One, who was more reasonable, and had more knowledge of the world than the rest, lived at a distance : two of the other three resigned all their authority into the hands of the fourth ; and this fourth with whom I had to negotiate, was a worthy man, in his way, but haughty, obstinate, and intolerant of all opposition to his will. After a certain number of letters and personal interviews, I found that I had nothing to hope for, not even a compromise of the matter, from my guardian : unconditional submission was what he demanded : and I prepared myself, therefore, for other measures. Summer was now coming on with hasty steps, and my seventeenth birthday was fast approaching ; after which day I had sworn within myself, that I would no longer be numbered amongst school-boys. Money being what I chiefly wanted, I wrote to a woman of high rank, who, though young herself, had known me from a child, and had latterly treated me with great distinction requesting that she would 'lend' me five guineas. For upwards of a week no answer came ; and I was beginning to despond, when, at length, a servant put into my hands a double letter, with a coronet on the seal. The letter was kind and obliging : the fair writer was on the sea-coast, and in that way the delay had arisen : she enclosed double of what I had asked, and good-naturedly hinted, that if I should *never* repay her, it would not absolutely ruin her. Now then, I was prepared for my scheme : ten guineas, added to about two which I had remaining from my pocket money, seemed to me sufficient for an indefinite length of time : and at that happy age, if no *definite* boundary can be assigned to one's power, the spirit of hope and pleasure makes it virtually infinite.

" It is a just remark of Dr. Johnson's (and what cannot often be said of his remarks, it is a very feeling one), that we never do anything consciously for the last time (of things, that is, which we have long been in the habit of doing) without sadness of heart. This truth I felt deeply, when I came to leave —, a place which I did not love, and where I had not been happy. On the evening before I left — for ever, I grieved when the ancient and lofty school-room resounded with the evening service, performed for the last time in my hearing ; and at night, when the muster-roll of names was called over, and mine (as usual) was called first, I stepped forward, and passing the head master, who was standing by, I bowed to him, and looked earnestly in his face, thinking to myself, "He is old and infirm, and in this world I shall not see him again." I was right : I never *did* see him again, nor ever shall. He looked at me complacently, smiled good-naturedly, returned my salutation (or rather, my valediction), and we parted (though he knew it not) for ever. I could not reverence him intellectually : but he had been uniformly kind to me, and had allowed me many indulgences : and I grieved at the thought of the mortification I should inflict upon him.

The morning came, which was to launch me into the world, and from which my whole succeeding life has, in many important points, taken its colouring. I lodged in the head master's house, and had been allowed, from my first entrance, the indulgence of a private room, which I used both as a sleeping-room and as a study. At half after three I rose, and gazed with deep emotion at the ancient towers of —, "drest in earliest light," and beginning to crimson with the radiant lustre of a cloudless July morning. I was firm and immovable in my purpose : but yet agitated by anticipation of uncertain danger and troubles ; and, if I could have foreseen the hurricane, and perfect hail-storm of affliction which soon fell upon me, well might I have been agitated. To this agitation the deep peace of the morning presented an affecting contrast, and in some degree a medicine. The silence was more profound than that of midnight : and to me the silence of a summer morning is more touching than all other silence, because, the light being broad and strong, as

that of noon-day at other seasons of the year, it seems to differ from perfect day, chiefly because man is not yet abroad ; and thus, the peace of nature, and of the innocent creatures of God, seems to be secure and deep, only so long as the presence of man, and his restless and unquiet spirit, are not there to trouble its sanctity. I dressed myself, took my hat and gloves, and lingered a little in the room. For the last year and a half this room had been my "pensive citadel :—" here I had read and studied through all the hours of night : and, though true it was, that for the latter part of this time, I, who was framed for love and gentle affections, had lost my gaiety and happiness, during the strife and fever of contention with my guardian ; yet, on the other hand, as a boy, so passionately fond of books, and dedicated to intellectual pursuits, I could not fail to have enjoyed many happy hours in the midst of general dejection. I wept as I looked round on the chair, hearth, writing-table, and other familiar objects, knowing too certainly that I looked upon them for the last time. Whilst I write this, it is eighteen years ago : and yet, at this moment, I see distinctly as if it were yesterday, the lineaments and expression of the object on which I fixed my parting gaze : it was a picture of the lovely —, which hung over the mantel-piece ; the eyes and mouth of which were so beautiful, and the whole countenance so radiant with benignity and divine tranquillity, that I had a thousand times laid down my pen, or my book, to gather consolation from it, as a devotee from his patron saint. Whilst I was yet gazing upon it, the deep tones of — clock proclaimed that it was four o'clock. I went up to the picture, kissed it, and then gently walked out, and closed the door for ever !

* * * * *

So blended and intertwined in this life are occasions of laughter and of tears, that I cannot yet recall, without smiling, an incident which occurred at that time, and which had nearly put a stop to the immediate execution of my plan. I had a trunk of immense weight ; for, besides my clothes, it contained nearly all my library. The difficulty was to get this removed to a carrier's : my room was at an aerial elevation in the house, and (what was worse) the staircase, which communicated with

this angle of the building, was accessible only by a gallery, which passed the head master's chamber-door. I was a favourite with all the servants ; and, knowing that any of them would screen me, and act confidentially, I communicated my embarrassment to a groom of the head master's. The groom swore he would do any thing I wished ; and, when the time arrived, went up stairs to bring the trunk down. This I feared was beyond the strength of any one man : however, the groom was a man—

Of Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies ;

and had a back as spacious as Salisbury-plain. Accordingly he persisted in bringing down the trunk alone, whilst I stood waiting at the foot of the last flight, in anxiety for the event. For some time I heard him descending with slow and firm steps ; but, unfortunately, from his trepidation, as he drew near the dangerous quarter, within a few steps of the gallery, his foot slipped ; and the mighty burden falling from his shoulders, gained such increase of impetus at each step of the descent, that, on reaching the bottom, it tumbled, or rather leaped, right across, with the noise of twenty devils, against the very bed-room door of the Archididascalus. My first thought was, that all was lost ; and that my only chance for executing a retreat was to sacrifice my baggage. However, on reflection, I determined to abide the issue. The groom was in the utmost alarm, both on his own account and on mine : but, in spite of this, so irresistibly had the sense of the ludicrous, in this unhappy *contretemps*, taken possession of his fancy, that he sang out a long, loud, and canorous peal of laughter, that might have wakened the Seven Sleepers. At the sound of this resonant merriment, within the very ears of insulted authority, I could not myself forbear joining in it : subdued to this, not so much by the unhappy *étourderie* of the trunk, as by the effect it had upon the groom. We both expected, as a matter of course, that Dr. — would sally out of his room : for, in general, if but a mouse stirred, he sprang out like a mastiff from his kennel. Strange to say, however, on this occasion, when the noise of laughter had ceased, no sound, or rustling even, was to be heard in the bed-room. Dr. — had a painful complaint, which, some-

times keeping him awake, made his sleep, perhaps, when it *did* come, the deeper. Gathering courage from the silence, the groom hoisted his burden again, and accomplished the remainder of his descent without accident. I waited until I saw the trunk placed on a wheel-barrow, and on its road to the carrier's: then, "with Providence my guide," I set off on foot,—carrying a small parcel, with some articles of dress, under my arm; a favourite English poet in one pocket, and a small 12mo volume, containing about nine plays of Euripides, in the other.

It had been my intention originally to proceed to Westmoreland, both from the love I bore to that county, and on other personal accounts. Accident, however, gave a different direction to my wanderings, and I bent my steps towards North Wales.

After wandering about for some time in Denbighshire, Merionethshire, and Caernarvonshire, I took lodgings in a small neat house in B—. Here I might have staid with great comfort for many weeks; for provisions were cheap at B—, from the scarcity of other markets for the surplus produce of a wide agricultural district. An accident, however, in which, perhaps, no offence was designed, drove me out to wander again. I know not whether my reader may have remarked, but I have often remarked, that the proudest class of people in England (or at any rate, the class whose pride is most apparent) are the families of bishops. Noblemen, and their children, carry about with them, in their very titles, a sufficient notification of their rank. Nay, their very names (and this applies also to the children of many untitled houses) are often, to the English ear, adequate exponents of high birth, or descent. Sackville, Mannors, Fitzroy, Paulet, Cavendish, and scores of others, tell their own tale. Such persons, therefore, find every where a due sense of their claims already established, except among those who are ignorant of the world by virtue of their own obscurity: "Not to know *them*, argues one's self unknown." Their manners take a suitable tone and colouring; and, for once that they find it necessary to impress a sense of their consequence upon others, they meet with a thousand occasions for moderating and tempering this sense by acts of courteous conde-

scension. With the families of bishops it is otherwise: with them it is all up-hill work, to make known their pretensions: for the proportion of the episcopal bench, taken from noble families, is not at any time very large; and the succession to these dignities is so rapid, that the public ear seldom has time to become familiar with them, unless where they are connected with some literary reputation. Hence it is, that the children of bishops carry about with them an austere and repulsive air, indicative of claims not generally acknowledged, a sort of *noli me tangere* manner, nervously apprehensive of too familiar approach, and shrinking with the sensitiveness of a gouty man, from all contract with the *ο πολλοι*. Doubtless, a powerful understanding, or unusual goodness of nature, will preserve a man from such weakness: but, in general, the truth of my representation will be acknowledged: pride, if not of deeper root in such families, appears, at least, more upon the surface of their manners. This spirit of manners naturally communicates itself to their domestics, and other dependents. Now, my landlady had been a lady's maid, or a nurse, in the family of the bishop of —; and had but lately married away and "settled" (as such people express it) for life. In a little town like B—, merely to have lived in the bishop's family, conferred some distinction: and my good landlady had rather more than her share of the pride I have noticed on that score. What "my lord" said, and what "my lord" did, how useful he was in parliament, and how indispensable at Oxford, formed the daily burden of her talk. All this I bore very well: for I was too good-natured to laugh in anybody's face, and I could make an ample allowance for the garrulity of an old servant. Of necessity, however, I must have appeared in her eyes very inadequately impressed with the bishop's importance: and, perhaps, to punish me for my indifference, or possibly by accident, she one day repeated to me a conversation in which I was indirectly a party concerned. She had been to the palace to pay her respects to the family; and dinner being over, was summoned into the dining-room. In giving an account of her household economy, she happened to mention that she had let her apartments. Thereupon the good bishop (it seemed)

had taken occasion to caution her as to her selection of inmates : " for," said he, " you must recollect, Betty, that this place is in the high road to the Head ; so that multitudes of Irish swindlers, running away from their debts into England—and of English swindlers running away from their debts to the Isle of Man, are likely to take this place in their route." This advice was certainly not without reasonable grounds : but rather fitted to be stored up for Mrs. Betty's private meditations, than specially reported to me. What followed, however, was somewhat worse : " Oh, my lord," answered my landlady (according to her own representation of the matter), " I really don't think this young gentleman is a swindler ; because ——" : " You don't think me a swindler ! " said I, interrupting her, in a tumult of indignation : " for the future I shall spare you the trouble of thinking about it." And without delay I prepared for my departure. Some concessions the good woman seemed disposed to make : but a harsh and contemptuous expression, which I fear that I applied to the learned dignitary himself, roused her indignation in turn : and reconciliation then became impossible. I was, indeed, greatly irritated at the bishop's having suggested any grounds of suspicion, however remotely, against a person whom he had never seen : and I thought of letting him know my mind in Greek : which, at the same time that it would furnish some presumption that I was no swindler, would also (I hoped) compel the bishop to reply in the same language ; in which case, I doubted not to make it appear, that, if I was not so rich as his lordship, I was a better Grecian. Calmer thoughts, however, drove this boyish design out of my mind : for I considered that the bishop was in the right to counsel an old servant ; that he could not have designed that his advice should be reported to me ; and that the same coarseness of mind which had led Mrs. Betty to repeat the advice at all, might have coloured it in a way more agreeable to her own style of thinking, than to the actual expressions of the worthy bishop.

I left the lodgings the same hour ; and this turned out a very unfortunate occurrence for me : because, living henceforward at inns, I was drained of my money very rapidly. In a fortnight I was reduced to short allowance ;

that is, I could allow myself only one meal a day. From the keen appetite produced by constant exercise, and mountain air, acting on a youthful stomach, I soon began to suffer greatly on this slender regimen ; for the single meal, which I could venture to order, was coffee or tea. Even this, however, was at length withdrawn : and afterwards, so long as I remained in Wales, I subsisted either on blackberries, hips, haws, &c., or on the casual hospitalities which I now and then received, in return for such little services as I had an opportunity of rendering. Sometimes I wrote letters of business for cottagers, who happened to have relatives in Liverpool, or in London : more often I wrote love-letters to their sweet-hearts for young women who had lived as servants in Shrewsbury, or other towns on the English border. On all such occasions I gave great satisfaction to my humble friends, and was generally treated with hospitality : and once, in particular, near the village of Llan-y-styndw (or some such name), in a sequestered part of Merionethshire, I was entertained for upwards of three days by a family of young people, with an affectionate and fraternal kindness that left an impression upon my heart not yet impaired. The family consisted, at that time, of four sisters and three brothers, all grown up and all remarkable for elegance and delicacy of manners. So much beauty, and so much native good-breeding and refinement, I do not remember to have seen before or since in any cottage, except once or twice in Westmoreland and Devonshire. They spoke English : an accomplishment not often met with in so many members of one family, especially in villages remote from the high road. Here I wrote, on my first introduction, a letter about prize-money, for one of the brothers, who had served on board an English man-of-war ; and more privately, two love-letters for two of the sisters. They were both interesting-looking girls, and one of uncommon loveliness. In the midst of their confusion and blushes whilst dictating, or rather giving me general instructions, it did not require any great penetration to discover that what they wished was, that their letters should be as kind as was consistent with proper maidenly pride. I contrived so to temper my expressions, as to reconcile the gratifica-

tion of both feelings : and they were as much pleased with the way in which I had expressed their thoughts, as (in their simplicity) they were astonished at my having so readily discovered them. The reception one meets with from the women of a family, generally determines the tenour of one's whole entertainment. In this case, I had discharged my confidential duties as secretary, so much to the general satisfaction, perhaps also amusing them with my conversation, that I was pressed to stay with a cordiality which I had little inclination to resist. I slept with the brothers, the only unoccupied bed standing in the apartment of the young women : but in all other points, they treated me with a respect not usually paid to purses as light as mine ; as if my scholarship were sufficient evidence that I was of "gentle blood." Thus I lived with them for three days, and great part of a fourth : and from the undiminished kindness which they continued to show me, I believe I might have staid with them up to this time, if their power had corresponded with their wishes. On the last morning, however, I perceived upon their countenances, as they sat at breakfast, the expression of some unpleasant communication which was at hand ; and soon after one of the brothers explained to me, that their parents had gone, the day before my arrival, to an annual meeting of Methodists, held at Caernarvon, and were that day expected to return : "and if they should not be so civil as they ought to be," he begged, on the part of all the young people, that I would not take it amiss. The parents returned, with churlish faces, and "*Dym Sas-senach*" (no English), in answer to all my addresses. I saw how matters stood ; and so, taking an affectionate leave of my kind and interesting young hosts, I went my way. For, though they spoke warmly to their parents in my behalf, and often excused the manner of the old people, by saying, that it was "only their way," yet I easily understood that my talent for writing love-letters would do as little to recommend me, with two grave sexagenarian Welsh Methodists, as my Greek Sapphics or Alcaics : and what had been hospitality, when offered to me with the gracious courtesy of my young friends, would become charity, when connected with the harsh de-

meanour of these old people. Certainly, Mr. Shelley is right in his notions about old age : unless powerfully counteracted by all sorts of opposite agencies, it is a miserable corrupter and blighter to the genial charities of the human heart.

Soon after this, I contrived, by means which I must omit for want of room, to transfer myself to London. And now began the latter and fiercer stage of my long sufferings ; without using a disproportionate expression, I might say, of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity ; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings by a detail of all that I endured : for extremities such as these, under any circumstances of heaviest misconduct or guilt, cannot be contemplated, even in description, without a rueful pity that is painful to the natural goodness of the human heart. Let it suffice, at least on this occasion, to say, that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast-table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings (that is, generally in Wales, and always for the first two months in London), I was houseless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly that I did not sink under my torments. Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was, no doubt, fortunate for me, that the same person to whose breakfast-table I had access, allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house, of which he was tenant. Unoccupied, I call it, for there was no household or establishment in it ; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table, and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate a poor, friendless child, apparently ten years old ; but she seemed hunger-bitten ; and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child

I learned, that she had slept and lived there alone for some time before I came : and great joy the poor creature expressed, when she found that I was, in future, to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large ; and, from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall ; and, amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever ! but, alas ! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law-papers for a pillow : but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak : afterwards, however, we discovered, in a garret, an old sofa-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that, in general, she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not : for, during the last two months of my sufferings, I slept much in the day-time, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching : for, besides the tumultuousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium), my sleep was never more than what is called *dog-sleep* ; so that I could hear myself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to me, wakened suddenly by my own voice ; and, about this time, a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me, at different periods of my life, viz., a sort of twitching (I know not where, but apparently about the region of the stomach), which compelled me violently to throw out my feet for the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion ; and from increasing weakness (as I said before) I was constantly falling asleep, and constantly awaking. Meantime, the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early, some-

times not till ten o'clock, sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs : improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different quarter of London ; and I observed that he never failed to examine, through a private window, the appearance of those who knocked at the door, before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone : indeed, his tea equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person—any more than the quantity of esculent *matériel*, which, for the most part, was little more than a roll, or a few biscuits, which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept. Or, if he *had* asked a party—as I once learnedly and facetiously observed to him—the several members of it must have stood in the relation to each other (not *sat* in any relation whatever) of succession, as the metaphysicians have it, and not of co-existence ; in the relation of the parts of time, and not of the parts of space. During his breakfast, I generally contrived a reason for lounging in ; and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left—sometimes, indeed, there were none at all. In doing this, I committed no robbery except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged (I believe) now and then to send out at noon for an extra biscuit ; for, as to the poor child, *she* was never admitted into his study (if I may give that name to his chief depository of parchments, law writings, &c.) ; that room was to her the Blue-beard room of the house, being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child were an illegitimate daughter of Mr. —, or only a servant, I could not ascertain ; she did not herself know ; but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. — make his appearance, than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, &c. ; and, except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchens, &c. to the upper air, until my welcome knock at night called up her little trembling footsteps to the front-door. Of her life during the day-time, however, I knew little but what I gathered from her own account at night ; for, as soon as the

hours of business commenced, I saw that my absence would be acceptable ; and, in general, therefore, I went off, and sat in the parks, or elsewhere, until night-fall.

But who, and what, meantime, was the master of the house himself ? Reader, he was one of those anomalous practitioners in lower departments of the law, who,—what shall I say ?—who, on prudential reasons, or from necessity, deny themselves all indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience : (a periphrasis which might be abridged considerably, but *that* I leave to the reader's taste :) in many walks of life, a conscience is a more expensive encumbrance than a wife or a carriage ; and just as people talk of “laying down” their carriages, so I suppose my friend, Mr. —, had “laid down” his conscience for a time ; meaning, doubtless, to resume it as soon as he could afford it. The inner economy of such a man's daily life would present a most strange picture, if I could allow myself to amuse the reader at his expense. Even with my limited opportunities for observing what went on, I saw many scenes of London intrigues, and complex chicanery, “cycle and opicycle, orb in orb,” at which I sometimes smile to this day—and at which I smiled then, in spite of my misery. My situation, however, at that time, gave me little experience, in my own person, of any qualities in Mr. —'s character but such as did him honour ; and of his whole strange composition, I must forget every thing but that towards me he was obliging, and, to the extent of his power, generous.

That power was not, indeed, very extensive ; however, in common with the rats, I sat rent free ; and, as Dr. Johnson has recorded, that he never but once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful, that on that single occasion I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Blue-beard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service ; “the world was all before us ;” and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one : it stands in a conspicuous situation, and in a well-known part of London. Many of my

readers will have passed it, I doubt not, within a few hours of reading this. For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London ; about ten o'clock, this very night, August 15, 1821, being my birthday,—I turned aside from my evening walk, down Oxford-street, purposely to take a glance at it : it is now occupied by a respectable family : and, by the lights in the front drawing-room, I observed a domestic party, assembled perhaps at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay. Marvellous contrast in my eyes to the darkness—cold—silence—and desolation of that same house eighteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar and a neglected child ! Her, by the bye, in after years, I vainly endeavoured to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child : she was neither pretty, nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God ! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel accessaries to conciliate my affections ; plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me : and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living, she is probably a mother, with children of her own ; but, as I have said, I could never trace her.

This I regret, but another person there was at that time, whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal, nor frown. For, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb—“*Sine Cerere*,” &c., it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse, my connection with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape : on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings,

man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way : a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher. For a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor liminary creature, calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education ; but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low—to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself at that time of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called street-walkers. Many of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting. But one amongst them, the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject—yet no ! let me not class thee, O noble-minded Ann —, with that order of women ; let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion, ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me, I owe it that I am at this time alive.—For many weeks I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford-street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticoes. She could not be so old as myself : she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground ; not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers : and it cannot be denied that the outside air and frame-work of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed : and I urged her often

and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate : friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention ; and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would ; but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time ; for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart : and perhaps she thought justly that the most upright judge, and the most righteous tribunals, could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done : for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak on her behalf. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realise. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this :—One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford-street, and after a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho-square : thither we went ; and we sat down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sat, I grew much worse : I had been leaning my head against her bosom ; and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind, that without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot—or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all re-ascent under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion—who had herself met with little but injuries in this world—stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford-street, and in less time than could be

imagined, returned to me with a glass of port wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration : and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her own humble purse at a time—be it remembered—when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessities of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.—

Oh ! youthful benefactress ! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love—how often have I wished that, as in ancient times, the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment,—even so, the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative ; might have power given to it from above to chase—to haunt—to way-lay—to overtake—to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave—there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation !

I do not often weep : for not only do my thoughts on subjects connected with the chief interests of man daily, nay hourly, descend a thousand fathoms “too deep for tears ;” not only does the sternness of my habits of thought present an antagonism to the feelings which prompt tears—wanting of necessity to those who, being protected usually by their levity from any tendency to meditative sorrow, would by that same levity be made incapable of resisting it on any casual access of such feelings :—but also, I believe that all minds which have contemplated such objects as deeply as I have done, must, for their own protection from utter despondency, have early encouraged and cherished some tranquillising belief as to the future balances and the hieroglyphic meanings of human sufferings. On these accounts, I am cheerful to this hour ; and, as I have said, I do not often weep. Yet some feelings, though not deeper or more passionate, are more tender than others ; and often, when I walk at this time in Oxford-street by dreamy lamp-light, and hear those airs played on a barrel-organ

which years ago solaced me and my dear companion (as I must always call her), I shed tears, and muse with myself at the mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us for ever. How it happened, the reader will understand from what remains of this introductory narration.

Soon after the period of the last incident I have recorded, I met, in Albemarle-street, a gentleman of his late majesty's household. This gentleman had received hospitalities, on different occasions, from my family : and he challenged me upon the strength of my family likeness. I did not attempt any disguise : I answered his questions ingenuously,—and, on his pledging his word of honour that he would not betray me to my guardians, I gave him an address to my friend the attorney's. The next day I received from him a 10*l.* Bank-note. The letter inclosing it was delivered with other letters of business to the attorney ; but, though his look and manner informed me that he suspected its contents, he gave it up to me honourably and without demur.

This present, from the particular service to which it was applied, leads me naturally to speak of the purpose which had allured me up to London, and which I had been (to use a forensic word) *soliciting* from the first day of my arrival in London, to that of my final departure.

In so mighty a world as London, it will surprise my readers that I should not have found some means of staving off the last extremities of penury : and it will strike them that two resources at least must have been open to me,—viz. either to seek assistance from the friends of my family, or to turn my youthful talents and attainments into some channel of pecuniary emolument. As to the first course, I may observe, generally, that what I dreaded beyond all other evils was the chance of being reclaimed by my guardians ; not doubting that whatever power the law gave them would have been enforced against me to the utmost ; that is, to the extremity of forcibly restoring me to the school which I had quitted : a restoration which, as it would in my eyes have been a dishonour, even if submitted to voluntarily, could not fail, when extorted from me in contempt and defiance of my known

wishes and efforts, to have been a humiliation worse to me than death, and which would, indeed, have terminated in death. I was, therefore, shy enough of applying for assistance even in those quarters where I was sure of receiving it—at the risk of furnishing my guardians with any clue for recovering me. But, as to London in particular, though, doubtless, my father had in his lifetime had many friends there, yet (as ten years had passed since his death) I remembered few of them even by name : and never having seen London before, except once for a few hours, I knew not the address of even those few. To this mode of gaining help, therefore, in part the difficulty, but much more the paramount fear which I have mentioned, habitually indisposed me. In regard to the other mode, I now feel half inclined to join my reader in wondering that I should have overlooked it. As a correcter of Greek proofs (if in no other way), I might doubtless have gained enough for my slender wants. Such an office as this I could have discharged with an exemplary and punctual accuracy that would soon have gained me the confidence of my employers. But it must not be forgotten that, even for such an office as this, it was necessary that I should first of all have an introduction to some respectable publisher : and this I had no means of obtaining. To say the truth, however, it had never once occurred to me to think of literary labours as a source of profit. No mode sufficiently speedy of obtaining money had ever occurred to me, but that of borrowing it on the strength of my future claims and expectations. This mode I sought by every avenue to compass, and amongst other persons I applied to a Jew named D——.*

* To this same Jew, by the way, some eighteen months afterwards, I applied again on the same business ; and, dating at that time from a respectable college, I was fortunate enough to gain his serious attention to my proposals. My necessities had not arisen from any extravagance, or youthful levities (these my habits and the nature of my pleasures raised me far above), but simply from the vindictive malice of my guardian, who, when he found himself no longer able to prevent me from going to the university, had, as a parting token of his good nature, refused to sign an order for granting me a shilling beyond the allowance made to me at school—viz. 100*l.* per annum. Upon this sum it was, in my time, barely possible to have lived in

To this Jew, and to other advertising money-lenders (some of whom were, I believe, also Jews), I had introduced myself with an account of my expectations ; which account, on examining my father's will, at Doctors' Commons, they had ascertained to be correct. The person there mentioned as the second son of —, was found to have all the claims (or more than all) that I had stated : but one question still remained, which the faces of the Jews pretty significantly suggested,—was *I* that person ? This doubt had never occurred to me as a possible one : I had rather feared, whenever my Jewish friends scrutinized me keenly, that I might be too well known to be that person—and that some scheme might be passing in their minds for entrapping me, and selling me to my guardians. It was strange to me to find my own self, *materialiter* considered (so I expressed it, for I doted on logical accuracy of distinctions), accused or at least suspected, of counterfeiting my own self, *formaliter* considered. However, to satisfy their scruples, I took the only course in my power. Whilst I was in Wales, I had received various letters from young friends : these I produced : for I carried them constantly in my pocket—being, indeed, by this time, almost the only relics of my personal encumbrances (excepting the clothes I wore) which I had not in one way or other disposed of. Most of these letters were from the Earl of —, who was at that time my chief (or rather only) confidential friend. These letters

college ; and not possible to a man who, though above the paltry affectation of ostentatious disregard for money, and without any expensive tastes, confided, nevertheless, rather too much in servants, and did not delight in the petty details of minute economy. I soon, therefore, became embarrassed : and at length, after a most voluminous negotiation with the Jew (some parts of which, if I had leisure to rehearse them, would greatly amuse my readers) I was put in possession of the sum I asked for—on the "regular" terms of paying the Jew seventeen and a half per cent., by way of annuity, on all the money furnished ; Israel, on his part, graciously resuming no more than about ninety guineas of the said money, on account of an attorney's bill (for what services, to whom rendered, and when, whether at the siege of Jerusalem—at the building of the Second Temple—or on some earlier occasion, I have not yet been able to discover). How many perches this bill measured, I really forget ; but I still keep it in a cabinet of natural curiosities ; and, sometime or other, I believe I shall present it to the British Museum.

were dated from Eton. I had also some from the Marquess of —, his father, who, though absorbed in agricultural pursuits, yet having been an Etonian himself, and as good a scholar as a nobleman needs to be—still retained an affection for classical studies, and for youthful scholars. He had, accordingly, from the time that I was fifteen, corresponded with me; sometimes upon the great improvements which he had made, or was meditating, in the counties of M— and S— since I had been there; sometimes upon the merits of a Latin poet; at other times suggesting subjects to me, on which he wished me to write verses.

On reading the letters, one of my Jewish friends agreed to furnish two or three hundred pounds on my personal security—provided I could persuade the young Earl, who was, by the way, not older than myself, to guarantee the payment on our coming of age: the Jew's final object being, as I now suppose, not the trifling profit he could expect to make by me, but the prospect of establishing a connection with my noble friend, whose immense expectations were well known to him. In pursuance of this proposal on the part of the Jew, about eight or nine days after I had received the 10*l*. I prepared to go down to Eton. Nearly 3*l*. of the money I had given to my money-lending friend, on his alleging that the stamps must be bought, in order that the writings might be preparing whilst I was away from London. I thought in my heart that he was lying; but I did not wish to give him any excuse for charging his own delays upon me. A smaller sum I had given to my friend the attorney (who was connected with the money-lenders as their lawyer), to which, indeed, he was entitled for his unfurnished lodgings. About fifteen shillings I had employed in re-establishing (though in a very humble way) my dress. Of the remainder I gave one quarter to Ann, meaning on my return to have divided with her whatever might remain. These arrangements made,—soon after six o'clock, on a dark winter evening, I set off, accompanied by Ann, towards Piccadilly; for it was my intention to go down as far as Salt-hill on the Bath or Bristol mail. Our course lay through a part of the town which has now all disappeared, so that I can no longer trace its ancient boundaries: Swal-

low-street, I think it was called. Having time enough before us, however, we bore away to the left until we came into Golden-square: there, near the corner of Sherrard-street, we sat down; not wishing to part in the tumult and blaze of Piccadilly. I had told her of my plans some time before; and I now assured her again that she should share in my good fortune, if I met with any; and that I would never forsake her, as soon as I had power to protect her. This I fully intended, as much from inclination as from a sense of duty: for, setting aside gratitude, which in any case must have made me her debtor for life, I loved her as affectionately as if she had been my sister: and at this moment, with sevenfold tenderness, from pity at witnessing her extreme dejection. I had, apparently, most reason for dejection, because I was leaving the saviour of my life: yet I, considering the shock my health had received, was cheerful and full of hope. She, on the contrary, who was parting with one who had little means of serving her, except by kindness and brotherly treatment, was overcome by sorrow; so that, when I kissed her at our final farewell, she put her arms about my neck, and wept without speaking a word. I hoped to return in a week at furthest, and I agreed with her that on the fifth night from that, and every night afterwards, she should wait for me at six o'clock, near the bottom of Great Titchfield-street, which had been our customary haven, as it were, of rendezvous, to prevent our missing each other in the great Mediterranean of Oxford-street. This, and other measures of precaution, I took: one only I forgot. She had either never told me, or (as a matter of no great interest) I had forgotten, her surname. It is a general practice, indeed, with girls of humble rank in her unhappy condition, not (as novel-reading women of higher pretensions) to style themselves—*Miss Douglas, Miss Montague, &c.* but simply by their Christian names, *Mary, Jane, Frances, &c.* Her surname, as the surest means of tracing her hereafter, I ought now to have inquired: but the truth is, having no reason to think that our meeting could, in consequence of a short interruption, be more difficult or uncertain than it had been for so many weeks, I had scarcely for a moment

adverted to it as necessary, or placed it amongst my memoranda against this parting interview : and my final anxiety being spent in comforting her with hopes, and in pressing upon her the necessity of getting some medicines for a violent cough and hoarseness with which she was troubled, I wholly forgot it until it was too late to recall her.

It was past eight o'clock when I reached the Gloucester coffee-house : and the Bristol mail being on the point of going off I mounted on the outside. The fine fluent motion* of this mail soon laid me asleep : it is somewhat remarkable, that the first easy or refreshing sleep which I had enjoyed for some months, was on the outside of a mail-coach—a bed which, at this day, I find rather an uneasy one. Connected with this sleep was a little incident, which served, as hundreds of others did at that time, to convince me how easily a man who has never been in any great distress, may pass through life without knowing, in his own person at least, anything of the possible goodness of the human heart—or, as I must add with a sigh, of its possible vileness. So thick a curtain of *manners* is drawn over the features and expression of men's *natures*, that to the ordinary observer, the two extremities, and the infinite field of varieties which lie between them, are all confounded—the vast and multitudinous compass of their several harmonies reduced to the meagre outline of differences expressed in the gamut or alphabet of elementary sounds. The case was this : for the first four or five miles from London, I annoyed my fellow-passenger on the roof by occasionally falling against him when the coach gave a lurch to his side ; and indeed, if the road had been less smooth and level than it is, I should have fallen off from weakness. Of this annoyance he complained heavily, as perhaps in the same circumstances most people would ; he expressed his complaint, however, more morosely than the occasion seemed to warrant ; and, if I had parted with him at that moment, I should have thought of him (if I had considered it worth while to think of him at all) as a surly and almost brutal fellow.

* The Bristol Mail was the best appointed in the kingdom—owing to the double advantage of an unusually good road, and of an extra sum for expenses subscribed by the Bristol merchants.

However, I was conscious that I had given him some cause for complaint : and, therefore, I apologised to him, and assured him I would do what I could to avoid falling asleep for the future ; and, at the same time, in as few words as possible, I explained to him that I was ill and in a weak state from long suffering ; and that I could not afford at that time to take an inside place. The man's manner changed, upon hearing this explanation, in an instant : and when I next woke for a minute from the noise and lights of Hounslow, (for in spite of my wishes and efforts I had fallen asleep again within two minutes from the time I had spoken to him), I found that he had put his arm round me to protect me from falling off : and for the rest of my journey he behaved to me with the gentleness of a woman, so that, at length, I almost lay in his arms : and this was the more kind, as he could not have known that I was not going the whole way to Bath or Bristol. Unfortunately, indeed, I *did* go rather farther than I intended : for so genial and refreshing was my sleep, that the next time after leaving Hounslow that I fully awoke, was upon the sudden pulling up of the mail (possibly at a post-office) ; and, on inquiry, I found that we had reached Maidenhead—six or seven miles, I think, a-head of Salt-hill. Here I alighted : and for the half minute that the mail stopped, I was entreated by my friendly companion (who, from the transient glimpse I had had of him in Piccadilly, seemed to me to be a gentleman's butler—or person of that rank) to go to bed without delay. This I promised, though with no intention of doing so : and, in fact, I immediately set forward, or rather backward, on foot. It must then have been nearly midnight : but so slowly did I creep along, that I heard a clock in a cottage strike four before I turned down the lane from Slough to Eton. The air and the sleep had both refreshed me ; but I was weary nevertheless. I remember a thought (obvious enough, and which has been prettily expressed by a Roman poet) which gave me some consolation at that moment under my poverty. There had been some time before a murder committed on or near Hounslow-heath. I think I cannot be mistaken when I say that the name of the murdered person was *Steele*, and that he was the owner of a lavender plantation in that neighbourhood.

Every step of my progress was bringing me nearer to the heath : and it naturally occurred to me that I and the accursed murderer, if he were that night abroad, might at every instant be unconsciously approaching each other through the darkness : in which case, said I—supposing that I, instead of being (as indeed I am) little better than an outcast—

Lord of my learning and no land beside,

were, like my friend, Lord —, heir by general repute to 70,000*l.* per annum, what a panic should I be under at this moment about my throat!—indeed, it was not likely that Lord — should ever be in my situation. But nevertheless, the spirit of the remark remains true—that vast power and possessions make a man shamefully afraid of dying : and I am convinced that many of the most intrepid adventurers, who, by fortunately being poor, enjoy the full use of their natural courage, would, if at the very instant of going into action, news were brought to them that they had unexpectedly succeeded to an estate in England of 50,000*l.* a year, feel their dislike to bullets considerably sharpened*—and their efforts at perfect equanimity and self-possession proportionably difficult. So true it is, in the language of a wise man whose own experience had made him acquainted with both fortunes, that riches are better fitted—

To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than tempt her to do aught may merit praise.

Paradise Regained.

I dally with my subject because, to myself, the remembrance of these times is profoundly interesting. But my reader shall not have any further cause to complain : for I now hasten to its close.—In the road between Slough and Eton, I fell asleep : and, just as the morning began to dawn, I was awakened by the voice of a man standing over me and surveying me. I know not what he was : he was an ill-looking fellow—but not therefore of necessity an ill-meaning fellow : or, if he were, I suppose he thought that no person

* It will be objected, that many men, of the highest rank and wealth, have in our own day, as well as throughout our history, been amongst the foremost in courting danger in battle. True : but this is not the case supposed : long familiarity with power has to them deadened its effect and its attractions.

sleeping out-of-doors in winter could be worth robbing. In which conclusion, however, as it regarded myself, I beg to assure him, if he should be among my readers, that he was mistaken. After a slight remark he passed on : and I was not sorry at his disturbance, as it enabled me to pass through Eton before people were generally up. The night had been heavy and lowering : but towards the morning it had changed to a slight frost : and the ground and the trees were now covered with rime. I slipped through Eton unobserved ; washed myself, and, as far as possible, adjusted my dress at a little public-house in Windsor ; and about eight o'clock went down towards Pote's. On my road I met some junior boys, of whom I made inquiries : an Etonian is always a gentleman ; and, in spite of my shabby habiliments, they answered me civilly. My friend, Lord —, was gone to the University of —. "Ibi omnis effusus labor !" I had, however, other friends at Eton : but it is not to all who wear that name in prosperity that a man is willing to present himself in distress. On recollecting myself, however, I asked for the Earl of D—, to whom (though my acquaintance with him was not so intimate as with some others) I should not have shrunk from presenting myself under any circumstances. He was still at Eton, though I believe on the wing for Cambridge. I called, was received kindly, and asked to breakfast.

Here let me stop for a moment to check my reader from any erroneous conclusions : because I have had occasion incidentally to speak of various patrician friends, it must not be supposed that I have myself any pretensions to rank or high blood. I thank God that I have not :—I am the son of a plain English merchant, esteemed during his life for his great integrity, and strongly attached to literary pursuits (indeed, he was himself, anonymously, an author) ; if he had lived, it was expected that he would have been very rich ; but, dying prematurely, he left no more than about 30,000*l.* amongst seven different claimants. My mother, I may mention with honour, as still more highly gifted. For though unpretending to the name and honours of a literary woman, I shall presume to call her (what many literary women are not) an intellectual woman : and I believe that if ever her letters should

be collected and published, they would be thought generally to exhibit as much strong and masculine sense, delivered in as pure "mother English," racy and fresh with idiomatic graces, as any in our language—hardly excepting those of Lady M. W. Montague.—These are my honours of descent: I have no others: and I have thanked God sincerely that I have not, because, in my judgment, a station which raises a man too eminently above the level of his fellow-creatures, is not the most favourable to moral or to intellectual qualities.

Lord D—— placed before me a most magnificent breakfast. It was really so; but in my eyes it seemed trebly magnificent—from being the first regular meal, the first "good man's table," that I had sat down to for months. Strange to say, however, I could scarcely eat anything. On the day when I first received my 10*l.* bank-note, I had gone to a baker's shop and bought a couple of rolls: this very shop I had two months or six weeks before surveyed with an eagerness of desire which it was almost humiliating to me to recollect. I remembered the story about Otway; and feared that there might be danger in eating too rapidly. But I had no need for alarm, my appetite was quite sunk, and I became sick before I had eaten half of what I had bought. This effect from eating what approached to a meal, I continued to feel for weeks: or, when I did not experience any nausea, part of what I ate was rejected, sometimes with acidity, sometimes immediately, and without any acidity. On the present occasion, at Lord D——'s table, I found myself not at all better than usual: and, in the midst of luxuries, I had no appetite. I had, however, unfortunately, at all times a craving for wine: I explained my situation, therefore, to Lord D——, and gave him a short account of my late sufferings, at which he expressed great compassion, and called for wine. This gave me a momentary relief and pleasure; and on all occasions when I had an opportunity, I never failed to drink wine—which I worshipped then as I have since worshipped opium. I am convinced, however, that this indulgence in wine contributed to strengthen my malady; for the tone of my stomach was apparently quite sunk; but by a better regimen it might sooner, and perhaps effectually, have been revived. I

hope that it was not from this love of wine that I lingered in the neighbourhood of my Eton friends: I persuaded myself *then* that it was from reluctance to ask of Lord D——, on whom I was conscious I had not sufficient claims, the particular service in quest of which I had come down to Eton. I was, however, unwilling to lose my journey, and—I asked it. Lord D——, whose good nature was unbounded, and which, in regard to myself, had been measured rather by his compassion perhaps for my condition, and his knowledge of my intimacy with some of his relatives, than by an over-rigorous inquiry into the extent of my own direct claims, faltered, nevertheless, at this request. He acknowledged that he did not like to have any dealings with money-lenders, and feared lest such a transaction might come to the ears of his connections. Moreover, he doubted whether *his* signature, whose expectations were so much more bounded than those of —, would avail with my unchristian friends. However, he did not wish, as it seemed, to mortify me by an absolute refusal: for after a little consideration, he promised, under certain conditions which he pointed out, to give his security. Lord D—— was at this time not eighteen years of age: but I have often doubted, on recollecting since the good sense and prudence which on this occasion he mingled with so much urbanity of manner (an urbanity which in him wore the grace of youthful sincerity), whether any statesman—the oldest and the most accomplished in diplomacy—could have acquitted himself better under the same circumstances. Most people, indeed, cannot be addressed on such a business, without surveying you with looks as austere and unpropitious as those of a Saracen's head.

Recomforted by this promise, which was not quite equal to the best, but far above the worst that I had pictured to myself as possible, I returned in a Windsor coach to London three days after I had quitted it. And now I come to the end of my story:—the Jews did not approve of Lord D——'s terms; whether they would in the end have acceded to them, and were only seeking time for making due inquiries, I know not; but many delays were made—time passed on—the small fragment of my bank-note had just melted away; and before any conclusion could have been put to the

business, I must have relapsed into my former state of wretchedness. Suddenly, however, at this crisis, an opening was made, almost by accident, for reconciliation with my friends. I quitted London in haste, for a remote part of England : after some time, I proceeded to the university ; and it was not until many months had passed away, that I had it in my power again to revisit the ground which had become so interesting to me, and to this day remains so, as the chief scene of my youthful sufferings.

Meantime, what had become of poor Anne ? For her I have reserved my concluding words : according to our agreement, I sought her daily, and waited for her every night, so long as I stayed in London, at the corner of Titchfield-street. I inquired for her of every one who was likely to know her ; and, during the last hours of my stay in London, I put into activity every means of tracing her that my knowledge of London suggested, and the limited extent of my power made possible. The street where she had lodged I knew, but not the house ; and I remembered at last some account which she had given me of ill-treatment from her landlord, which made it probable that she had quitted those lodgings before we parted. She had few acquaintance ; most people, besides, thought that the earnestness of my inquiries arose from motives which moved their laughter, or their slight regard ; and others, thinking I was in chase of a girl who had robbed me of some trifles, were naturally and excusably indisposed to give me any clue to her, if, indeed, they had any to give. Finally, as my despairing resource, on the day I left London I

put into the hands of the only person who (I was sure) must know Anne by sight, from having been in company with us once or twice, an address to — in — shire, at that time the residence of my family. But, to this hour, I have never heard a syllable about her. This, amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction.— If she lived, doubtless we must have been sometimes in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London ; perhaps even within a few feet of each other—a barrier no wider in a London street often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity ! During some years, I hoped that she *did* live ; and I suppose that, in the literal and unrhetoical use of the word *myriad*, I may say that on my different visits to London, I have looked into many, many myriads of female faces in the hope of meeting her. I should know her again amongst a thousand, if I saw her for a moment ; for, though not handsome, she had a sweet expression of countenance, and a peculiar and graceful carriage of the head.—I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years ; but now I should fear to see her : and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. I now wish to see her no longer ; but think of her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave ; in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen ; taken away, before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun.

PART II.

So then, Oxford-street, stony-hearted step-mother ! thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee : the time was come at last that I no more should pace in anguish thy never-ending terraces ; no more should dream, and wake in captivity to the pangs of hunger. Successors, too many, to myself and Anne, have, doubtless, since trodden in our footsteps,—inheritors of our calamities : other orphans than Anne have sighed : tears have been shed by other children : and thou, Oxford-street, hast since, doubtless, echoed to the groans of innumerable hearts. For myself, however, the storm which I had outlived seemed to have been the pledge of a long fair weather ; the premature sufferings which I had paid down, to have been accepted as a ransom for many years to come, as a price of long immunity from sorrow ; and if again I walked in London, a solitary and contemplative man (as oftentimes I did), I walked for the most part in serenity and peace of mind. And, although it is true that the calamities of my noviciate in London had struck root so deeply in my bodily constitution that afterwards they shot up and flourished afresh, and grew into a noxious umbrage that has overshadowed and darkened my latter years, yet these second assaults of suffering were met with a fortitude more confirmed, with the resources of a maturer intellect, and with alleviations from sympathising affection—how deep and tender !

Thus, however, with whatsoever alleviations, years that were far asunder were bound together by subtle links of suffering derived from a common root. And herein I notice an instance of the short-sightedness of human desires, that oftentimes on moonlight nights, during my first mournful abode in London, my consolation was (if such it could be thought) to gaze from Oxford-street up every avenue in succession which pierces through the heart of

Marylebone to the fields and the woods ; and *that*, said I, travelling with my eyes up the long vistas which lay part in light and part in shade, "*that* is the road to the north, and therefore to —, and if I had the wings of a dove, *that* way I would fly for comfort." Thus I said, and thus I wished, in my blindness ; yet, even in that very northern region it was, even in that very valley, nay, in that very house to which my erroneous wishes pointed, that this second birth of my sufferings began ; and that they again threatened to besiege the citadel of life and hope. There it was, that for years I was persecuted by visions as ugly, and as ghastly phantoms as ever haunted the couch of an Orestes : and in this unhappier than he, that sleep, which comes to all as a respite and a restoration, and to him especially, as a blessed * balm for his wounded heart and his haunted brain, visited me as my bitterest scourge. Thus blind was I in my desires ; yet, if a veil interposes between the dim-sightedness of man and his future calamities, the same veil hides from him their alleviations ; and a grief which had not been feared is met by consolations which had not been hoped. I, therefore, who participated, as it were, in the troubles of Orestes (excepting only in his agitated conscience), participated no less in all his supports : my Eumenides, like his, were at my bed-feet, and stared in upon me through the curtains : but, watching by my pillow, or defrauding herself of sleep to bear me company through the heavy watches of the night, sat my Electra : for thou, beloved M., dear companion of my later years, thou wast my Electra ! and neither in nobility of mind nor in long-suffering affection, wouldst permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife. For thou thoughtest not much to stoop to humble offices of kindness, and to servile † ministrations of tenderest affection ;—to wipe

* φίλον ὕπνου θλιγνότερον ἰατρικόν τοῦ σώου.

† ἦδου δούλωμα.—Eurip. Orest.

away for years the unwholesome dews upon the forehead, or to refresh the lips when parched and baked with fever ; nor, even when thy own peaceful slumbers had by long sympathy become infected with the spectacle of my dread contest with phantoms and shadowy enemies that oftentimes bade me "sleep no more!"—not even then, didst thou utter a complaint or any murmur, nor withdraw thy angelic smiles, nor shrink from thy service of love more than Electra did of old. For she, too, though she were a Grecian woman, and the daughter of the king * of men, yet wept sometimes, and hid her face † in her robe.

But these troubles are past : and thou wilt read these records of a period so dolorous to us both as the legend of some hideous dream that can return no more. Meantime, I am again in London : and again I pace the terraces of Oxford-street by night : and oftentimes, when I am oppressed by anxieties that demand all my philosophy and the comfort of thy presence to support, and yet remember that I am separated from thee by three hundred miles, and the length of three dreary months,—I look up the streets that run northwards from Oxford-street, upon moonlight nights, and recollect my youthful ejaculation of anguish ;—and remembering that thou art sitting alone in that same valley, and mistress of that very house to which my heart turned in its blindness, nineteen years ago, I think that, though blind indeed, and scattered to the winds of late, the promptings of my heart may yet have had reference to a remoter time, and may be justified if read in another meaning :—and, if I could allow myself to descend again to the impotent wishes of childhood, I should again say to myself, as I look to the north, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove—" and with how just a confidence in thy good and gracious

nature might I add the other half of my early ejaculation—"And *that* way I would fly for comfort."

THE PLEASURES OF OPIUM.

IT is so long since I first took opium, that if it had been a trifling incident in my life, I might have forgotten its date : but cardinal events are not to be forgotten ; and from circumstances connected with it, I remember that it must be referred to the autumn of 1804. During that season I was in London, having come thither for the first time since my entrance at college. And my introduction to opium arose in the following way. From an early age I had been accustomed to wash my head in cold water at least once a day : being suddenly seized with toothache, I attributed it to some relaxation caused by an accidental intermission of that practice ; jumped out of bed ; plunged my head into a basin of cold water ; and with hair thus wetted went to sleep. The next morning, as I need hardly say, I awoke with excruciating rheumatic pains of the head and face, from which I had hardly any respite for about twenty days. On the twenty-first day, I think it was, and on a Sunday, that I went out into the streets ; rather to run away, if possible, from my torments, than with any distinct purpose. By accident I met a college acquaintance who recommended opium. Opium ! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain ! I had heard of it as I had of manna or of ambrosia, but no further : how unmeaning a sound was it at that time ! what solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart ! what heart-quaking vibrations of sad and happy remembrances ! Reverting for a moment to these, I feel a mystic importance attached to the minutest circumstances connected with the place and the time, and the man (if man he was) that first laid open to me the Paradise of Opium-eaters. It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless : and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London. My road homewards lay through Oxford-street ; and near "the stately Pantheon" (as Mr. Wordsworth has obligingly called it), I saw a druggist's shop. The druggist, unconscious minister of celestial pleasures !

* *ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀχαιμῆνων.*

† *ἐν ἑμῇ θύρῃ ἵκω πτερόν.* The scholar will know that throughout this passage I refer to the early scenes of the Orestes ; one of the most beautiful exhibitions of the domestic affections which even the dramas of Euripides can furnish. To the English reader it may be necessary to say, that the situation at the opening of the drama is that of a brother attended only by his sister during the demoniacal possession of a suffering conscience (or, in the mythology of the play, haunted by the furies), and in circumstances of immediate danger from enemies, and of desertion or cold regard from nominal friends.

—as if in sympathy with the rainy Sunday, looked dull and stupid, just as any mortal druggist might be expected to look on a Sunday: and, when I asked for the tincture of opium, he gave it to me as any other man might do: and furthermore, out of my shilling, returned me what seemed to be real copper halfpence, taken out of a real wooden drawer. Nevertheless, in spite of such indications of humanity, he has ever since existed in my mind as the beatific vision of an immortal druggist, sent down to earth on a special mission to myself. And it confirms me in this way of considering him, that, when I next came up to London, I sought him near the stately Pantheon, and found him not: and thus to me, who knew not his name (if indeed he had one), he seemed rather to have vanished from Oxford-street than to have removed in any bodily fashion. The reader may choose to think of him as, possibly, no more than a sub-lunary druggist: it may be so: but my faith is better: I believe him to have evanesc^d,* or evaporated. So unwillingly would I connect any mortal remembrances with that hour, and place, and creature, that first brought me acquainted with the celestial drug.

Arrived at my lodgings, it may be supposed that I lost not a moment in taking the quantity prescribed. I was necessarily ignorant of the whole art and mystery of opium-taking: and, what I took, I took under every disadvantage. But I took it:—and in an hour, oh! heavens! what a revulsion! what an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished, was now a trifle in my eyes:—this negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me—in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea

* *Evanesc^d*:—this way of going off the stage of life appears to have been well known in the 17th century, but at that time to have been considered a peculiar privilege of blood-royal, and by no means to be allowed to druggists. For about the year 1686, a poet of rather ominous name (and who, by the by, did ample justice to his name), viz. Mr. *Flat-man*, in speaking of the death of Charles II. expresses his surprise that any prince should commit so absurd an act as dying; because, says he,

Kings should disdain to die, and only *disappear*.
They should *abscond*, that is, into the other world.

—a *φαρμακον ῥήκευθες* for all human woes: here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered: happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket: portable ecstasies might be had corked up in a pint bottle: and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail coach. But, if I talk in this way, the reader will think I am laughing: and I can assure him, that nobody will laugh long who deals much with opium: its pleasures even are of a grave and solemn complexion; and in his happiest state, the opium-eater cannot present himself in the character of *l'Allegro*: even then, he speaks and thinks as becomes *Il Penseroso*. Nevertheless, I have a very reprehensible way of jesting at times in the midst of my own misery: and, unless when I am checked by some more powerful feelings, I am afraid I shall be guilty of this indecent practice even in these annals of suffering or enjoyment. The reader must allow a little to my infirm nature in this respect: and with a few indulgences of that sort, I shall endeavour to be as grave, if not drowsy, as fits a theme like opium, so anti-mercurial as it really is, and so drowsy as it is falsely reputed.

And, first, one word with respect to its bodily effects: for upon all that has been hitherto written on the subject of opium, whether by travellers in Turkey (who may plead their privilege of lying as an old immemorial right), or by professors of medicine, writing *ex cathedra*,—I have but one emphatic criticism to pronounce—Lies! lies! lies! I remember once, in passing a book-stall, to have caught these words from a page of some satiric author:—"By this time I became convinced that the London newspapers spoke truth at least twice a week, viz. on Tuesday and Saturday, and might safely be depended upon for — the list of bankrupts." In like manner, I do by no means deny that some truths have been delivered to the world in regard to opium: thus it has been repeatedly affirmed by the learned, that opium is a dusky brown in colour; and this, take notice, I grant: secondly, that it is rather dear; which also I grant: for in my time, East India opium has been three guineas a pound, and Turkey eight: and, thirdly, that if

you eat a good deal of it, most probably you must—do what is particularly disagreeable to any man of regular habits, viz., die.* These weighty propositions are, all and singular, true: I cannot gainsay them: and truth ever was, and will be, commendable. But in these three theorems, I believe we have exhausted the stock of knowledge as yet accumulated by man on the subject of opium. And therefore, worthy doctors, as there seems to be room for further discoveries, stand aside, and allow me to come forward and lecture on this matter.

First, then, it is not so much affirmed as taken for granted, by all who ever mention opium, formally or incidentally, that it does, or can produce intoxication. Now, reader, assure yourself, *meo periculo*, that no quantity of opium ever did, or could intoxicate. As to the tincture of opium (commonly called laudanum), that might certainly intoxicate if a man could bear to take enough of it; but why? because it contains so much proof spirit, and not because it contains so much opium. But crude opium, I affirm peremptorily, is incapable of producing any state of body at all resembling that which is produced by alcohol: and not in degree only incapable, but even in kind: it is not in the quantity of its effects merely, but in the quality, that it differs altogether. The pleasure given by wine is always mounting, and tending to a crisis, after which it declines: that from opium, when once generated, is stationary for eight or ten hours: the first, to borrow a technical distinction from medicine, is a case of acute—the second, of chronic pleasure: the one is a flame, the other a steady and equable glow. But the main distinction lies in this, that whereas wine disorders the mental faculties, opium, on the contrary (if taken in a proper manner), introduces amongst them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine robs a man of his self-possession: opium greatly invigorates it. Wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a

* Of this, however, the learned appear latterly to have doubted: for in a pirated edition of Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, which I once saw in the hands of a farmer's wife who was studying it for the benefit of her health, the doctor was made to say—"Be particularly careful never to take above five-and-twenty ounces of laudanum at once;" the true reading being probably five-and-twenty drops, which are held equal to about one grain of crude opium.

preternatural brightness, and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker: opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive: and with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health. Thus, for instance, opium, like wine, gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections: but then, with this remarkable difference, that in the sudden development of kind-heartedness which accompanies inebriation, there is always more or less of a maudlin character, which exposes it to the contempt of the bystander. Men shake hands, swear eternal friendship, and shed tears—no mortal knows why: and the sensual creature is clearly uppermost. But the expansion of the benigner feelings, incident to opium, is no febrile access, but a healthy restoration to that state which the mind would naturally recover upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation of pain that had disturbed and quarrelled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good. True it is, that even wine, up to a certain point, and with certain men, rather tends to exalt and to steady the intellect: I myself, who have never been a great wine-drinker, used to find that half-a-dozen glasses of wine advantageously affected the faculties—brightened and intensified the consciousness—and gave to the mind a feeling of being "*ponderibus librata suis*:" and certainly it is most absurdly said, in popular language, of any man, that he is *disguised* in liquor: for, on the contrary, most men are disguised by sobriety; and it is when they are drinking (as some old gentleman says in *Athenæus*), that men *ἐμφανίζουσιν ὅτινες εἰσιν*—display themselves in their true complexion of character; which surely is not disguising themselves. But still, wine constantly leads a man to the brink of absurdity and extravagance; and, beyond a certain point, it is sure to volatilise and to disperse the intellectual energies: whereas opium always seems to compose what had been agitated, and to concentrate what had been distracted. In short, to sum up all in one word, a man who is inebriated, or tend-

ing to inebriation, is, and feels that he is, in a condition which calls up into supremacy the merely human, too often the brutal, part of his nature: but the opium-eater (I speak of him who is not suffering from any disease, or other remote effects of opium) feels that the diviner part of his nature is paramount; that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity; and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect.

This is the doctrine of the true church on the subject of opium: of which church I acknowledge myself to be the only member—the alpha and the omega: but then it is to be recollected, that I speak from the ground of a large and profound personal experience: whereas most of the unscientific* authors who have at all treated of opium, and even of those who have written expressly on the *materia medica*, make it evident, from the horror they express of it, that their experimental knowledge of its action is none at all. I will, however, candidly acknowledge that I have met with one person who bore evidence to its intoxicating power, such as staggered my own incredulity: for he was a surgeon, and had himself taken opium largely. I happened to say to him, that his enemies (as I had heard)

* Amongst the great herd of travellers, &c., who show sufficiently by their stupidity that they never held any intercourse with opium, I must caution my readers specially against the brilliant author of "*Anastasis*." This gentleman, whose wit would lead one to presume him an opium-eater, has made it impossible to consider him in that character from the grievous misrepresentation which he gives of its effects, at p. 215—17, of vol. I. Upon consideration, it must appear such to the author himself: for, waiving the errors I have insisted on in the text, which (and others) are adopted in the fullest manner, he will himself admit, that an old gentleman "with a snow-white beard," who eats "ample doses of opium," and is yet able to deliver what is meant and received as very weighty counsel on the bad effects of that practice, is but an indifferent evidence that opium either kills people prematurely, or sends them into a mad-house. But, for my part, I see into this old gentleman and his motives: the fact is, he was enamoured of "the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug" which *Anastasis* carried about him; and no way of obtaining it so safe and so feasible occurred, as that of frightening its owner out of his wits (which, by the by, are none of the strongest). This commentary throws a new light upon the case, and greatly improves it as a story: for the old gentleman's speech, considered as a lecture on pharmacy, is highly absurd: but considered as a hoax on *Anastasis*, it reads excellently.

charged him with talking nonsense on politics, and that his friends apologised for him, by suggesting that he was constantly in a state of intoxication from opium. Now the accusation, said I, is not *prima facie*, and of necessity, an absurd one: but the defence is. To my surprise, however, he insisted that both his enemies and his friends were in the right: "I will maintain," said he, "that I *do* talk nonsense; and secondly, I will maintain that I do not talk nonsense upon principle, or with any view to profit, but solely and simply, said he, solely and simply,—solely and simply (repeating it three times over), because I am drunk with opium; and *that* daily." I replied that, as to the allegation of his enemies, as it seemed to be established upon such respectable testimony, seeing that the three parties concerned all agreed in it, it did not become me to question it; but the defence set up I must demur to. He proceeded to discuss the matter, and to lay down his reasons; but it seemed to me so impolite to pursue an argument which must have presumed a man mistaken in a point belonging to his own profession, that I did not press him even when his course of argument seemed open to objection: not to mention that a man who talks nonsense, even though "with no view to profit," is not altogether the most agreeable partner in a dispute, whether as opponent or respondent. I confess, however, that the authority of a surgeon, and one who was reputed a good one, may seem a weighty one to my prejudice: but still I must plead my experience, which was greater than his greatest by 7000 drops a-day; and, though it was not possible to suppose a medical man unacquainted with the characteristic symptoms of vinous intoxication, it yet struck me that he might proceed on a logical error of using the word intoxication with too great latitude, and extending it generically to all modes of nervous excitement, instead of restricting it as the expression for a specific sort of excitement, connected with certain diagnostics. Some people have maintained, in my hearing, that they had been drunk upon green tea: and a medical student in London, for whose knowledge in his profession I have reason to feel great respect, assured me, the other day, that a patient, in recovering from an illness, had got drunk on a beef-steak.

Having dwelt so much on this first and leading error, in respect to opium, I shall notice very briefly a second and a third; which are, that the elevation of spirits produced by opium is necessarily followed by a proportionate depression, and that the natural and even immediate consequence of opium is torpor and stagnation, animal and mental. The first of these errors I shall content myself with simply denying; assuring my reader, that for ten years, during which I took opium at intervals, the day succeeding to that on which I allowed myself this luxury was always a day of unusually good spirits.

With respect to the torpor supposed to follow, or rather (if we were to credit the numerous pictures of Turkish opium-eaters) to accompany the practice of opium-eating, I deny that also. Certainly, opium is classed under the head of narcotics; and some such effect it may produce in the end: but the primary effects of opium are always, and in the highest degree, to excite and stimulate the system: this first stage of its action always lasted with me, during my noviciate, for upwards of eight hours; so that it must be the fault of the opium-eater himself if he does not so time his exhibition of the dose (to speak medically) as that the whole weight of its narcotic influence may descend upon his sleep. Turkish opium-eaters, it seems, are absurd enough to sit, like so many equestrian statues, on logs of wood as stupid as themselves. But that the reader may judge of the degree in which opium is likely to stupefy the faculties of an Englishman, I shall (by way of treating the question illustratively, rather than argumentatively) describe the way in which I myself often passed an opium evening in London, during the period between 1804 and 1812. It will be seen, that at least opium did not move me to seek solitude, and much less to seek inactivity, or the torpid state of self-involution ascribed to the Turks. I give this account at the risk of being pronounced a crazy enthusiast or visionary: but I regard that little: I must desire my reader to bear in mind, that I was a hard student, and at severe studies for all the rest of my time: and certainly I had a right occasionally to relaxations as well as other people: these, however, I allowed myself but seldom.

The late Duke of — used to say, "Next Friday, by the blessing of Heaven, I purpose to be drunk:" and in like manner I used to fix beforehand how often, within a given time, and when, I would commit a debauch of opium. This was seldom more than once in three weeks; for at that time I could not have ventured to call every day (as I did afterwards) for "*a glass of laudanum negus, warm, and without sugar.*" No: as I have said, I seldom drank laudanum, at that time, more than once in three weeks: this was usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night; my reason for which was this. In those days Grassini sang at the Opera: and her voice was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. I know not what may be the state of the Opera-house now, having never been within its walls for seven or eight years, but at that time it was by much the most pleasant place of public resort in London for passing an evening. Five shillings admitted one to the gallery, which was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of the theatres: the orchestra was distinguished by its sweet and melodious grandeur from all English orchestras, the composition of which, I confess, is not acceptable to my ear, from the predominance of the clangorous instruments, and the absolute tyranny of the violin. The choruses were divine to hear: and when Grassini appeared in some interlude, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache, at the tomb of Hector, &c., I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the pleasure I had. But, indeed, I honour the barbarians too much by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman. For music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by the by, with the exception of the fine extravaganzas on that subject in *Twelfth Night*, I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature: it is a passage in the *Religio Medici** of Sir T. Brown; and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value,

* I have not the book at this moment to consult: but I think the passage begins—"And even that tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, in me strikes a deep fit of devotion," &c.

inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people is to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and, therefore, that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so: it is by the reaction of the mind upon the notices of the ear (the *matter* coming by the senses, the *form* from the mind), that the pleasure is constructed: and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another. Now opium, by greatly increasing the activity of the mind generally, increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are able to construct out of the raw material of organic sound an elaborate intellectual pleasure. But, says a friend, a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters: I can attach no ideas to them! Ideas! my good sir! there is no occasion for them: all that class of ideas, which can be available in such a case, has a language of representative feelings. But this is a subject foreign to my present purposes: it is sufficient to say, that a chorus, &c. of elaborate harmony, displayed before me, as in a piece of arras work. the whole of my past life—not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music: no longer painful to dwell upon: but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction; and its passions exalted, spiritualised, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women: for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians: and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld the traveller lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women; for the less you understand of a language, the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds: for such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me that I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken.

These were my Opera pleasures: but another pleasure I had which, as it could be had only on a Saturday night, occasionally struggled with my love of the Opera; for, at that time,

Tuesday and Saturday were the regular Opera nights. On this subject I am afraid I shall be rather obscure, but, I can assure the reader not at all more so than Marinus in his life of Proclus, or many other biographers and autobiographers of fair reputation. This pleasure, I have said, was to be had only on a Saturday night. What then was Saturday night to me, more than any other night? I had no labours that I rested from; no wages to receive: what needed I to care for Saturday night, more than as it was a summons to hear Grisini? True, most logical reader: what you say is unanswerable. And yet so it was and is, that, whereas different men throw their feelings into different channels, and most are apt to show their interest in the concerns of the poor, chiefly by sympathy, expressed in some shape or other, with their distresses and sorrows, I, at that time, was disposed to express my interest by sympathising with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had lately seen too much of; more than I wished to remember: but the pleasures of the poor, their consolations of spirit, and their reposes from bodily toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate. Now Saturday night is the season for the chief, regular, and periodic return of rest to the poor: in this point the most hostile sects unite, and acknowledge a common link of brotherhood: almost all Christendom rests from its labours. It is a rest introductory to another rest: and divided by a whole day and two nights from the renewal of toil. On this account I feel always, on a Saturday night, as though I also were released from some yoke of labour, had some wages to receive, and some luxury of repose to enjoy. For the sake, therefore, of witnessing, upon as large a scale as possible, a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often, on Saturday nights, after I had taken opium, to wander forth, without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets, and other parts of London, to which the poor resort on a Saturday night, for laying out their wages. Many a family party consisting of a man, his wife, and sometimes one or two of his children, have I listened to, as they stood consulting on their ways and means, or the strength of their exchequer, or the price of household articles. Gradually I

became familiar with their wishes, their difficulties, and their opinions. Sometimes there might be heard murmurs of discontent: but far oftener expressions on the countenance, or uttered in words, of patience, hope, and tranquillity. And, taken generally, I must say, that, in this point at least, the poor are far more philosophic than the rich—that they show a more ready and cheerful submission to what they consider as irremediable evils, or irreparable losses. Whenever I saw occasion, or could do it without appearing to be intrusive, I joined their parties; and gave my opinion upon the matter in discussion, which, if not always judicious, was always received indulgently. If wages were a little higher, or expected to be so, or the quartern loaf a little lower, or it was reported that onions and butter were expected to fall, I was glad: yet, if the contrary were true, I drew from opium some means of consoling myself. For opium (like the bee, that extracts its materials indiscriminately from roses and from the soot of chimneys) can overrule all feelings into a compliance with the master key. Some of these rambles led me to great distances: for an opium-eater is too happy to observe the motion of time. And sometimes in my attempts to steer homewards, upon nautical principles, by fixing my eye on the pole-star, and seeking ambitiously for a north-west passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and headlands I had doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly upon such knotty problems of alleys, such enigmatical entries, and such sphinx's riddles of streets without thoroughfares, as must, I conceive, baffle the audacity of porters, and confound the intellects of hackney-coachmen. I could almost have believed, at times, that I must be the first discoverer of some of these *terra incognita*, and doubted whether they had yet been laid down in the modern charts of London. For all this, however, I paid a heavy price in distant years, when the human face tyrannised over my dreams, and the perplexities of my steps in London came back and haunted my sleep, with the feeling of perplexities moral or intellectual, that brought confusion to the reason, or anguish and remorse to the conscience.

Thus I have shown that opium does not, of

necessity, produce inactivity or torpor; but that, on the contrary, it often led me into markets and theatres. Yet, in candour, I will admit that markets and theatres are not the appropriate haunts of the opium-eater when in the divinest state incident to his enjoyment. In that state, crowds become an oppression to him; music even, too sensual and gross. He naturally seeks solitude and silence, as indispensable conditions of those trances, or profoundest reveries, which are the crown and consummation of what opium can do for human nature. I, whose disease it was to meditate too much, and to observe too little, and who, upon my first entrance at college, was nearly falling into a deep melancholy, from brooding too much on the sufferings which I had witnessed in London, was sufficiently aware of the tendencies of my own thoughts to do all I could to counteract them. I was, indeed, like a person who, according to the old legend, had entered the cave of Trophœnus; and the remedies I sought were to force myself into society, and to keep my understanding in continual activity upon matters of science. But for these remedies, I should certainly have become hypochondriacally melancholy. In after-years, however, when my cheerfulness was more fully re-established, I yielded to my natural inclination for a solitary life. And, at that time, I often fell into these reveries upon taking opium; and more than once it has happened to me, on a summer night, when I have been at an open window, in a room from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, and could command a view of the great town of L——, at about the same distance, that I have sat, from sun-set to sun-rise, motionless, and without wishing to move.

I shall be charged with mysticism, Behmenism, quietism, &c but *that* shall not alarm me. Sir H. Vane, the younger, was one of our wisest men; and let my readers see if he, in his philosophical works, be half as unmystical as I am. I say, then, that it has often struck me that the scene itself was somewhat typical of what took place in such a reverie. The town of L—— represented the earth, with its sorrows and its graves left behind, yet not out of sight, nor wholly forgotten. The ocean, in everlasting but gentle agitation, and brooded

over by a dove-like calm, might not unfitly typify the mind and the mood which then swayed it. For it seemed to me as if then first I stood at a distance, and aloof from the uproar of life; as if the tumult, the fever, and the strife, were suspended; a respite granted from the secret burthens of the heart; a sabbath of repose; a resting from human labours. Here were the hopes which blossom in the paths of life, reconciled with the peace which is in the grave; motions of the intellect as unwearied as the heavens, yet for all anxieties a halcyon calm: a tranquillity that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal antagonisms; infinite activities, infinite repose.

Oh! just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for "the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel," bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath; and to the guilty man, for one night givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and to the proud man, a brief oblivion for

Wrongs unredress'd, and insults unavenged;

that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses; and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges:—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendour of Babylon and Hekatómpylos: and "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the "dishonours of the grave." Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium!

INTRODUCTION TO THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

Courteous, and, I hope, indulgent reader (for all my readers must be indulgent ones, or else, I fear, I shall shock them too much to count on their courtesy), having accompanied me thus far, now let me request you to move

onwards, for about eight years; that is to say, from 1804 (when I have said that my acquaintance with opium first began) to 1812. The years of academic life are now over and gone—almost forgotten;—the student's cap no longer presses my temples: if my cap exists at all, it presses those of some youthful scholar, I trust, as happy as myself, and as passionate a lover of knowledge. My gown is, by this time, I dare to say, in the same condition with many thousands of excellent books in the Bodleian, viz. diligently perused by certain studious moths and worms: or departed, however (which is all that I know of its fate), to that great reservoir of *somewhere*, to which all the tea-cups, tea-caddies, tea-pots, tea-kettles, &c. have departed (not to speak of still frailer vessels, such as glasses, decanters, bed-makers, &c.) which occasional resemblances in the present generation of tea-cups, &c. remind me of having once possessed, but of whose departure and final fate I, in common with most gownsmen of either university, could give, I suspect, but an obscure and conjectural history. The persecution of the chapel-bell, sounding its unwelcome summons to six o'clock matins, interrupts my slumbers no longer: the porter who rang it, upon whose beautiful nose (bronze, inlaid with copper) I wrote, in retaliation, so many Greek epigrams, whilst I was dressing, is dead, and has ceased to disturb anybody: and I, and many others, who suffered much from his tinnabulous propensities, have now agreed to overlook his errors, and have forgiven him. Even with the bell I am now in charity: it rings, I suppose, as formerly, thrice a-day: and cruelly annoys, I doubt not, many worthy gentlemen, and disturbs their peace of mind: but as to me, in this year 1812, I regard its treacherous voice no longer (treacherous, I call it, for, by some refinement of malice, it spoke in as sweet and silvery tones as if it had been inviting one to a party): its tones have no longer, indeed, power to reach me, let the wind sit as favourable as the malice of the bell itself could wish: for I am 250 miles away from it, and buried in the depth of mountains. And what am I doing amongst the mountains? Taking opium. Yes, but what else? Why, reader, in 1812, the year we are now arrived at, as well as for some years

previous, I have been chiefly studying German metaphysics, in the writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, &c. And how, and in what manner, do I live? in short, what class or description of men do I belong to? I am at this period, viz. in 1812, living in a cottage; and with a single female servant (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), who, amongst my neighbours, passes by the name of my "housekeeper." And, as a scholar and a man of learned education, and in that sense a gentleman, I may presume to class myself as an unworthy member of that indefinite body called *gentlemen*. Partly on the ground I have assigned, perhaps; partly because, from my having no visible calling or business, it is rightly judged that I must be living on my private fortune; I am so classed by my neighbours: and, by the courtesy of modern England, I am usually addressed on letters, &c. *esquire*, though having, I fear, in the rigorous construction of heralds, but slender pretensions to that distinguished honour: yes, in popular estimation, I am X. Y. Z., *esquire*, but not Justice of the Peace, nor Custos Rotulorum. Am I married? Not yet. And I still take opium! On Saturday nights. And, perhaps, have taken it unblushingly ever since "the rainy Sunday," "and the stately Pantheon," and "the beatific druggist" of 1804!—Even so. And how do I find my health after all this opium-eating? in short, how do I do? Why pretty well, I thank you, reader: in the phrase of ladies in the straw, "as well as can be expected." In fact, if I dared to say the real and simple truth, though, to satisfy the theories of medical men, I *ought* to be ill, I never was better in my life than in the spring of 1812; and I hope sincerely, that the quantity of claret, port, or, "particular madeira," which, in all probability, you, good reader, have taken, and design to take, for every term of eight years, during your natural life, may as little disorder your health as mine was disordered by the opium I had taken for the eight years between 1804 and 1812. Hence you may see again the danger of taking any medical advice from *Anastasis*; in divinity, for ought I know, or law, he may be a safe counsellor; but not in medicine. No: it is far better to consult Dr. Buchan, as I did: for I never forgot that worthy man's excellent suggestion: and I was "particularly careful

not to take above five and twenty ounces of laudanum." To this moderation and temperate use of the article, I may ascribe it, I suppose, that as yet, at least (*i. e.* in 1812), I am ignorant and unsuspecting of the avenging terrors which opium has in store for those who abuse its lenity. At the same time, it must not be forgotten, that hitherto I have been only a dilettante eater of opium: eight years practice even, with the single precaution of allowing sufficient intervals between every indulgence, has not been sufficient to make opium necessary to me as an article of daily diet. But now comes a different era. Move on, if you please, reader, to 1813. In the summer of the year we have just quitted, I had suffered much in bodily health from distress of mind connected with a very melancholy event. This event, being no ways related to the subject now before me, further than through the bodily illness which it produced, I need not more particularly notice. Whether this illness of 1812 had any share in that of 1813, I know not: but so it was, that in the latter year I was attacked by a most appalling irritation of the stomach, in all respects the same as that which had caused me so much suffering in youth, and accompanied by a revival of all the old dreams. This is the point of my narrative on which, as respects my own self-justification, the whole of what follows may be said to hinge. And here I find myself in a perplexing dilemma:—Either, on the one hand, I must exhaust the reader's patience, by such a detail of my malady, and of my struggles with it, as might suffice to establish the fact of my inability to wrestle any longer with irritation and constant suffering: or, on the other hand, by passing lightly over this critical part of my story, I must forego the benefit of a stronger impression left on the mind of the reader, and must lay myself open to the misconstruction of having slipped by the easy and gradual steps of self-indulging persons, from the first to the final stage of opium-eating (a misconstruction to which there will be a lurking predisposition in most readers, from my previous acknowledgments). This is the dilemma: the first horn of which would be sufficient to toss and gore any column of patient readers, though drawn up sixteen deep and constantly relieved

by fresh men : consequently *that* is not to be thought of. It remains, then, that I *postulate* so much as is necessary for my purpose. And let me take as full credit for what I postulate as if I had demonstrated it, good reader, at the expense of your patience and my own. Be not so ungenerous as to let me suffer in your good opinion through my own forbearance and regard for your comfort. No : believe all that I ask of you, viz. that I could resist no longer ; believe it liberally, and as an act of grace : or else in mere prudence : for, if not, then in the next edition of my Opium Confessions revised and enlarged, I will make you believe and tremble : and *à force d'ennuyer*, by mere dint of pandiculation I will terrify all readers of mine from ever again questioning any postulate that I shall think fit to make.

This, then, let me repeat, I postulate—that, at the time I began to take opium daily, I could not have done otherwise. Whether, indeed, afterwards I might not have succeeded in breaking off the habit, even when it seemed to me that all efforts would be unavailing, and whether many of the innumerable efforts which I *did* make might not have been carried much further, and my gradual re-conquests of ground lost might not have been followed up much more energetically : these are questions which I must decline. Perhaps I might make out a case of palliation ; but, shall I speak ingenuously ? I confess it, as a besetting infirmity of mine, that I am too much of an Eudæmonist : I hanker too much after a state of happiness, both for myself and others : I cannot face misery, whether my own or not, with an eye of sufficient firmness : and am little capable of encountering present pain for the sake of any reversionary benefit. On some other matters I can agree with the gentlemen in the cotton-trade * at Manchester in affecting the Stoic philosophy : but not in this. Here I take the liberty of an Eclectic philosopher, and I look out for some courteous and considerate sect that will condescend more to the infirm

* A handsome news-room, of which I was very politely made free, in passing through Manchester, by several gentlemen of that place, is called, I think, *The Porch* ; whence I, who am a stranger in Manchester, inferred that the subscribers meant to profess themselves followers of Zeno. But I have been since assured that this is a mistake.

condition of an opium-eater ; that are “sweet men,” as Chaucer says, “to give absolution,” and will show some conscience in the penances they inflict, and the efforts of abstinence they exact, from poor sinners like myself. An inhuman moralist I can no more endure in my nervous state than opium that has not been boiled. At any rate, he who summons me to send out a large freight of self-denial and mortification upon any cruising voyage of moral improvement, must make it clear to my understanding that the concern is a hopeful one. At my time of life (six and thirty years of age) it cannot be supposed that I have much energy to spare : in fact, I find it all little enough for the intellectual labours I have on my hands : and, therefore, let no man expect to frighten me by a few hard words into embarking any part of it upon desperate adventures of morality.

Whether desperate or not, however, the issue of the struggle in 1813 was what I have mentioned ; and from this date, the reader is to consider me as a regular and confirmed opium-eater, of whom to ask whether on any particular day he had or had not taken opium, would be to ask whether his lungs had performed respiration, or the heart fulfilled its functions. You understand now, reader, what I am : and you are by this time aware, that no old gentleman, “with a snow-white beard,” will have any chance of persuading me to surrender “the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug.” No : I give notice to all, whether moralists or surgeons, that, whatever be their pretensions and skill in their respective lines of practice, they must not hope for any countenance from me, if they think to begin by any savage proposition for a Lent or Ramadan of abstinence from opium. This, then, being all fully understood between us, we shall in future sail before the wind. Now then, reader, from 1813, where all this time we have been sitting down and loitering—rise up, if you please, and walk forward about three years more. Now draw up the curtain, and you shall see me in a new character.

If any man, poor or rich, were to say that he would tell us what had been the happiest day in his life, and the why, and the wherefore, I suppose that we should all cry out—Hear him ! Hear him !—As to the happiest day, that must be very difficult for any wise man to name :

because any event, that could occupy so distinguished a place in a man's retrospect of his life, or be entitled to have shed a special felicity on any one day, ought to be of such an enduring character, as that (accidents apart) it should have continued to shed the same felicity, or one not distinguishably less, on many years together. To the happiest *lustrum*, however, or even to the happiest *year*, it may be allowed to any man to point without discountenance from wisdom. This year, in my case, reader, was the one which we have now reached; though it stood, I confess, as a parenthesis between years of a gloomier character. It was a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewellers), set as it were, and insulated, in the gloom and cloudy melancholy of opium. Strange as it may sound, I had a little before this time descended suddenly, and without any considerable effort, from 320 grains of opium (i. e. eight * thousand drops of laudanum) per day, to forty grains, or one-eighth part. Instantaneously, and as if by magic, the cloud of profoundest melancholy which rested upon my brain, like some black vapours that I have seen roll away from the summits of mountains, drew off in one day (*νυχθημερον*); passed off with its murky banners as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded, and is floated off by a spring tide—

That moveth altogether, if it move at all.

Now, then, I was again happy: I now took only 1000 drops of laudanum per day: and what was that? A latter spring had come to close up the season of youth: my brain performed its functions as healthily as ever before: I read Kant again: and again I understood him, or fancied that I did. Again my feelings of pleasure expanded themselves to all around me: and if any man from Oxford or Cambridge, or from neither, had been announced to me in my unpretending cottage, I should have welcomed him with as sumptuous a reception as

* I here reckon twenty-five drops of laudanum as equivalent to one grain of opium, which, I believe, is the common estimate. However, as both may be considered variable quantities (the crude opium varying much in strength, and the tincture still more), I suppose that no infinitesimal accuracy can be had in such a calculation. Tea-spoons vary as much in size as opium in strength; small ones hold about 100 drops; so that 8000 drops are about eighty times a teaspoonful. The reader sees how much I kept within Dr. Buchan's indulgent allowance.

so poor a man could offer. Whatever else was wanting to a wise man's happiness,—of laudanum I would have given him as much as he wished, and in a golden cup. And, by the way, now that I speak of giving laudanum away, I remember, about this time, a little incident, which I mention, because, trifling as it was, the reader will soon meet it again in my dreams, which it influenced more fearfully than could be imagined. One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture: but possibly he was on his road to a sea-port about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little: and, as it turned out, that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down: but, when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the Opera House, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done. In a cottage kitchen, but panelled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay—his turban and loose trowsers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panelling: he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish: though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not

be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany, by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay, was a little child from a neighbouring cottage who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley and the Turkish for opium (*madjoon*), which I have learnt from Anastasius. And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the *Iliad*; considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbours: for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar: and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses: and I felt some alarm for the poor creature: but what could be done! I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality, by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol.

No: there was clearly no help for it:—he took his leave: and for some days I felt anxious: but as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used* to opium: and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

This incident I have digressed to mention, because this Malay (partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image for some days) fastened afterwards upon my dreams, and brought other Malays with him worse than himself, that ran "a-muck"† at me, and led me into a world of troubles. But to quit this episode, and to return to my intercalary year of happiness. I have said already, that on a subject so important to us all as happiness, we should listen with pleasure to any man's experience or experiments, even though he were but a plough-boy, who cannot be supposed to have ploughed very deep into such an intractable soil as that of human pains and pleasures, or to have conducted his researches upon any very enlightened principles. But I, who have taken happiness, both in a solid and a liquid shape, both boiled and unboiled, both East India and Turkey—who have conducted my experiments upon this interesting subject with a sort of galvanic battery—and have, for the general benefit of the world, inoculated myself, as it were, with the poison of 8000 drops of laudanum per day (just, for the same reason, as a French surgeon inoculated himself lately with cancer—an English one, twenty years ago, with plague—and a third, I know

* This, however, is not a necessary conclusion; the varieties of effect produced by opium on different constitutions are infinite. A London magistrate (*Harriott's Struggles through Life*, vol. iii. p. 361, third edition) has recorded that, on the first occasion of his trying laudanum for the gout, he took *forty* drops, the next night *sixty*, and on the fifth night *eighty*, without any effect whatever: and this at an advanced age. I have an anecdote from a country surgeon, however, which sinks Mr. Harriott's case into a trifle; and in my projected medical treatise on opium, which I will publish, provided the College of Surgeons will pay me for enlightening their benighted understandings upon this subject, I will relate it; but it is far too good a story to be published gratis.

† See the common accounts in any Eastern traveller or voyager of the frantic excesses committed by Malays who have taken opium, or are reduced to desperation by ill luck at gambling.

not of what nation, with hydrophobia),—I (it will be admitted) must surely know what happiness is, if anybody does. And, therefore, I will here lay down an analysis of happiness; and as the most interesting mode of communicating it, I will give it, not didactically, but wrapt up and involved in a picture of one evening, as I spent every evening during the intercalary year when laudanum, though taken daily, was to me no more than the elixir of pleasure. This done, I shall quit the subject of happiness altogether, and pass to a very different one—the *pains of opium*.

Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley, 18 miles from any town—no spacious valley, but about two miles long, by three quarters of a mile in average width; the benefit of which provision is, that all the families resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one larger household personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between 3000 and 4000 feet high; and the cottage, a real cottage; not (as a witty author has it) “a cottage with a double coach-house:” let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering round the windows through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn—beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be spring, nor summer, nor autumn—but winter, in his sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, and think it matter of congratulation that winter is going; or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm, of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford us. Surely everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fire-side: candles at four o’clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without,

And at the doors and windows seem to call,
As heav’n and earth they would together melt;
Yet the least entrance find they none at all;
Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in mazy hall.

Castle of Indolence.

All these are items in the description of a winter evening, which must surely be familiar to everybody born in a high latitude. And it is evident, that most of these delicacies, like ice-cream, require a very low temperature of the atmosphere to produce them: they are fruits which cannot be ripened without weather stormy or inclement, in some way or other. I am not “*particular*,” as people say, whether it be snow, or black frost, or wind so strong, that (as Mr. — says) “you may lean your back against it like a post.” I can put up even with rain, provided it rains cats and dogs: but something of the sort I must have: and, if I have it not, I think myself in a manner ill-used: for why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter, in coals, and candles, and various privations that will occur even to gentlemen, if I am not to have the article good of its kind? No: a Canadian winter for my money: or a Russian one, where every man is but a co-proprietor with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter, that I cannot relish a winter night fully if it be much past St. Thomas’s day, and have degenerated into disgusting tendencies to vernal appearances: no: it must be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine. From the latter weeks of October to Christmas-eve, therefore, is the period during which happiness is in season, which, in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray: for tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally of coarse nerves, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favourite beverage of the intellectual: and, for my part, I would have joined Dr. Johnson in a *bellum internecinum* against Jonas Hanway, or any other impious person who should presume to disparage it.—But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter; and give him directions for the rest of the picture. Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained: but as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required, except for the inside of the house.

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambi-

tiously styled, in my family, the drawing-room: but, being contrived "a double debt to pay," it is also, and more justly, termed the library; for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbours. Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it populous with books: and, furthermore, paint me a good fire; and furniture, plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And, near the fire, paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see one such a stormy night) place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray: and if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot—eternal *à parte ante*, and *à parte post*; for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four o'clock in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for one's self, paint me a lovely young woman, sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's.—But no, dear M., not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty; or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil. Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within its power: and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself—a picture of the Opium-eater, with his "little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug," lying beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that*, though I would rather see the original; you may paint it, if you choose; but I apprise you, that no "little" receptacle would, even in 1816, answer my purpose, who was at a distance from the "stately Pantheon," and all druggists (mortal or otherwise). No: you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a wine-decanter as possible. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-coloured laudanum: that, and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighbourhood; but, as to myself,—there I demur. I admit that, naturally, I ought to occupy the foreground of the picture; that being the hero of the piece,

or (if you choose) the criminal at the bar, my body should be had into court. This seems reasonable: but why should I confess, on this point, to a painter! or why confess at all! If the public (into whose private ear I am confidentially whispering my confessions, and not into any painter's) should chance to have framed some agreeable picture for itself of the Opium-eater's exterior,—should have ascribed to him, romantically, an elegant person, or a handsome face, why should I barbarously tear from it so pleasing a delusion—pleasing both to the public and to me! No: paint me, if at all, according to your own fancy: and, as a painter's fancy should teem with beautiful creations, I cannot fail in that way to be a gainer. And now, reader, we have run through all the ten categories of my condition, as it stood about 1816-17: up to the middle of which latter year I judge myself to have been a happy man; and the elements of that happiness I have endeavoured to place before you, in the above sketch of the interior of a scholar's library, in a cottage among the mountains, on a stormy winter evening.

But now farewell—a long farewell to happiness—winter or summer! farewell to smiles and laughter! farewell to peace of mind! farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep! for more than three years and a half I am summoned away from these: I am now arrived at an Iliad of woes: for I have now to record

THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

—as when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

Shelley's Revolt of Islam.

Reader, who have thus far accompanied me I must request your attention to a brief explanatory note on three points:

1. For several reasons, I have not been able to compose the notes for this part of my narrative into any regular and connected shape. I give the notes disjointed as I find them, or have now drawn them up from memory. Some of them point to their own date; some I have dated; and some are undated. Whenever it could answer my purpose to transplant them from the natural or chronological order, I have not scrupled to do so. Sometimes I speak in the present, sometimes in the past

tense. Few of the notes, perhaps, were written exactly at the period of time to which they relate; but this can little affect their accuracy; as the impressions were such that they can never fade from my mind. Much has been omitted. I could not, without effort, constrain myself to the task of either recalling, or constructing into a regular narrative, the whole burthen of horrors which lies upon my brain. This feeling partly I plead in excuse, and partly that I am now in London, and am a helpless sort of person, who cannot even arrange his own papers without assistance; and I am separated from the hands which are wont to perform for me the offices of an amanuensis.

2. You will think, perhaps, that I am too confidential and communicative of my own private history. It may be so. But my way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humours, than much to consider who is listening to me; and, if I stop to consider what is proper to be said to this or that person, I shall soon come to doubt whether any part at all is proper. The fact is, I place myself at a distance of fifteen or twenty years ahead of this time, and suppose myself writing to those who will be interested about me hereafter; and wishing to have some record of a time, the entire history of which no one can know but myself, I do it as fully as I am able with the efforts I am now capable of making, because I know not whether I can ever find time to do it again.

3. It will occur to you often to ask, why did I not release myself from the horrors of opium, by leaving it off, or diminishing it? To this I must answer briefly: it might be supposed that I yielded to the fascinations of opium too easily; it cannot be supposed that any man can be charmed by its terrors. The reader may be sure, therefore, that I made attempts innumerable to reduce the quantity. I add, that those who witnessed the agonies of those attempts, and not myself, were the first to beg me to desist. But could not I have reduced it a drop a day, or by adding water, have bisected or trisected a drop? A thousand drops bisected would thus have taken nearly six years to reduce; and that way would certainly not have answered. But this is a common mistake of those who know nothing of opium experimentally; I appeal to those who

do, whether it is not always found that down to a certain point it can be reduced with ease and even pleasure, but that, after that point, further reduction causes intense suffering. Yes, say many thoughtless persons, who know not what they are talking of, you will suffer a little low spirits and dejection for a few days. I answer, no; there is nothing like low spirits; on the contrary, the mere animal spirits are uncommonly raised: the pulse is improved: the health is better. It is not there that the suffering lies. It has no resemblance to the sufferings caused by renouncing wine. It is a state of unutterable irritation of stomach (which surely is not much like dejection), accompanied by intense perspirations, and feelings such as I shall not attempt to describe without more space at my command.

I shall now enter "*in medias res*," and shall anticipate, from a time when my opium pains might be said to be at their *acme*, an account of their palsying effects on the intellectual faculties.

My studies have now been long interrupted. I cannot read to myself with any pleasure, hardly with a moment's endurance. Yet I read aloud sometimes for the pleasure of others; because, reading is an accomplishment of mine; and, in the slang use of the word *accomplishment* as a superficial and ornamental attainment, almost the only one I possess: and formerly, if I had any vanity at all connected with any endowment or attainment of mine, it was with this; for I had observed that no accomplishment was so rare. Players are the worst readers of all:—reads vilely: and Mrs. —, who is so celebrated, can read nothing well but dramatic compositions: Milton she cannot read sufferably. People in general either read poetry without any passion at all, or else overstep the modesty of nature, and read not like scholars. Of late, if I have felt moved by any thing in books, it has been by the grand lamentations of Samson Agonistes, or the great harmonies of the Satanic speeches in *Paradise Regained*, when read aloud by myself. A young lady sometimes comes and drinks tea with us: at her request and M.'s I now and then read W.—'s poems to them. (W., by-the-by, is the only poet I ever met who could read his own verses: often indeed he reads admirably.)

For nearly two years I believe that I read no book but one : and I owe it to the author, in discharge of a great debt of gratitude, to mention what that was. The sublimer and more passionate poets I still read, as I have said, by snatches, and occasionally. But my proper vocation, as I well knew, was the exercise of the analytic understanding. Now, for the most part, analytic studies are continuous and not to be pursued by fits and starts, or fragmentary efforts. Mathematics, for instance, intellectual philosophy, &c. were all become insupportable to me ; I shrunk from them with a sense of powerless and infantine feebleness that gave me an anguish the greater from remembering the time when I grappled with them to my own hourly delight ; and for this further reason, because I had devoted the labour of my whole life, and had dedicated my intellect, blossoms and fruits, to the slow and elaborate toil of constructing one single work, to which I had presumed to give the title of an unfinished work of Spinoza's ; viz. *De emendatione humani intellectus*. This was now lying locked up, as by frost, like any Spanish bridge or aqueduct, begun upon too great a scale for the resources of the architect ; and, instead of surviving me as a monument of wishes at least, and aspirations, and a life of labour dedicated to the exaltation of human nature in that way in which God had best fitted me to promote so great an object, it was likely to stand a memorial to my children of hopes defeated, of baffled efforts, of materials uselessly accumulated, of foundations laid that were never to support a superstructure,— of the grief and the ruin of the architect. In this state of imbecility, I had, for amusement, turned my attention to political economy ; my understanding, which formerly had been as active and restless as a hyena, could not, I suppose (so long as I lived at all) sink into utter lethargy ; and political economy offers this advantage to a person in my state, that though it is eminently an organic science (no part, that is to say, but what acts on the whole, as the whole again reacts on each part), yet the several parts may be detached and contemplated singly. Great as was the prostration of my powers at this time, yet I could not forget my knowledge ; and my understanding had been for too many years intimate with

severe thinkers, with logic, and the great masters of knowledge, not to be aware of the utter feebleness of the main herd of modern economists. I had been led in 1811 to look into loads of books and pamphlets on many branches of economy ; and, at my desire, M. sometimes read to me chapters from more recent works, or parts of parliamentary debates. I saw that these were generally the very dregs and rinsings of the human intellect ; and that any man of sound head, and practised in wielding logic with a scholastic adroitness, might take up the whole academy of modern economists, and throttle them between heaven and earth with his finger and thumb, or bray their fungus heads to powder with a lady's fan. At length, in 1819, a friend in Edinburgh sent me down Mr. Ricardo's book ; and recurring to my own prophetic anticipation of the advent of some legislator for this science, I said, before I had finished the first chapter, "Thou art the man !" Wonder and curiosity were emotions that had long been dead in me. Yet I wondered once more : I wondered at myself that I could once again be stimulated to the effort of reading : and much more I wondered at the book. Had this profound work been really written in England during the nineteenth century ! Was it possible ! I supposed thinking* had been extinct in England. Could it be that an Englishman, and he not in academic bowers, but oppressed by mercantile and senatorial cares, had accomplished what all the universities of Europe, and a century of thought, had failed even to advance by one hair's breadth ! All other writers had been crushed and overlaid by the enormous weight of facts and documents ; Mr. Ricardo had deduced *a priori*, from the understanding itself, laws which first gave a ray of light into the unwieldy chaos of materials, and had constructed what had been but a collection of tentative discussions into a science of regular proportions, now first standing on an eternal basis.

* The reader must remember what I here mean by *thinking* ; because else, this would be a very presumptuous expression. England, of late, has been rich to excess in fine thinkers, in the departments of creative and combining thought ; but there is a sad dearth of masculine thinkers in any analytic path. A Scotchman of eminent name has lately told us, that he is obliged to quit even mathematics, for want of encouragement.

Thus did one single work of a profound understanding avail to give me a pleasure and an activity which I had not known for years :—it roused me even to write, or, at least, to dictate, what M. wrote for me. It seemed to me that some important truths had escaped even “the inevitable eye” of Mr. Ricardo : and, as these were, for the most part, of such a nature that I could express or illustrate them more briefly and elegantly by algebraic symbols than in the usual clumsy and loitering diction of economists, the whole would not have filled a pocket-book ; and being so brief, with M. for my amanuensis, even at this time, incapable as I was of all general exertion, I drew up my *Prolegomena to all future Systems of Political Economy*. I hope it will not be found redolent of opium ; though, indeed, to most people, the subject itself is a sufficient opiate.

This exertion, however, was but a temporary flash ; as the sequel showed—for I designed to publish my work : arrangements were made at a provincial press, about eighteen miles distant, for printing it. An additional compositor was retained, for some days, on this account. The work was even twice advertised : and I was, in a manner, pledged to the fulfilment of my intention. But I had a preface to write ; and a dedication, which I wished to make a splendid one, to Mr. Ricardo. I found myself quite unable to accomplish all this. The arrangements were countermanded : the compositor dismissed : and my “*Prolegomena*” rested peacefully by the side of its elder and more dignified brother.

I have thus described and illustrated my intellectual torpor, in terms that apply, more or less, to every part of the four years during which I was under the Circean spells of opium. But for misery and suffering, I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state. I seldom could prevail on myself to write a letter ; an answer of a few words, to any that I received, was the utmost that I could accomplish ; and often *that* not until the letter had lain weeks, or even months, on my writing-table. Without the aid of M. all records of bills paid, or *to be* paid, must have perished : and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of Political Economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion.—I shall not afterwards allude to this part of the case : it is one,

however, which the opium-eater will find, in the end, as oppressive and tormenting as any other, from the sense of incapacity and feebleness, from the direct embarrassments incident to the neglect or procrastination of each day’s appropriate duties, and from the remorse which must often exasperate the stings of these evils to a reflective and conscientious mind. The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities, or aspirations : he wishes and longs, as earnestly as ever, to realise what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty ; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and nightmare : he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love :—he curses the spells which chain him down from motion :—he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk ; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams ; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy, was from the re-awakening of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms : in some, that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye ; others have a voluntary, or a semi-voluntary power to dismiss or to summon them ; or, as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, “I can tell them to go, and they go ; but sometimes they come, when I don’t tell them to come.” Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions, as a Roman centurion over his soldiers.—In the middle of 1817, I think it was, that this faculty became positively distressing to me : at night, when I lay awake in

bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp ; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before (Edipus or Priam—before Tyre—before Memphis. And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams ; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendour. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time :

1. That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams ; so that I feared to exercise this faculty ; for, as Midas turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye ; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colours, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendour that fretted my heart.

2. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever reascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* reascended. This I do not dwell upon ; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at least to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

3. The sense of space, and in the end, the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much

as the vast expansion of time ; I sometimes seemed to have lived for 70 or 100 years in one night ; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

4. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived : I could not be said to recollect them ; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I recognised them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror ; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe ; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true ; viz., that the dread book of account, which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind ; a thousand accidents may, and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind ; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil ; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever ; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil—and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact ; and shall then cite any others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader.

I had been in youth, and even since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom, I confess, that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians; and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often occurring in Livy—*Consul Romanus*; especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say, that the words king—sultan—regent, &c., or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history, viz., the period of the Parliamentary War, having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survived those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnished me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness, a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival, and dances. And I heard it said, or I said to myself, “These are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and the daughters of those who met in peace, and sat at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship.”—The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries.—This pageant would suddenly dissolve: and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*: and immediately came “sweeping by,” in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *alalagos* of the Roman legions.

Many years ago, when I was looking over

Piranesi's Antiquities of Rome, Mr. Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist, called his *Dreams*, and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr. Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls: on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapulta, &c. &c. expressive of enormous power put forth, and resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of the walls, you perceived a staircase; and upon it, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself: follow the stairs a little further, and you perceive it come to a sudden abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity, except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi, you suppose, at least, that his labours must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs still higher: on which again Piranesi is perceived, by this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more aerial flight of stairs is beheld: and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labours: and so on, until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall. With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my architecture proceed in dreams. In the early stage of my malady, the splendours of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural: and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet I cite part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep:

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seem'd of diamond, and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright
In avenues disposed; their towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!

By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
 Upon the dark materials of the storm
 Now pacified : on them, and on the ooves,
 And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
 The vapours had receded,—taking there
 Their station under a cerulean sky, &c. &c.

The sublime circumstance—“battlements that on their *restless* fronts bore stars,”—might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred.—We hear it reported of Dryden, and of Fuseli in modern times, that they thought proper to eat raw meat for the sake of obtaining splendid dreams: how much better for such a purpose to have eaten opium, which yet I do not remember that any poet is recorded to have done, except the dramatist Shadwell: and in ancient days, Homer is, I think, rightly reputed to have known the virtues of opium.

To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes—and silvery expanses of water:—these haunted me so much, that I feared (though possibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some dropsical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) *objective*: and the sentient organ *project* itself as its own object.—For two months I suffered greatly in my head—a part of my bodily structure which had hitherto been so clear from all touch or taint of weakness (physically, I mean,) that I used to say of it, as the last Lord Orford said of his stomach, that it seemed likely to survive the rest of my person.—Till now I had never felt a headache even, or any the slightest pain, except rheumatic pains caused by my own folly. However, I got over this attack, though it must have been verging on something very dangerous.

The waters now changed their character—from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answer-

able for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rooking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear: the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens: faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries:—my agitation was infinite,—my mind tossed—and surged with the ocean.

—
 May, 1818.

The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and

above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sun-lights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parrots, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas : and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms ; I was the idol ; I was the priest ; I was worshipped ; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia : Vishnu hated me : Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris : I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles ; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later, came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here

the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles ; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him ; and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life : the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions : and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way : I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping) ; and instantly I awoke : it was broad noon ; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bed-side ; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent human natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

June, 1819.

I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and indeed the contemplation of death generally, is (*cæteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think : first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite ; the clouds, by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads, are in summer more voluminous, massed, and accumulated in far grander and more towering piles : secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the Infinite : and, thirdly (which is the main reason), the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the

antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed, generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer ; and any particular death, if not more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream : to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind ; but having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic varieties, which often suddenly re-united, and composed again the original dream.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnised by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet ; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns ; the hedges were rich with white roses ; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sun-rise in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "It yet wants much of sun-rise ; and it is Easter Sunday ; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad ; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day ; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven ; and the forest-glades are as quiet as the churchyard ; and, with the dew, I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And

I turned, as if to open my garden gate ; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different ; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an Oriental one ; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman ; and I looked ; and it was—Ann ! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly ; and I said to her at length : "So then I have found you at last." I waited : but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again how different ! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted), her eyes were streaming with tears : the tears were now wiped away ; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression ; and I now gazed upon her with some awe, but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us ; in a moment all had vanished ; thick darkness came on ; and, in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in Oxford-street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character, from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense ; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by

some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music ; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it ; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. “Deeper than ever plummet sounded,” I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake ; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms ; hurrysings to and fro : trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad : darkness and lights : tempest and human faces : and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells ! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells ; and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells !

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—
“I will sleep no more !”

But I am now called upon to wind up a narrative which has already extended to an unreasonable length. Within more spacious limits, the materials which I have used might have been better unfolded ; and much which I have not used might have been added with effect. Perhaps, however, enough has been given. It now remains that I should say something of the way in which this conflict of horrors was finally brought to its crisis. The reader is already aware (from a passage near the beginning of the introduction to the first part) that the opium-eater has, in some way or other, “unwound, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which bound him.” By what means ? To have narrated this, according to the original intention, would have far exceeded

the space which can now be allowed. It is fortunate, as such a cogent reason exists for abridging it, that I should, on a maturer view of the case, have been exceedingly unwilling to injure, by any such unaffecting details, the impression of the history itself, as an appeal to the prudence and the conscience of the yet unconfirmed opium-eater—or even (though a very inferior consideration) to injure its effect as a composition. The interest of the judicious reader will not attach itself chiefly to the subject of the fascinating spells, but to the fascinating power. Not the opium-eater, but the opium, is the true hero of the tale ; and the legitimate centre on which the interest revolves. The object was to display the marvellous agency of opium, whether for pleasure or for pain : if that is done, the action of the piece has closed.

However, as some people, in spite of all laws to the contrary, will persist in asking what became of the opium-eater, and in what state he now is, I answer for him thus : The reader is aware that opium had long ceased to found its empire on spells of pleasure ; it was solely by the tortures connected with the attempt to abjure it, that it kept its hold. Yet, as other tortures, no less it may be thought, attended the non-abjuration of such a tyrant, a choice only of evils was left : and that might as well have been adopted, which, however terrific in itself, held out a prospect of final restoration to happiness. This appears true ; but good logic gave the author no strength to act upon it. However, a crisis arrived for the author’s life, and a crisis for other objects still dearer to him—and which will always be far dearer to him than his life, even now that it is again a happy one—I saw that I must die if I continued the opium : I determined, therefore, if that should be required, to die in throwing it off. How much I was at that time taking I cannot say ; for the opium which I used had been purchased for me by a friend who afterwards refused to let me pay him ; so that I could not ascertain even what quantity I had used within the year. I apprehend, however, that I took it very irregularly : and that I varied from about fifty or sixty grains, to one hundred and fifty a-day. My first task was to reduce it to forty, to thirty, and, as fast as I could, to twelve grains.

I triumphed : but think not, reader, that therefore my sufferings were ended ; nor think of me as of one sitting in a *dejected* state. Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered ; and much, perhaps, in the situation of him who has been racked, as I collect the torments of that state from the affecting account of them left by the most innocent sufferer * (of the times of James I.) Meantime, I derived no benefit from any medicine, except one prescribed to me by an Edinburgh surgeon of great eminence, viz. ammoniated tincture of Valerian. Medical account, therefore, of my emancipation I have not much to give : and even that little, as managed by a man so ignorant of medicine as myself, would probably tend only to mislead. At all events, it would be misplaced in this situation. The moral of the narrative is addressed to the opium-eater ; and therefore, of necessity, limited in its application. If he is taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected. But he may say, that the issue of my case is at least a proof that opium, after a seventeen years' use, and an eight years' abuse of its powers, may still be renounced : and that *he* may chance to bring to the task greater energy than I did, or that with a stronger constitution

than mine he may obtain the same results with less. This may be true : I would not presume to measure the efforts of other men by my own : I heartily wish him more energy : I wish him the same success. Nevertheless, I had motives external to myself which he may unfortunately want : and these supplied me with conscientious supports which mere personal interests might fail to supply to a mind debilitated by opium.

Jeremy Taylor conjectures that it may be as painful to be born as to die : I think it probable : and, during the whole period of diminishing the opium, I had the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another. The issue was not death, but a sort of physical regeneration : and I may add, that ever since, at intervals, I have had a restoration of more than youthful spirits, though under the pressure of difficulties, which in a less happy state of mind, I should have called misfortunes.

One memorial of my former condition' still remains : my dreams are not yet perfectly calm : the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided : the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not all departed : my sleep is still tumultuous, and, like the gates of Paradise to our first parents when looking back from afar, it is still (in the tremendous line of Milton)—

With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.

* William Lithgow ; his book (*Travels, &c.*) is ill and pedantically written ; but the account of his own sufferings on the rack at Malaga is overpoweringly affecting.

APPENDIX.

THE proprietors of this little work having determined on reprinting it, some explanation seems called for, to account for the non-appearance of a Third Part promised in the London Magazine of December last ; and the more so, because the proprietors, under whose guarantee that promise was issued, might otherwise be implicated in the blame—little or much—attached to its non-fulfilment. This blame, in mere justice, the author takes wholly upon himself. What may be the exact amount of the guilt which he thus appropriates, is a very dark question to his own judgment, and not much illuminated by any of the masters in casuistry whom he has consulted on the occasion. On the one hand, it seems generally agreed that a promise is binding in the *inverse* ratio of the numbers to whom it is made : for which reason it is that we see many persons break promises without scruple that are made to a whole nation, who keep their faith religiously in all private engagements,—breaches of promise towards the stronger party being committed at a man's own peril : on the other hand, the only parties interested in the promises of an author are his readers ; and these it is a point of modesty in any author to believe as few as possible ; or perhaps only one, in which case any promise imposes a sanctity of moral obligation which it is shocking to think of. Casuistry dismissed, however,—the author throws himself on the indulgent consideration of all who may conceive themselves aggrieved by his delay—in the following account of his own condition from the end of last year, when the engagement was made, up nearly to the present time. For any purpose of self-excuse, it might be sufficient to say that intolerable bodily suffering had totally disabled him for almost any exertion of mind, more especially

for such as demand and presuppose a pleasurable and genial state of feeling : but, as a case that may by possibility contribute a trifle to the medical history of Opium in a further stage of its action than can often have been brought under the notice of professional men, he has judged that it might be acceptable to some readers to have it described more at length. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* is a just rule where there is any reasonable presumption of benefit to arise on a large scale ; what the benefit may be, will admit of a doubt : but there can be none as to the value of the body : for a more worthless body than his own, the author is free to confess, cannot be : it is his pride to believe—that it is the very ideal of a base, crazy, despicable human system—that hardly ever could have been meant to be seaworthy for two days under the ordinary storms and wear-and-tear of life ! and indeed, if that were the creditable way of disposing of human bodies, he must own that he should almost be ashamed to bequeath his wretched structure to any respectable dog. — But now to the case ; which, for the sake of avoiding the constant recurrence of a cumbersome periphrasis, the author will take the liberty of giving in the first person.

Those who have read the Confessions will have closed them with the impression that I had wholly renounced the use of Opium. This impression I meant to convey ; and that for two reasons : first, because the very act of deliberately recording such a state of suffering necessarily presumes in the recorder a power of surveying his own case as a cool spectator, and a degree of spirits for adequately describing it, which it would be inconsistent to suppose in any person speaking from the station

of an actual sufferer : secondly, because I, who had descended from so large a quantity as 8000 drops to so small a one (comparatively speaking) as a quantity ranging between 300 and 160 drops, might well suppose that the victory was in effect achieved. In suffering my readers therefore to think of me as of a reformed opium-eater, I left no impression but what I shared myself ; and, as may be seen, even this impression was left to be collected from the general tone of the conclusion, and not from any specific words—which are in no instance at variance with the literal truth.—In no long time after that paper was written, I became sensible that the effort which remained would cost me far more energy than I had anticipated : and the necessity for making it was more apparent every month. In particular I became aware of an increasing calousness or defect of sensibility in the stomach ; and this I imagined might imply a scirrhus state of that organ, either formed or forming. An eminent physician, to whose kindness I was at that time deeply indebted, informed me that such a termination of my case was not impossible, though likely to be forestalled by a different termination, in the event of my continuing the use of opium. Opium, therefore, I resolved wholly to abjure, as soon as I should find myself at liberty to bend my undivided attention and energy to this purpose. It was not, however, until the 24th of June last that any tolerable concurrence of facilities for such an attempt arrived. On that day I began my experiment, having previously settled in my own mind that I would not flinch, but would “stand up to the scratch”—under any possible “punishment.” I must premise, that about 170 or 180 drops had been my ordinary allowance for many months : occasionally I had run up as high as 500 ; and once nearly to 700 : in repeated preludes to my final experiment I had also gone as low as 100 drops ; but had found it impossible to stand it beyond the 4th day—which, by the way, I have always found more difficult to get over than any of the preceding three. I went off under easy sail—130 drops a day for 3 days : on the 4th I plunged at once to 80 : the misery which I now suffered “took the conceit” out of me at once : and for about a month I continued off and on about this mark : then I sunk to 60 ;

and the next day to—none at all. This was the first day for nearly ten years that I had existed without opium. I persevered in my abstinence for 90 hours : i. e. upwards of half a week. Then I took—ask me not how much ; say, ye severest, what would ye have done ! then I abstained again ; then took about 25 drops ; then abstained ; and so on.

Meantime the symptoms which attended my case for the first six weeks of the experiment were these :—enormous irritability and excitement of the whole system : the stomach in particular restored to a full feeling of vitality and sensibility ; but often in great pain : unceasing restlessness night and day : sleep—I scarcely knew it was : 3 hours out of the 24 was the utmost I had, and that so agitated and shallow that I heard every sound that was near me : lower jaw constantly swelling : mouth ulcerated : and many other distressing symptoms that would be tedious to repeat ; amongst which, however, I must mention one, because it had never failed to accompany any attempt to renounce opium—viz. violent sternutation : this now became exceedingly troublesome : sometimes lasting for 2 hours at once, and recurring at least twice or three times a day. I was not much surprised at this, on recollecting what I had somewhere heard or read, that the membrane which lines the nostrils is a prolongation of that which lines the stomach ; whence I believe are explained the inflammatory appearances about the nostrils of dram-drinkers. The sudden restoration of its original sensibility to the stomach expressed itself, I suppose, in this way. It is remarkable also, that, during the whole period of years through which I had taken opium, I had never once caught cold (as the phrase is), nor even the slightest cough. But now a violent cold attacked me, and a cough soon after. In an unfinished fragment of a letter begun about this time to—, I find these words : “You ask me to write the ——. Do you know Beaumont and Fletcher’s play of Thierry and Theodoret ? There you will see my case as to sleep : nor is it much of an exaggeration in other features.—I protest to you that I have a greater influx of thoughts in one hour at present than in a whole year under the reign of opium. It seems as though all the thoughts which had

been frozen up for a decade of years by opium had now, according to the old fable, been thawed at once—such a multitude stream in upon me from all quarters. Yet such is my impatience and hideous irritability—that, for one which I detain and write down, 50 escape me: in spite of my weariness from suffering and want of sleep, I cannot stand still or sit for two minutes together. ‘I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.’”

At this stage of my experiment I sent to a neighbouring surgeon, requesting that he would come over to see me. In the evening he came: and after briefly stating the case to him, I asked this question:—Whether he did not think that the opium might have acted as a stimulus to the digestive organs; and that the present state of suffering in the stomach, which manifestly was the cause of the inability to sleep, might arise from indigestion? His answer was—No: on the contrary he thought that the suffering was caused by digestion itself—which should naturally go on below the consciousness, but which from the unnatural state of the stomach, vitiated by so long a use of opium, was become distinctly perceptible. This opinion was plausible: and the unintermitting nature of the suffering disposes me to think that it was true: for, if it had been any mere *irregular* affection of the stomach, it should naturally have intermitted occasionally, and constantly fluctuated as to degree. The intention of nature, as manifested in the healthy state, obviously is—to withdraw from our notice all the vital motions such as the circulation of the blood, the expansion and contraction of the lungs, the peristaltic action of the stomach, &c.; and opium, it seems, is able in this as in other instances to counteract her purposes.—By the advice of the surgeon I tried *bitters*: for a short time these greatly mitigated the feelings under which I laboured: but about the forty-second day of the experiment the symptoms already noticed began to retire, and new ones to arise of a different and far more tormenting class: under these, but with a few intervals of remission, I have since continued to suffer. But I dismiss them undescribed for two reasons: 1st, because the mind revolts from retracing circumstantially any sufferings from which it is removed by too short or by no interval: to do this with minute-

ness enough to make the review of any use—would be indeed “*infandum renovare dolorem*,” and possibly without a sufficient motive: for, 2ndly, I doubt whether this latter state be any way referable to opium—positively considered, or even negatively; that is, whether it is to be numbered amongst the last evils from the direct action of opium, or even amongst the earliest evils consequent upon a *want* of opium in a system long deranged by its use. Certainly one part of the symptoms might be accounted for from the time of year (August): for, though the summer was not a hot one, yet in any case the sum of all the heat *funded* (if one may say so) during the previous months, added to the existing heat of that month, naturally renders August in its better half the hottest part of the year: and it so happened that the excessive perspiration, which even at Christmas attends any great reduction in the daily quantum of opium—and which in July was so violent as to oblige me to use a bath five or six times a day, had about the setting-in of the hottest season wholly retired: on which account any bad effect of the heat might be the more unmitigated. Another symptom, viz., what in my ignorance I call internal rheumatism (sometimes affecting the shoulders, &c., but more often appearing to be seated in the stomach), seemed again less probably attributable to the opium or the want of opium than to the dampness of the house* which I inhabit, which had about that time attained its maximum—July having been, as usual, a month of incessant rain in our most rainy part of England.

Under these reasons for doubting whether opium had any connection with the latter stage of my bodily wretchedness—(except, indeed, as an occasional cause, as having left the body weaker and more crazy, and thus predisposed to any mal-influence whatever)—I willingly spare my reader all description of it: let it

* In saying this I mean no disrespect to the individual house, as the reader will understand when I tell him that, with the exception of one or two princely mansions, and some few inferior ones that have been coated with Roman cement, I am not acquainted with any house in this mountainous district which is wholly waterproof. The architecture of books, I flatter myself, is conducted on just principles in this county: but for any other architecture—it is in a barbarous state; and what is worse, in a retrograde state.

perish to him : and would that I could as easily say, let it perish to my own remembrances : that any future hours of tranquillity may not be disturbed by too vivid an ideal of possible human misery !

So much for the sequel of my experiment : as to the former stage, in which properly lies the experiment and its application to other cases, I must request my reader not to forget the reasons for which I have recorded it : these were two : 1st, a belief that I might add some trifle to the history of opium as a medical agent : in this I am aware that I have not at all fulfilled my own intentions, in consequence of the torpor of mind—pain of body—and extreme disgust to the subject which besieged me whilst writing that part of my paper ; which part, being immediately sent off to the press (distant about five degrees of latitude), cannot be corrected or improved. But from this account, rambling as it may be, it is evident that thus much of benefit may arise to the persons most interested in such a history of opium—viz., to opium-eaters in general—that it establishes, for their consolation and encouragement, the fact that opium may be renounced ; and without greater sufferings than an ordinary resolution may support ; and by a pretty rapid course * of descent.

* On which last notice I would remark, that mine was too rapid, and the suffering therefore needlessly aggravated : or rather perhaps it was not sufficiently continuous and equably graduated. But that the reader may judge for himself—and above all that the opium-eater who is preparing to retire from business, may have every sort of information before him, I subjoin my diary :

FIRST WEEK.		SECOND WEEK.	
Drops of Laud.		Drops of Laud.	
Mond. June 24 . . .	130	Mond. July 1 . . .	80
— 25 . . .	140	— 2 . . .	80
— 26 . . .	130	— 3 . . .	90
— 27 . . .	80	— 4 . . .	100
— 28 . . .	80	— 5 . . .	80
— 29 . . .	80	— 6 . . .	80
— 30 . . .	80	— 7 . . .	80
THIRD WEEK.		FOURTH WEEK.	
Drops of Laud.		Drops of Laud.	
Mond. July 8 . . .	300	Mond. July 15 . . .	76
— 9 . . .	50	— 16 . . .	73½
— 10 . . .		— 17 . . .	73½
— 11 . . .	Hiatus in MS.	— 18 . . .	70
— 12 . . .		— 19 . . .	240
— 13 . . .		— 20 . . .	80
— 14 . . .	76	— 21 . . .	350

To communicate this result of my experiment—was my foremost purpose. 2dly, as a purpose collateral to this, I wished to explain how it had become impossible for me to compose a Third Part in time to accompany this republication : for during the very time of this experiment, the proof sheets of this reprint were sent to me from London : and such was my inability to expand or to improve them, that I could not even bear to read them over with attention enough to notice the press errors, or to correct any verbal inaccuracies. These were my reasons for troubling my reader with any record, long or short, of experiments relating to so truly base a subject as my own body : and I am earnest with the reader, that he will not forget them, or so far misapprehend me as to believe it possible that I would condescend to so rascally a subject for its own sake, or indeed for any less object than that of general benefit to others. Such an animal as the self-observing valetudinarian—I know there is : I have met him myself occasionally : and I know that he is the worst imaginable *heautontimoroumenos* ; aggravating and sustaining, by calling into distinct consciousness, every symptom that would else perhaps—under a different direction given to the thoughts—become evanescent. But as to myself, so profound is my contempt for this undignified and selfish habit, that I could as little condescend to it as I could to spend my time in watching a poor servant girl—to whom at this moment I

FIFTH WEEK.	
Drops of Laud.	
Mond. July 22 . . .	60
— 23 . . .	none
— 24 . . .	none
— 25 . . .	none
— 26 . . .	200
— 27 . . .	none.

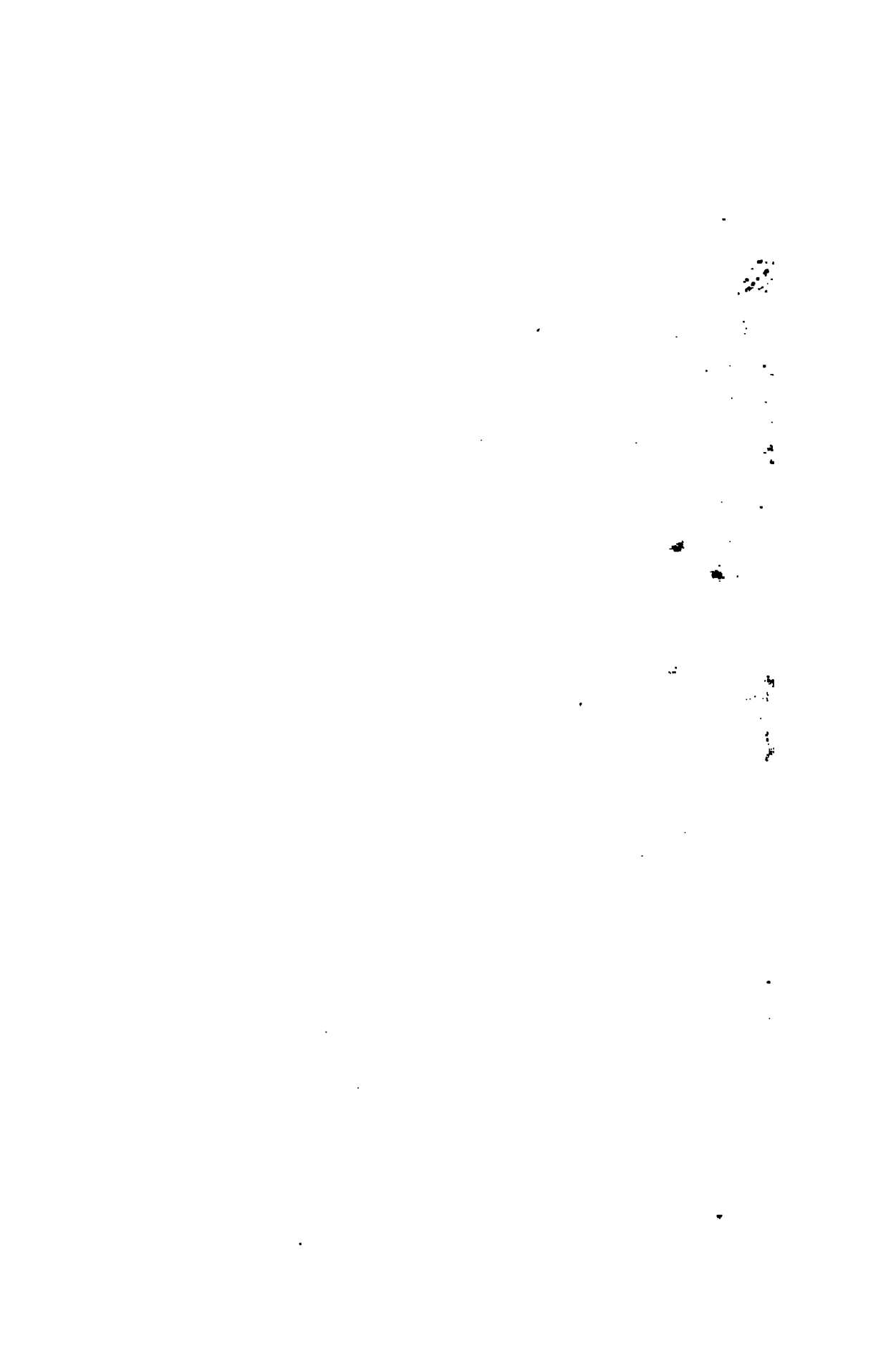
What mean these abrupt relapses, the reader will ask, perhaps, to such numbers as 300—350, &c. ? The *impulse* to these relapses was mere infirmity of purpose ; the *motive*, where any motive blended with this impulse, was either the principle of "*reculer pour mieux sauter* ;" (for under the torpor of a large dose, which lasted for a day or two, a less quantity satisfied the stomach—which, on awaking, found itself partly accustomed to this new ration) ; or else it was this principle—that of sufferings otherwise equal those will be borne best which meet with a mood of anger ; now, whenever I ascended to any large dose, I was furiously incensed on the following day, and could then have borne anything.

hear some lad or other making love at the back of my house. Is it for a Transcendental Philosopher to feel any curiosity on such an occasion? Or can I, whose life is worth only 8½ years' purchase, be supposed to have leisure for such trivial employments!—However, to put this out of question, I shall say one thing, which will perhaps shock some readers: but I am sure it ought not to do so, considering the motives on which I say it. No man, I suppose, employs much of his time on the phenomena of his own body without some regard for it; whereas the reader sees that, so far from looking upon mine with any complacency or regard, I hate it, and make it the object of my bitter ridicule and contempt: and I should not be displeased to know that the last indignities which the law inflicts upon the bodies of the worst malefactors might hereafter fall upon it. And in testification of my sincerity in saying this, I shall make the following offer. Like other men, I have particular fancies about the place of my burial: having lived chiefly in a mountainous region, I rather cleave to the conceit that a grave in a green church-yard, amongst the ancient and solitary hills, will be a sublimer and more tranquil place of repose for a philosopher than any in the hideous Golgothas of London. Yet if the gentlemen of Surgeons' Hall think that any benefit can redound to their science from inspecting the appearances in the body of an opium-eater, let them speak but a word, and I will take care

that mine shall be legally secured to them——i. e. as soon as I have done with it myself. Let them not hesitate to express their wishes upon any scruples of false delicacy, and consideration for my feelings: I assure them they will do me too much honour by “demonstrating” on such a crazy body as mine: and it will give me pleasure to anticipate this posthumous revenge and insult inflicted upon that which has caused me so much suffering in this life. Such bequests are not common: reversionary benefits contingent upon the death of the testator are indeed dangerous to announce in many cases: of this we have a remarkable instance in the habits of a Roman prince—who used, upon any notification made to him by rich persons that they had left him a handsome estate in their wills, to express his entire satisfaction at such arrangements, and his gracious acceptance of those loyal legacies: but then, if the testators neglected to give him immediate possession of the property, if they traitorously “persisted in living” (*si vivere perseverarent*, as Suetonius expresses it), he was highly provoked, and took his measures accordingly.—In those times, and from one of the worst of the Cæsars, we might expect such conduct: but I am sure that from English surgeons at this day I need look for no expressions of impatience, or of any other feelings but such as are answerable to that pure love of science and all its interests which induces me to make such an offer.

Sept. 30, 1822.

THE END.



[For List of Works published see the back of the Wrapper.]

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A

JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM,

AND

A NOCTURNAL EXPEDITION ROUND MY ROOM.

—♦—
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

COUNT XAVIER DE MAISTRE,

GENERAL IN THE RUSSIAN SERVICE, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AT TURIN,
ETC. ETC.



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PREFATORY NOTICE.

A ~~short~~ notice of the Author of the following pages, which the Translator regrets he has it not in his power to render more complete, may yet be of service to the reader, by introducing him to some knowledge of the writer and his family, and acquainting him with the circumstances under which the works were composed—circumstances frequently incidentally alluded to, but which it may be useful to know beforehand, as tending much to elucidate the tone and character of the author's writings.

Count Xavier de Maistre was the younger son of Count François Xavier de Maistre, President of the Senate of Savoy. His elder brother, Joseph Marie de Maistre, was a man of remarkable character and attainments, being, like Niebuhr and Guizot, at once the studious philosopher and active statesman. The brothers received together an excellent education*, under the immediate superintendence of their father and their maternal grandfather, the senator Joseph de Metz. Joseph de Maistre, whose powers were extraordinary, and who throughout his life was accustomed to devote fifteen hours a-day to study and business, was early distinguished. At the age of twenty he had taken all his degrees at the university of Turin, and the next year commenced his official career as Deputy-Advocate-Fiscal to the Senate of Savoy, and in 1787 became a senator.

When, in 1792, the French invasion drove the king of Sardinia from Savoy, the De Maistres followed him in his flight. As we learn incidentally, in the "Nocturnal Expedition," Xavier, who had early entered the army, remained with the Court at Turin, until Piedmont also fell before the French; but Joseph returned to Chambéry (the family residence), and afterwards retired to Lausanne, where, for several years, he acted as a political agent on the part of the king of Sardinia, and published several works in support of the cause of legitimacy, which added much to his already high reputation. In 1797 he was recalled to Turin; but when, in 1798, Charles Emanuel was obliged to abandon his capital and continental dominions, Joseph retired to Venice, where he suffered great privations from absolute poverty, all his property and family possessions having been confiscated and sold. Xavier proceeded to Bologna, and remained there, stripped, like his brother, of his possessions, until the successes of the Austro-Russian army had driven back the French, and re-opened the gates of Turin to its legitimate sovereign and his adherents. At this period, but from what cause we are not informed, Xavier had ceased to hold a commission in the ~~Sardinian~~ service, and had resolved on emigrating. The country of his choice was Russia, whither he was followed by his brother Joseph, who, in 1803, was appointed ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg from the king of Sardinia, and continued to fill that office for fourteen years. Count Xavier speedily rose to the rank of General in the Russian service; and, that he did not abandon his literary studies whilst pursuing his military career, did we not possess the evidence of his works—which, though not profound, like his brother's, bear evident marks of a reflective and well-stored mind—the fact that, in 1816, he, as well as his brother, was nominated one of the five first national non-resident members of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Turin, would be sufficient to assure us.

This is the last *fact* which we have been able to collect respecting the history of Xavier, but we have reason to believe that he ended his life in the service of Russia. The precise period of his death we have not been able to ascertain.

Besides his "Journey Round my Room," and the "Nocturnal Expedition," now first translated, works which have procured for him in France the not inapt designation of "the Sterne of polite society," he published three other short pieces, "The Leper of the City of Aosta," "The Prisoners of the Caucasus," translated some time ago in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," and "The Young Siberian Girl," all which, like the former, have attained a high degree of popularity, and have been repeatedly reprinted. "The Journey Round my Room" was written at Turin, before the occupation of that city by the French; the other works were written and published during their author's residence in Russia.

Joseph, on his return from Russia, in 1817, was appointed Chief President, a Minister of State, and Grand Chancellor, in which capacities he continued to serve his sovereign till his death in 1831. Whilst at St. Petersburg, and after his return, he published several works, political and religious. The most remarkable of these is an essay, entitled "Du Pape," published in 1819, and considered the best defence of the Papal claims ever produced.

* Joseph was born in 1753. As the brothers were educated together there was probably little difference in their ages; but we have failed in proving the exact date of Xavier's birth.

JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM,

AND

A NOCTURNAL EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER I.

How glorious is it to open up a new career and to appear suddenly before the learned world, bearing a volume of discoveries in your hand, like an unexpected comet flashing into space!

No, I will no longer keep my book *in petto*; behold it then, my friends, and read it. I have undertaken and accomplished a journey of forty-two days round my own room. The interesting observations I have made, and the never-ceasing pleasure I have experienced upon the road, have excited a wish to make my travels public; a consideration of the great benefits I shall thus confer on my fellow-creatures has confirmed my resolution. My heart is filled with an inexpressible degree of satisfaction when I reflect on the infinite number of unhappy persons whom I shall provide with a resource against *ennui* and a certain mitigation of the ills they endure. The pleasure derived from a journey in one's own room is secure from the unquiet jealousy of mankind; it is independent of fortune.

Is there, in fact, any being so wretched, so forlorn, that he can find no retreat to which he may retire and hide himself from all the world? That is all the preparation needed for such a journey.

I am confident that every sensible man, whatever may be his character or temperament, will adopt my system. Be he avaricious or prodigal, rich or poor, young or old, born upon the torrid zone or within the arctic circle, he can travel like me; indeed, amongst all the immense human family that swarms upon the surface of the earth, there is not one—not a single individual (provided only that he possesses a room) who can, after reading this book, refuse his approbation to the new method of travelling which I shall now proceed to make known.

CHAPTER II.

I MIGHT have commenced my eulogium on this method of travel by remarking that it costs nothing; a fact deserving attention. In the first place, it must recommend it to all of moderate fortune. To another class also that simple reason, that it costs nothing, will be sure to render it acceptable. To whom? what! can you ask! To the rich. Again, what a resource will not this method of travel prove to the sick! They will have

nothing to dread from the inclemency of the air or the seasons. Cowards need fear no robbers; they will encounter neither precipices nor quaking bogs. Thousands who heretofore would not have ventured to travel, others unable to do so, and others again who would never have entertained the idea, will be induced to follow my example. Can the most indolent hesitate to set out with me to secure a pleasure which shall cost him neither trouble nor money! Take courage, then, and let us start. Follow me all you whom disappointed love or violated friendship withhold in your solitary chambers far away from the pettinesses and perfidy of mankind. Let all the idle rise *en masse*! And you who, for the sake of faithless lovers, are revolving ominous schemes of reformation or retreat; you who, secluded in your boudoirs, renounce the world for ever; amiable anchorites of an evening, come hither also: trust me, when I bid you renounce these gloomy thoughts; you are losing moments of pleasure, yet gaining nothing in wisdom: consent to accompany me in my travels; we will proceed by easy journeys, laughing as we go along at the tourists of Rome and Paris; no obstacle can interrupt our progress; and, giving ourselves up gaily to Imagination, let us follow wherever she may lead us.

CHAPTER III.

How much idle curiosity there is in the world! I feel sure now that numbers are excessively anxious to know why my journey lasted forty-two days, instead of forty-three or any other space of time; but how shall I inform the reader, who am ignorant myself! I can only assure him that, if he find the work too long, it was no fault of mine that it is not much shorter. Casting aside all a traveller's vanity, I should have been perfectly satisfied with a single chapter. It is true that I enjoyed every possible pleasure and delight within my chamber; but alas! I could not quit it when I would; and I even believe that but for the interference of certain powerful individuals who interested themselves in my behalf, and towards whom I still feel lively gratitude, I should have had plenty of time to produce a folio, so much in favour was I with the kind protectors who occasioned my travels in my chamber.

And yet, considerate reader, reflect how much these curious people are in the wrong, and endea-

your to comprehend, if you can, the logic I am going to expound to you.

Is anything more just or natural than to quarrel and fight with any one who may tread on your toe by accident; or perchance, in a fit of ill temper which your own imprudence has caused, lets fall some harsh expression; or still more with one who has the ill luck to please your mistress?

You go out in a field, and there, like Nicole with the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, one tries to thrust in *quarte* while the other parries in *tierce*; to secure sure and ample vengeance you present your open breast to your enemy, and peril your own life in seeking to avenge yourself on him. It is evident that nothing can be more rational, and yet there are always people found who disapprove this praiseworthy custom! But it is equally rational that the very same persons who disapprove this custom, and regard it as a serious crime, should look upon him who refuses to follow it with even more disfavour. Many an unfortunate man has lost reputation and employment by following their advice; and perhaps it would not be a bad plan, when one has the misfortune to be entangled in what is termed "an affair," to draw lots whether to abide by the law or the custom; and, as the law and the custom are contradictory, the judges might also regulate their sentence by the cast of the dice. And probably also it is to a decision of this sort that recourse must be had for an explanation why and wherefore my journey lasted just forty-two days.

CHAPTER IV.

ACCORDING to the measurements of Father Becaria, my room is situated in the forty-fifth degree of latitude; its direction is from east to west, forming an oblong square thirty-six paces round about, close to the wall. My journey was, however, of greater extent; for I often traversed it lengthwise and breadthwise, and sometimes diagonally, disregarding all rule and method. I would also follow zigzags, and every possible geometrical line, just as I had occasion. I am not fond of people who are so much masters of their movements and ideas as to say: "To-day I will make three visits, I will write four letters, I will finish the work I have begun." My mind is so open to all kinds of ideas, tastes, and sentiments; it is so eager to seize everything presented to it! . . . —And why should I refuse it those enjoyments which lie scattered on the rugged path of life? They are so rare, so thinly sown, that it would be folly not to pause, or even to turn from the path to gather all that fall within our reach. I have found no occupation so alluring as the following up of the track of my ideas, as the huntsman tracks his game, disregarding the beaten path. Thus, when I travel in my room, I rarely move in a direct course: I go from my table to a picture hanging in the corner; thence I pass obliquely towards the door; but, although in starting I had designed to reach it, if I perceive my easy-chair by the fire-side, I give myself no further trouble, but there I establish myself forthwith. What an excellent piece of furniture is an arm-chair! above all things it is of the greatest service to a meditative man. In the long winter evenings it is sometimes sweet, and always prudent, to recline yourself gently there, far from the bustle of crowded assemblies.

A good fire, books, and writing materials,—these are the resources against *ennui*! Again, what a pleasure to forget the book and the pen, and stir the fire, resigning yourself meanwhile to a pleasing meditation, or arranging a few rhymes for the amusement of your friends! The hours glide past you then, and sink in silence into eternity without your noticing their mournful passage.

CHAPTER V.

BEYOND my easy-chair, towards the north, stands my bed, which is at the end of the apartment, and forms an agreeable perspective. It is judiciously placed so that the first rays of the sun illuminate my curtains. On fine summer mornings I watch them as they advance along the white wall, marking the height to which the sun has risen. The elm-trees before my window divide them in a thousand fashions, and make them play upon my bed, whose colours, rose and white, throw all around a charming tint from their reflection. I listen to the twittering of the swallows that are sheltered in the roof, and to the song of other birds that tenant the elm-trees; a thousand cheerful thoughts pass through my mind; and in the whole world, no one has a more agreeable, a more peaceful waking, than I.

I own I love to enjoy those happy moments, and prolong as far as possible the pleasure I experience whilst lying rapt in meditation in the soft warmth of my bed. Is not this piece of furniture, where I sometimes thus forget myself, a theatre which excites our imagination, and awakens the tenderest ideas? Blush not, modest reader;—but may I not be permitted to speak of the bliss of the lover who for the first time clasps a virtuous wife to his bosom? Ineffable pleasure, which my unhappy destiny forbids me ever to enjoy! Is it not here that the mother, intoxicated with joy at the birth of her son, forgets all her sufferings? Here we are agitated by fantastic pleasures, the fruits of imagination and of hope; and it is in bed that for one half of our lives we forget the mortifications of the other half. But what a crowd of pleasing and of mournful thoughts presses at once upon my mind! What a strange mixture of the delightful and the terrible!

Our bed witnesses our birth and our death; it is a changing theatre where human nature daily enacts interesting dramas, laughable farces, and momentous tragedies; it is a cradle scattered over with flowers; it is the throne of love; it is a sepulchre.

CHAPTER VI.

THIS chapter is for metaphysicians only. It will throw great light upon the nature of man: it is the prism which will enable us to analyse and decompose the faculties of man, by separating the animal powers from the pure rays of intellect.

It would be impossible to explain why and wherefore I burnt my fingers just as I was setting out on my travels, without minutely detailing to the reader my system of the soul and the *beast*. This metaphysical discovery has besides so great an effect on my actions and ideas, that it would be very difficult to comprehend this book did I not furnish a key to it at the beginning.

Frequent observation has convinced me that man is compounded of the soul and the *beast*. These two beings are totally distinct, but so closely

joined together, one to the other, or one on the other, that the soul must possess a certain superiority over the beast, or the distinction cannot be perceived.

I once learnt from an aged professor (he will scarcely recollect me now) that Plato called matter *the other self*. That is all very well; but I should prefer to give this name to the beast that is united with our soul. In fact it is this being which is really our *other self*, and which torments us in so singular a manner. It will be admitted at once that man is double; but this is, it is said, because he is composed of a soul and a body; and we accuse the body of I know not what actions, but assuredly without any just cause, since it is as incapable of feeling as of thought. It is the beast to whom all these are to be attributed—to this sensible being, perfectly distinct from the soul, actually individual, which has her own separate existence, tastes, inclinations, will, and which is only superior to other animals because she has been better taught, and provided with a more perfect organisation.

Ladies and gentlemen, pride yourselves on your intellect as much as you please; but beware of your other selves, especially in each others' company.

I have made I know not how many experiments upon the union of these two heterogeneous creatures. For example, I have clearly ascertained that the soul can oblige the beast to obedience, and that by a grievous reaction the latter too often compels the soul to act against her own will. By right one should possess the legislative, the other the executive power; but these two powers are often opposed to each other. The great art of a man of genius is to know how so to elevate the beast as to enable it to go alone, while the soul, relieved from this burdensome companion, may herself rise to the heavens.

This may be made clearer by an example.

When sir, you read a book, and a very pleasing idea enters into your imagination, your soul immediately attaches herself to the idea, and forgets the book, while your eyes continue mechanically to follow the words and lines; you finish the page without comprehending or even remembering that you have read it. This happens because your soul having ordered her companion to read, neglected to warn her of the little flight she was about to make; consequently your other self continued to read though your soul no longer attended.

CHAPTER VII.

THIS does not appear clear to you? Well then, here is another example.

One day last summer I went out with the intention of proceeding to court. I had been painting all the morning, and my soul being pleased to meditate on painting, left the care of conducting me to the palace to the beast.

What a sublime art is painting! thought my soul; happy is he who is affected by the spectacle of nature; who is not obliged to manufacture paintings for a livelihood; who exercises the art only as a pastime, but who, impressed with the majesty of a beautiful face, and the wonderful play of light which is displayed in a thousand tints upon the human countenance, endeavours in his works to approach the sublime effects of nature. Happy also the painter whom the love of the

country leads into solitary walks; who can express the mournful feelings inspired by a sombre forest or a desert plain upon his canvas! His productions imitate and reproduce nature; he creates new oceans and gloomy caverns unknown to the day; at his command green thickets spring from nothing; the azure of heaven is reflected from his pictures; he can "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." At other times he will present the delightful plains of ancient Sicily to the enchanted eye of the spectator: frightened nymphs are seen flying through the reeds from the pursuit of a satyr; majestic temples lift their proud heads above the sacred forest that surrounds them: imagination loses itself among the silent paths of this ideal country; the gray distance mingles with the sky, and the whole landscape, repeated in the waters of a tranquil stream, forms a spectacle which no language can describe. Whilst my soul was engaged in these reflections, my other self pursued her course, and God knows where she led me! Instead of repairing to court, as she had been ordered, she deviated so much to the left, that at the moment that my soul overtook her, she was at the gate of Madame de Hautcastel, a mile and a half from the royal palace.

I leave the reader to guess what would have been the consequence had she entered the house of so lovely a lady all alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

IF it is useful and agreeable to have the soul disengaged from matter, in order to make a solitary excursion when she thinks proper, this faculty has also its inconveniences. It is to it, for instance, that I owe the burn of which I spoke some chapters back. I commonly delegate to my beast the care of making preparations for breakfast; she cuts the bread and makes my toast. She makes excellent coffee, and very often even drinks it without my soul's interfering in the matter, unless indeed when the latter amuses herself with watching her as she performs her task; but this is but seldom, and is difficult to compass: for although it is easy, when one is performing any mechanical operation, to think on other things, it is extremely difficult to watch one's self act, if the expression may be allowed;—or, to explain it according to my system, to employ the soul in examining the proceedings of the beast, and to see her at work without interfering. This is the most astonishing metaphysical exertion of which man is capable.

I had laid the tongs over my wood fire to toast my bread, and presently after, whilst my soul was on an excursion, a blazing log fell on the hearth;—my poor beast stretched out my hand to the tongs, and I burnt my fingers.

CHAPTER IX.

I TRUST that I have in the preceding chapters sufficiently developed my ideas to afford my reader food for thought, and at the same time enabled him to make fresh discoveries in this brilliant field of action. He cannot but be satisfied with himself if one day he becomes able to send his soul alone upon her travels; the pleasures which this faculty will procure him will at least balance the *quiproquos* which may result from it. Can there be any amusement more flattering to our self-love than one which thus extends the bounds of our exist-

ence ; and, by occupying at once both earth and heaven, gives, as it were, a double life ! Does not man experience an eternal and never-satisfied desire of enlarging his powers and his faculties ! Does he not wish to transport himself to places he cannot reach—to recal the past and to live in the future ! He longs to command armies, to preside in academies ; he would be adored by the fair : and if all these desires are gratified he then regrets the tranquillity of a country life, and envies the cottage of the shepherd ; his projects, his hopes, are incessantly wrecked against the substantial misfortunes inseparable from human nature ; he knows not where to seek for happiness. A quarter of an hour of travel with me will point out the right path.

Yes ! but will not these distressing cares, this ambition which torments him, still remain with the other self ! Come, poor unhappy one, make an effort to break your prison, and from the height of heaven, to which I shall conduct thee, from the midst of the celestial orbs of the Empyreum, look at thy beast sent forth into the world to run alone the career of fortune and of honours ; see with what gravity she walks among mankind : the crowd give way before her with respect, and, trust me, no one will perceive that she is all alone ; the mob amongst whom she moves care little to know whether she has a soul or not, or whether she is or is not capable of thought. A thousand sentimental women will love her to distraction without making the discovery ; she can even elevate herself, without the assistance of the soul, to the highest favour and the greatest fortune. I should not even be astonished if at our return from Empyreum thy soul, on seeking her home, should find herself in the beast of a great lord.

CHAPTER X.

It must not be thought that in place of keeping my word by giving a description of my journey round my room, I am wandering from my subject : this would be a great mistake, for my journey is really going on ; and whilst my soul, reflecting within herself, surveyed in the last chapter the tortuous windings of metaphysics, I was in my arm-chair, on which I had thrown myself back in such a manner that the two front legs were raised two inches from the floor, and so, swinging myself right and left, and thus gaining ground, I had insensibly approached quite close to the wall. It is thus that I travel when I am not hurried. There my hand was mechanically stretched forth to the portrait of Madame de Hautcastel, and my other self amused herself in wiping away the dust which covered the picture. This occupation afforded her a tranquil pleasure which communicated itself to my soul, although she was lost in the vast expanse of heaven ; for it is worthy of observation that when the mind thus travels into space, it still remains connected with the senses by I know not what secret bond ; so that, without interruption to its occupations, it can take a part in the quiet enjoyments of the other self ; but if this pleasure increases to a certain point, or if she is struck by some unexpected object, the soul immediately flies back to her place with the swiftness of lightning.

Thus it happened to me as I cleaned the portrait.

In proportion as the cloth removed the dust and brought the curls of those fair locks and the garland of roses which crowned them to view, my soul, which just then was transported to the sun, felt a slight emotion of pleasure, and by sympathy participated in the joy which filled my heart. This joy became less uncertain and more lively when the cloth at one sweep discovered the shining forehead of that charming face ; my soul was on the point of quitting the heavens to enjoy the spectacle. But she was found in the Elysian fields ; she had taken part in a concert of cherubim ; but she had scarcely remained there half a second when her companion, still taking increased interest in her work, bethought herself of using a damp sponge which was offered to her, and of passing it suddenly over the eyebrows and eyes, over the nose, over the cheeks,—over that mouth ; —ah ! heavens, how my heart beat !—over the chin, over the bosom : 'twas the affair of a moment ; the whole figure seemed to reappear and to spring forth from nothingness. My soul precipitated herself from heaven like a shooting star ; she found my other self in a ravishing ecstasy which she augmented by her participation : this singular and unforeseen situation caused time and space to disappear with me. For an instant I lived in the past, and, against the rules of nature, I once more became young. Yes, there is the woman I adored ; it is herself : I see her smile ; she will speak, and her words will be those of love. What a look ! Come, let me press thee to my heart, soul of my life, my second existence ! Come, partake my intoxication and my happiness ! That moment was brief, but it was full of enchantment : cold Reason soon regained her empire, and in the space of the twinkling of an eye a whole year was added to my age ; my heart became cold and frozen, and I found myself on a level with the indifferent crowd who encumber the earth.

CHAPTER XI.

But it will not do to anticipate the course of events : in my hurry to communicate my system of the soul and the beast to the reader, I cut short the description of my bed ; now I have concluded that subject, let me take up the account of my travels at the point where I broke off in the last chapter. I would only beg you to recal to your remembrance that I had left one half of myself holding the portrait of Madame de Hautcastel close by the wall four paces from my scrutoire. I forgot, when speaking of my bed, that it was covered with a rose-coloured and white counterpane : there is no doubt that colours have an influence upon our spirits, and enliven or throw a gloom upon them according as their tints are gay or sombre. Red and white are two colours consecrated to pleasure and felicity. Nature, in giving them to the rose, made her chief of Flora's empire ; and when the heavens give promise of a brilliant morrow, the evening clouds are coloured with this lovely hue.

One day we were with some difficulty ascending a steep path : the lovely Rosalie was in advance ; her activity gave her wings : we were unable to keep up with her. Suddenly, on reaching the summit of a little hill, she turned round to take breath, smiling at our tardiness. Never, perhaps, did the two colours I would extol appear more

triumphant. Her flushed cheeks, her coral lips, her pearly teeth, her alabaster neck, set off by the green background, fixed our attention. We stood still to gaze upon her: I speak not of her blue eyes, nor of the glances which she threw towards us; it would be travelling out of my subject: and moreover, I make a point of banishing all such recollections as far as possible. Let it suffice, that I have presented a most exquisitely beautiful example of the superior excellence of these two colours, and of their influence over us.

I can proceed no further to-day. What subject could I broach that would not prove insipid? What idea would not be effaced by that remembrance? I know not even when I shall be able to resume my labour. Should I return to it, and the reader feel anxious that I should continue to the end, let him address himself to the angel who watches over the distribution of our thoughts, and offer up his prayers that the image of that little hill may not be mingled with the crowd of disconnected ideas which at this moment fall thick around me.

Otherwise here is an end of my travels.

CHAPTER XII.

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 the little hill

CHAPTER XIII.

It is of no use; I must give it up and stop here in spite of myself: 'tis my daily "ration."

CHAPTER XIV.

I HAVE already noticed the pleasure I enjoy whilst lying rapt in meditation in the soft warmth of my bed, and have remarked how much the pleasing colour of its covering contributes to the satisfaction I find there.

For the sake of enjoying this pleasure I have given my servant orders to enter my room half an hour before the time at which I have made up my mind to rise. I hear him moving gently, and *pottering* about the room discreetly, and the sound affords me the gratification of feeling that I am asleep,—a refined pleasure unknown to the generality of mankind.

One is just sufficiently awake to perceive that one is not so entirely, and to possess an indistinct perception that the hour of labour and of care is still retained in the hour-glass of time. Insensibly my man becomes more noisy; he finds it so difficult to restrain himself! besides, he knows that the fatal hour approaches. He looks at my watch, and moves the chimney ornaments to give me warning; but I turn a deaf ear; and, for the sake of prolonging this charming hour, there is no sort of evasion that I do not put in practice against the poor fellow. I give a hundred preliminary orders to gain time. He is quite sensible that these orders, which I give with sufficient ill humour, are only pretences to conceal my secret wish for lying longer. He makes believe, however, not to perceive all this; and truly grateful am I for his consideration.

At length, when I have exhausted all my

resources, he advances to the middle of the room and folding his arms, remains there perfectly immoveable.

It must be confessed that it would be impossible to express disapprobation of my proceedings with more sense and discretion: so I never resist this silent invitation; I put out my arm to signify that I comprehend him—and behold, I am out of bed.

If the reader reflect on the conduct of my servant, he will be convinced that in certain delicate affairs of a like nature simplicity and good sense are worth infinitely more than the most ready wit. I am confident that the most elaborate discourse on the impropriety of laziness would not have induced me to turn out so promptly from my bed as the silent reproach of M. Joannetti.

A man of true politeness is M. Joannetti, and one peculiarly fitted for such a traveller as I. He is used to the frequent journeys of my soul, and never laughs at the absurdities of my other self: he sometimes even gives her directions when she is left alone; so that we may say that at such times she is under the guidance of two souls. When she dresses me, for instance, he warns me by a sign that she is about to draw on my stockings wrong side out, or to put on my coat before my waistcoat. My soul is often amused to see poor Joannetti run after the fool along the covered ways of the citadel, to remind her that she had left my hat behind; another time my handkerchief.

One day (shall I confess it?) but for the care of this faithful servant, who overtook her at the foot of the stairs, the wronghead would have taken her way to court without my sword, as unconcernedly as if she had been the grand-master of the ceremonies bearing his awful wand.

CHAPTER XV.

"HERE Joannetti," said I, "hang up this portrait." He had assisted me to clean it, and yet had no more idea of all that produced the chapter on the portrait than of what goes on in the moon. He had of his own accord handed me the damp sponge, and by that apparently trifling action had sent my soul flying over a hundred millions of leagues in one second of time. Instead of replacing the picture, he retained it to wipe it in his turn. A certain inquiring look which overspread his features, and indicated that some difficulty—a doubt he wished to have resolved—occupied his mind, attracted my attention. "Come," said I, "what fault have you to find with the portrait?"—"None at all, sir."—"But yet?"—He placed the picture against one of the shelves of my *scrutoire*; then retiring a few paces, he replied, "Would you have the kindness, sir, to explain to me why this portrait always looks straight at me, whatever part of the room I move to? In the morning when I make the bed, the face is turned towards me, and if I go to the window, it keeps looking at me all the way."—"In fact, Joannetti," said I, "if the room were full of people, this fair lady would look every way and at every one at the same time?"—"Oh! yes, sir."—"She would smile upon all who came and went, as well as upon me?" Joannetti made no answer. I stretched myself in my easy chair, and, letting my head fall on my breast, I resigned myself to very serious meditations. What a light breaks in on me!

Poor lover ! whilst you, far removed from your mistress, are a prey to vain regrets, your place with her, it may be, is already filled up ; whilst your eyes are fixed upon her portrait, and you fondly imagine that you alone (at least, in the picture) monopolise her glances, the perfidious image, faithless as the original, gazes on all who approach, and smiles on every one.

Here we see a moral resemblance between portraits and their prototypes, never yet pointed out by the philosopher, the painter, or the observer.

I go on from discovery to discovery.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOANNETTI still remained in the same attitude, waiting the explanation he had requested. I raised my head from the folds of my travelling-dress, into which I had sunk it to meditate more at my ease whilst resigning myself to the sad reflections I had been making. "Do you not perceive, Joannetti," said I, after a moment's silence, and turning my chair towards him, "do you not perceive that a picture, being a plane surface, the rays of light passing off from every point of that surface . . . ?" Joannetti at this explanation opened his eyes so wide that the whole pupil became visible ; he half opened his mouth also : these two actions indicate in the human face, according to the celebrated Le Brun, the highest degree of astonishment. Without doubt it was my beast that had entered upon such a dissertation, for my soul knew well enough that Joannetti knew nothing of plane surfaces, and still less of rays of light ; the monstrous dilation of his eyelids recalled me to myself ; I suffered my head to sink down again within the collar of my travelling-dress, and there so unconcerned myself that scarcely any part of it was left visible.

At this stage I resolved to dine ; the day was already advanced, and, if I had taken another step in my chamber, my dinner would have been delayed till night. I slid myself to the edge of my chair, and putting both my feet on the andirons, I awaited my meal in patience. What a delicious attitude is that ! It would, I think, be difficult to find another which unites so many advantages, and is so commodious in the unavoidable delays met with in the course of a long journey.

Rosine, my faithful dog, never fails at such times to pull the skirts of my travelling-dress to coax me to take her up ; she finds a comfortable and convenient bed at the apex of the angle formed by my two lower limbs : the letter V represents my position exactly. Rosine jumps up, if I do not take her as quickly as she wishes. I sometimes find her there without knowing how it happened. My hands arrange themselves in the position that best suits her convenience, perhaps from some sympathy between this kind creature and my beast, perhaps directed only by chance ;—but I do not believe in chance, that wretched system—that word signifying nothing. I would rather believe in magnetism ;—I would rather believe in Martinism. No, I will never believe in chance.

There is so much reality in the relations which exist between these two animals, that when I put my feet on the andirons in pure absence of mind, when the dinner-hour is still far distant and nothing is farther from my thoughts than my

"rations," Rosine, if she chances to be present, always expresses the pleasure with which she regards this action by gently wagging her tail ; discretion alone keeps her in her place, and my other self, who is aware of this, feels pleased with her, although incapable of reasoning on the causes by which it is effected. A mute correspondence is thus established between them, a relation productive of very agreeable sensations, and which cannot be attributed to chance alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

I OUGHT not to be reproached with prolixity in the details of my journey. It is the way with all travellers. When they set out to scale Mont Blanc, or to visit the crater that formed the tomb of Empedocles, they never fail to give a minute description of the most trivial circumstances : the number of the party and of the mules ; the quality of the provisions ; the excellent appetite of the travellers ; everything, in fact, even to their false steps, is carefully noted in a diary for the instruction of the sedentary world. On this principle I have resolved to speak of my dear Rosine, an amiable creature whom I sincerely love, and to whom I shall consecrate an entire chapter.

During the six years we have lived together there has never been the least coolness between us ; or if some trifling disputes have arisen between her and me, I freely confess that I have always been most in the wrong, and that Rosine has always made the first advances towards a reconciliation.

At night, when she has been scolded, she retires mournfully but without a murmur : the next morning, by break of day, she is at my bedside, in a respectful attitude ; and, at the least movement of her master, at the slightest symptom of his awaking, she announces her presence by the rapid beating of her tail against the floor.

Why should I refuse my affection to this caressing being, who has never ceased to love me from the time we first began to live together ! My memory does not serve me to count up the list of all those who once professed an interest in me, but by whom I am now forgotten. I have had some friends, and many a mistress ; a host of companions, and acquaintances without number ; now I am as nothing to all this multitude, who have forgotten even my name.

How many protestations ! what offers of service ! Their fortune I might look upon as my own—their friendship was eternal and without reserve !

My dear Rosine, who never made any proffers of service, has rendered me the greatest. She loved me yesterday, and she loves me still to-day. So I am not ashamed to confess that she participates in the same love which I feel towards my friends.

They may say what they please about it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE left Joannetti standing, fixed in an attitude of astonishment, and waiting the conclusion of the sublime exposition I had begun.

When he saw me all at once bury my head in my *robe de chambre*, and thus put an end to my exposition, he concluded that I had not stopped short without good cause, and consequently that

he had overwhelmed me by the difficulty he had started.

Notwithstanding the superiority he had thus acquired over me, no particle of pride was excited in his breast; he made no attempt to carry his advantage farther. After a momentary silence he took up the portrait, returned it to its place, and then quitted the room on tiptoe. He felt that his presence was a kind of humiliation to me, and his delicacy induced him to retire without attracting my attention. His conduct on this occasion keenly excited my interest, and gave him a higher place in my esteem. He has already, I doubt not, acquired a place in the esteem of my readers also; but should any one refuse it after perusing the next chapter, Heaven must have given him a heart of stone.

CHAPTER XIX.

"MORBLEU," said I to him one day, "this is the third time I have told you to buy a brush! What a blockhead you must be!" He did not answer a word: he had made no answer the evening before to a similar reproach. "He is so exact!" said I with a sneer. I knew nothing about it. "Go and get a cloth to dust my shoes," said I angrily. Whilst he was away I regretted that I had been so hasty. My wrath subsided as I observed the care he took to wipe away the dust from my shoes without soiling my stockings: I laid my hand on his shoulder in token of reconciliation. "What!" said I to myself, "are there then men who clean other men's shoes for money?" That word money enlightened me at once. I remembered that it was a long time since I had given my servant any. "Joannetti," I said, drawing back my foot, "have you any money?" A half-smile of self-justification played about his lips at this question. "No, sir, I have had none these eight days; I have expended all my own in little purchases for you."—"And the brush! That is the cause without doubt..." He smiled again. He might have said to his master, "No, I am not a blockhead, as you so unfeelingly called your faithful servant. Pay me the 23 livres, 10 sous, 4 deniers that you owe me, and I will buy your brush." He suffered himself to be treated with injustice rather than make his master blush at his own anger.

May Heaven bless him! Philosophers! Christians! have you read this!

"Here Joannetti," said I, "run and buy a brush."—"But, sir, would you remain with one shoe white and the other black?"

"Go," said I, "go and buy a brush; let the dust on my shoe alone." He went away; I took the cloth, and as I delightedly wiped away the dust from my left shoe, a tear of repentance fell upon it.

CHAPTER XX.

THE walls of my room are hung with prints and pictures which are great ornaments. I would with all my heart examine them all with the reader, one after the other, to amuse and divert him on the road we have yet to traverse before we arrive at my *scrutoire*; but it is as impossible to explain a picture clearly as to paint one after a description.

What emotion would he not experience in contemplating the first print presented to his notice!

There he would behold the unhappy Charlotte,

slowly and with a trembling hand wiping Albert's pistols*. Dark presentiments, and all the anguish of a hopeless and inconsolable love, are imprinted on her countenance; while the cold Albert, surrounded by bags of law-proceedings and old papers of all kinds, quietly turns to wish his friend a good journey. How many times have I not been tempted to break the glass which covers that print, to snatch Albert from his table, to tear him to pieces and trample him beneath my feet! But there will always be too many Alberts in the world. What man of sensibility has not known and been forced to associate with such a one—a man on whom the overflowings of the soul, the soft emotions of the heart, and the flights of the imagination produce no more effect than do the waves upon the rocks on which they burst and scatter themselves! Happy is he who finds a friend whose heart and mind are in unison with his own; a friend united to him by a similarity of taste and disposition, his equal but not superior in knowledge; a friend tormented by no ambition nor disturbed by opposing interests—one who prefers the shade of trees to the pomp of courts! Happy is he who possesses a friend!

CHAPTER XXI.

I ONCE had one: death has deprived me of him: he was taken away at the commencement of his career, at a time when his friendship had become the one desire of my heart. In the toilsome labours of war we had mutually supported each other; we had but one pipe between us; we drank out of the same cup; we slept beneath the same covering; and in the unfortunate circumstances we then were in, the wretched place where we lived together was to us a new country. I have seen him brave all the dangers of war—of a disastrous war. Death appeared to spare us for each other; a thousand times his dart passed close to him but always passed him by; alas! this rendered me but the more sensible of his loss. The tumult, the enthusiasm which carries away the soul at the aspect of danger, would perhaps have prevented his groans from affecting me. His death might have been useful to his country and terrible to his enemies: I should not then have regretted him so much. But to lose him in the midst of the delights of winter-quarters; to see him expire in my arms at the moment when health seemed at the highest flow—at the moment when our union seemed bound yet closer by tranquillity and repose!—alas! nothing can console me! Meanwhile his memory lives only in my heart; it exists no longer among those who once surrounded him, and who now fill his place: this reflection renders his loss even more painful to my feelings. Nature, alike indifferent to the fate of individuals, resumes her brilliant robe of spring, and adorns herself with all her beauty, around the tomb where he reposes. The interwoven branches of the trees are covered with green leaves; the birds are singing in the thickets; the butterflies sport among the flowers; the resting-place of the dead is redolent of joy and life: and in the evening, when the moon shines bright in the sky, and I meditate near this mournful spot, I hear the grasshopper gaily pur-

* This is descriptive of a celebrated scene in Goethe's *Werther*.

suings his song whilst hidden in the long grass that covers the silent grave of my friend. The insensible destruction of life, and all the evils which afflict humanity, count for nothing in the grand total. The death of the man of sensibility who breathes his last surrounded by his afflicted friends, and that of the butterfly who perishes with cold on the calyx of a flower, are but two similar epochs in the course of nature. Man is nothing but a phantom, a shade, a vapour which is dissipated into air. . . .

But the dawn of morning begins to brighten the sky; the gloomy ideas which disturbed me vanish with the night, and hope springs up again within my heart. No; He who thus bathes the east in light has not made it thus bright to my eyes here, only to plunge me into everlasting night hereafter. He who extended this immeasurable horizon, He who elevated those enormous mountains whose frozen summits are now gilded by the sun, is also He who gave me a heart which beats, and a soul capable of reflection.

No, my friend has not passed into nothingness: whatever may be the barrier that separates us, I shall once more behold him. It is not upon a syllogism that I found my hope. The wing of the insect borne upon the breeze suffices to convince me; and often the aspect of the country, the perfume of the air, and an indescribable charm pervading all around me, so elevate my ideas that the invincible truth enters into my soul and occupies it altogether.

CHAPTER XXII.

I HAD for some time been tempted to begin the chapter I have just written, but I refrained. I purposed to exhibit only the brighter phases of my soul; but that design, like many others, is frustrated: the reader of sensibility will pardon me if I have caused him some tears; and if any one is of opinion that in *truth** I ought to have suppressed that melancholy chapter, let him tear it out or throw the book itself into the fire.

I am content if it wakes an accordant feeling in your heart, dear Jenny, best and most beloved of women; to you, my beloved sister, I dedicate my work; if it meets your approbation, it will obtain that of every sensitive and refined heart; and if you forgive the follies which sometimes, in spite of myself, will escape me, I care not for the critics.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I SHALL say but little of the next engraving. It is the unhappy Ugolino surrounded by his family, and dying of hunger: one of his sons lies motionless at his feet; the others stretch forth their enfeebled arms, demanding "bread;" whilst the wretched father, leaning against a pillar of his dungeon, staring upon them with fixed and haggard eyes, and motionless visage,—in that horrible calm which marks the last stage of despair,—suffers at once death within himself and in his children, and endures all that human nature can sustain.

Brave Chevalier d'Assas†, here we behold you,

* See the romance of "Werther," Letter xxviii., 12th August.

† The Chevalier Nicolas d'Assas, a captain in the regiment of Auvergne, whilst going his rounds to visit the

enacting a deed of bravery and heroism such as is rare in our days, and perishing, overwhelmed by a hundred mortal wounds!

And you, poor Indian girl, who, deceived and deserted by a barbarian—(could he have been an Englishman?)—sit weeping beneath the palm-tree's shade, what shall I say to you? You whom he cruelly sold as a slave, regardless of your love and services, regardless even of the fruit of tenderness you bore beneath your bosom,—I will not pass by your image without rendering the homage due to your gentle heart and melancholy fate‡.

Let us pause a moment before another picture: it is a young shepherdess, who tends her flock in the solitude of the Alpine mountain tops: she is sitting on the trunk of a fallen pine-tree, whitened by the winter-storms; her feet are buried in the broad leaves of a tuft of *cacalia*, whose lilac flowers reach above her head. Lavender, thyme, anemones, centauries, and many other flowers, with difficulty raised in our hothouses and gardens, but flourishing on the Alps in all their native beauty, overspread the earth with a brilliant carpet, and afford rich herbage for the flocks. Sweet shepherdess, tell me in what happy nook of this world is your dwelling! what far-off sheepfold did you leave at peep of dawn? Would that I might dwell there with you! But, alas! too soon will this sweet calm be disturbed: the demon of war, not satisfied with desolating cities, comes bringing fear and trouble to the solitude of your retreat. Already troops advance; I see them scale mountain after mountain till they approach the clouds. The roar of cannon is heard amidst the lofty regions of the thunder. Fly, shepherdess! hurry on your flock, conceal yourself in some far-off savage cave: repose is banished from the mourning earth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I KNOW not how it happens; but my chapters lately have all ended in a saddened strain. In vain do I at the commencement fix my eyes on some pleasing object; in vain do I embark in a calm; some sudden gust always assails me, and drives me from my course. I see no other remedy to put an end to this disturbance, which leaves me no longer master of my ideas—to still the beatings of my heart, too much moved by so many

pickets on the night of the 15th October, 1790, at Closter-camp, near Guedres, was seized on by the advanced guard of the enemy, who were marching to make a night attack. Being threatened with instant death if he made the least noise, he nevertheless, with a devotion worthy of an ancient Roman, contrived to give the alarm, exclaiming, the moment he came within hearing of his own men, "A moi Auvergne! voilà les ennemis!" and was instantly bayoneted by his enraged and disappointed captors. His heroism was celebrated in verse by Voltaire, who, not satisfied that it should receive only so unsubstantial a tribute, exerted himself to procure a pension to be settled by the government on his family (the chevalier was unmarried), which they enjoyed till the Revolution; then, of course, it ceased, but on the restoration of the Bourbons it was renewed, and we believe that the representatives of the Chevalier d'Assas are still receiving that testimony of national gratitude, so nobly won and worthily conferred.—*Translator's note.*

‡ This refers to the well-known story of Inkle and Yarico, which may be found in No. 11 of the Spectator, and on which Cumberland founded a popular drama.—*Translator's note.*

affecting images—than to write a dissertation. Yes : I must lay that ice upon my heart.

And this dissertation shall be upon painting ; for to no other subject can I address myself. I cannot all at once descend from the height which I just now attained ; moreover, I have my hobby-horse like Uncle Toby.

Before I begin, I would, however, say a few words on the pre-eminence of the charming art of painting over that of music : yes, I would throw somewhat into the scale, though it be but a grain of sand—an atom.

It may be urged in favour of the painter that he leaves something behind him ; his works survive and immortalise his memory.

To this it may be answered that musical composers leave operas and concertos ; but music is subject to fashion, and painting is not. The harmonies which melted our forefathers are absurd in the estimation of the amateurs of the present day, and now the grandson laughs at strains, transferred to comic operas, that moved his grandfather to tears.

The paintings of Raffaele will enchant our posterity as they delighted our ancestors.

This is my grain of sand*.

CHAPTER XXV.

"But what matters it," said Madame de Haut-castel to me one day, "that the music of Cherubini or Cimarosa differs from that of their predecessors ? Does it signify anything to me that old music makes me laugh, provided the new affects my feelings deliciously ? Can it be necessary to my happiness that my pleasures should be the same as my great-grandfather's ? Why talk about painting ? It is an art which can only be appreciated by few, whilst music delights us all."

I am not clear what answer can be given to this last observation, which I had not expected when I began this chapter.

If I had foreseen it I should not have entered on this dissertation. Do not imagine that this is merely the subterfuge of a musician. I am not a musician, upon my honour ; no, I am no musician : I call Heaven, and all who ever heard me play on the fiddle, to witness.

But supposing the merit of the one and the other art to be equal, we must not thence conclude that the merit of the artist is the same. We see infants touch the harpsichord with the hand of a master ; we have never beheld a painter of twelve years old. Painting, besides taste and feeling, requires a thoughtful head, which is not requisite for the musician. Every day we hear men, without either heads or hearts, draw ravishing sounds from the harp and violin.

We can teach the human beast to play on the harpsichord ; and when it has been brought up under a skilful master, the soul can travel at her ease, whilst the fingers go on mechanically, producing sounds with which she does not interfere. On the other hand, it is not possible to paint even

the commonest object, unless the soul applies all her faculties.

Still, if any one should think of drawing a distinction between the composition and the execution of music, I confess he would somewhat embarrass me. Alas ! if all writers of dissertations were as candid, they would all end in this way. When entering on the examination of any question, they commonly adopt a dogmatic tone, because they have come to a decision before-hand, as I had with regard to painting, for all my hypocritical impartiality ; but the discussion raises an objection, and all ends in doubt.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Now that I have become more calm, I will endeavour to control my emotion whilst we notice two portraits that hang next to the Shepherdess of the Alps.

Raffaele ! none but thyself could paint thy portrait. What other dared to undertake the task ? Thy open, mild, intellectual countenance, announces thy character and thy genius.

To gratify thy shade, I have placed thy mistress by thy side ; she from whom men in all ages will eternally demand an account of the sublime works of which thy premature death deprived the arts.

When I examine the portrait of Raffaele, I feel deeply impressed with an almost religious respect for that great man, who, in the flower of his age, had already surpassed antiquity, and whose pictures are at once the wonder and the despair of modern artists. Whilst admiring him, my soul often feels indignant at the fair Italian who preferred her love to her lover, and stifled that celestial flame, that divine genius in her bosom.

Wretch ! didst thou not know that Raffaele had announced a picture that should surpass the Transfiguration ! Wert thou ignorant that thou didst embrace the favourite of nature, the father of enthusiasm, a sublime genius, a god !

Whilst my soul makes these observations, her companion, fixing an attentive eye on the enchanting face of the ill-starred beauty, feels ready to pardon her the death of Raffaele.

In vain my soul reproaches her with her extravagant weakness : she is not listened to. On these occasions a singular sort of dialogue is established between these two ladies, which too often ends to the advantage of the "evil principle," and of which I reserve a specimen for another chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE prints and paintings which I have already mentioned will grow dim, and disappear at the first glance of the next picture : the immortal works of Raffaele, Correggio, and all the schools of Italy, will not bear a comparison with it. Thus I always preserve it as the concluding treat—a treasure which I keep in reserve for those inquisitive friends whom I sometimes permit to accompany me in my travels ; and I can safely assert, that whenever I have shown this sublime picture, either to connoisseurs or the ignorant—to men of the world or mechanics—to women or to children—nay, even to animals, I have always beheld the spectators, whosever they might be, exhibit, each in his own way, some signs of

* The improved musical taste of the present day renders much of what is said above unjust. The works of Mozart, Beethoven, Purcell, will live as long as those of the great masters of painting ; and we may further remark in their behalf, that, unlike paintings, they are not subject to decay.—Translator's note.

pleasure and astonishment, so admirably is nature represented in it.

Well! what picture can we present to you, gentlemen, what spectacle can we place before you, ladies, more certain to obtain your suffrage than the faithful representation of yourselves! The picture of which I speak is a mirror, and no one yet has thought of finding fault with it; to all who gaze on it, it is a perfect picture in which they can find nothing to object to.

It will doubtless be admitted, that it should be included among the wonders of the country I reside in.

I will pass over in silence the pleasure which the learned man experiences in meditating on the strange phenomena of light, which represents all the objects of nature on this polished surface. To the sedentary traveller the mirror presents a thousand interesting reflections, a thousand observations which render it both valuable and useful.

You, whom Love once held, or still holds under his rule, learn that it is before the mirror that he points his darts and meditates his cruelties; it is there he rehearses his manoeuvres, studies his tactics, and prepares for the war he is going to declare; there he practises soft glances, well-skilled changes of the face, and pretty poutings, as an actor practises by himself before appearing in public. Ever impartial and true, a mirror conveys the roses of youth and the wrinkles of age to the eyes of the spectator, and neither flatters nor calumniates. It alone, among all the counselors of the great, invariably tells them the truth.

This advantage set me longing for a moral mirror, where all men might behold themselves, their virtues and their vices. I even thought of proposing a prize to some Academy for its discovery, when more matured reflection convinced me of its uselessness.

Alas! how seldom does ugliness recognise itself and break the mirror! In vain are glasses multiplied around us, reflecting light and truth with geometrical exactness; the moment the rays enter our eyes, and paint us as we are, Self-love slips her deceitful prism between us and our image, and shows us a divinity.

And of all the prisms that ever existed since the first produced by the immortal Newton, none ever possessed so strong a power of refraction, or produced colours so lively and so pleasing as the prism of Self-love.

But, since ordinary mirrors announce the truth in vain, and each remains content with his own figure; since men remain blind to their physical imperfections, of what use would be a moral mirror! Very few would care to look at it, and no one would recognise himself,—except the philosophers;—and I have some doubts of them.

Considering what a mirror really is, I trust no one will blame me for ranking it above all the paintings of the Italian schools. The ladies, whose taste cannot be wrong, and to whose judgment we ought all to bow, ordinarily cast their first glance at this picture when they enter an apartment.

A thousand times have I seen ladies, and even fine young gentlemen, in a ball-room, forget their lovers and their mistresses, the dance, and all the pleasures of the entertainment, to contemplate

this enchanting picture with manifest delight, and even honour it with another glance in the midst of the most animated *contre-danse*.

Who, then, shall dispute the rank I have assigned it among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the art of Apelles!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

At length I had arrived very near my *scrutoire*; already, by stretching out my arm, I could touch the corner nearest to me, when I found myself on the point of destroying the fruit of all my travels, and of losing my life. I ought to pass over the accident which happened to me in silence, for fear of discouraging other travellers; but it is so difficult to tumble out of such a post-chaise as mine, that they must confess themselves very unlucky—as unlucky as myself—to run any risk of a similar mishap. I found myself turned over and over, and stretched at length upon the floor, and this so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that I should have been inclined to question the truth of what had happened, if a buzzing in my head, and a sharp pain in my left shoulder, had not afforded too evident proof of its reality.

This was another bad turn of my other half. Startled by the voice of a beggar who was just then asking alms at my door, and by the barking of Rosine, she suddenly turned round my easy-chair before my soul had time to warn her that it wanted one of the hind castors: the impulse was so violent that my post-chaise was thrown quite out of the centre of gravity, and turned over upon me.

I must allow that this was one of the occasions on which I have had most reason to complain of my soul; for instead of feeling compunction for her absence, and reprimanding her companion for her precipitation, she forgot herself to such a degree as to participate in the most animal resentment, and to belabour the unoffending beggar with words. "Go along and work, you lazy fellow," said she to him (abominable apostrophe, the invention of avarice and hard-hearted riches!) "Sir," said he, trying to soften me, "I come from Cham-béry."—"So much the worse for you."—"I am James; you have often seen me in the country; I used to drive the sheep to pasture."—"What do you want here?"—My soul began to repent the brutality of her first words; I even think she did repent them the moment after she suffered them to escape. Thus when one unexpectedly stumbles upon a ditch or a bog, the danger may be perceived but cannot be avoided.

Rosine brought me entirely back to good sense and repentance: she had recognised James, who had often shared his bread with her, and testified her recognition and gratitude by her caresses.

Meantime Joannetti gathered together the remains of my dinner, which had been destined for his own, and gave them without hesitation to James.

Poor Joannetti!

It is thus that in the course of my travels I go on receiving lessons in philosophy and humanity from my servant and my dog.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BEFORE I proceed further, I wish to dispel a doubt which I feel may be entertained by my readers.

* The author's birth-place.—Translator's note.

I would not have them suppose, on any account, that I undertook this journey solely from having nothing to do, or compelled in any manner by the force of circumstances: I do assure them, and I vow by all that I hold most dear, that I had long contemplated its execution before the event which occasioned the loss of my liberty for forty-two days. This compulsory retreat was only an opportunity which induced me to set out rather sooner.

I am aware that this gratuitous protestation will appear suspicious to some persons; but I am also aware that suspicious persons will not read my book: they are too much occupied with themselves and their friends; they have too much of other business to attend to: and unprejudiced people will readily believe me.

I own, however, that I should have preferred to have performed my journey at another time, and that I would rather have chosen the season of Lent than that of the Carnival: still the philosophic reflections which Heaven supplied me with, gave me much assistance in supporting the deprivation of those pleasures which were so abundant at Turin at that period of bustle and agitation. "It is true," said I to myself, "that the walls of my room are not so magnificently adorned as those of a ball-room: the silence of my 'cabin' is not so agreeable as the pleasing sounds of music and the dance; but among the brilliant company that assemble at these entertainments there are many far more weary than myself.

"And why should I fret myself by thinking of those who are more agreeably situated, since the world is full of persons far more unhappy than I find myself here? Instead of transporting myself in imagination to the splendid *Casino*, where so many beauties are eclipsed by the young Eugénie, I need only pause a moment in the streets which conduct to it, to bring home conviction of my good fortune. Numbers of wretched half-naked beings, crouched beneath the portals of those sumptuous apartments, seem ready to expire with cold and misery. What a spectacle! Would that this page of my book were made known to the whole universe! Would that it were known that in this town, where all speaks of opulence, during the coldest nights of winter crowds of unhappy creatures sleep without a covering, their heads supported on the curb-stone of the street, or the threshold of a palace!

Here is a group of children squeezed close to each other that they may not die of cold. There a shivering woman whose voice can no longer utter her complaints.—Passengers come and go, unmoved by a spectacle to which they are accustomed. The rattle of carriages, the oaths of the drunkard, and strains of delightful music, mingle with the groans of these wretched beings and combine in frightful dissonance.

CHAPTER XXX.

He, however, who hastily judging from the scenes described in the foregoing chapter alone, should condemn the whole city, would deceive himself greatly. I have spoken of the poor who are to be found there, of their piteous complaints, and the indifference with which some persons regard them; but I have said nothing of the many charitable men who sleep during the hours which others devote to amusement, and, rising at early dawn, go,

without witness and without ostentation, to succour the unfortunate. No; I will not pass this over in silence; I will write it on the reverse of the page that *the whole universe ought to read*.

After sharing their fortune with their brethren, after pouring balm into hearts crushed by misery, they enter the churches, and there, while wearied Vice sleeps on his down-bed, they offer up their prayers to God, and thank him for his benefits: the light of the solitary lamp suspended in the temple still struggles with that of the rising day, and already they are prostrated before the altar; and the Eternal, provoked by the hardheartedness and avarice of mankind, holds back the thunder he had prepared to launch.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I WISHED to say something of these poor wretches in the course of my journey, because the idea of their misery often recurred to my thoughts upon the road. Sometimes, struck with the difference between their situation and mine, I suddenly stopped my travelling-carriage, and then my room appeared wondrous fine. What useless luxury!—six chairs! two tables! a *scrutoire*! a mirror!—what ostentation! My bed, beyond everything, my rose-colour and white bed, and my two mattresses, seemed to emulate the magnificence and effeminacy of the Asiatic monarchs. These considerations rendered me indifferent to the pleasures denied me: and by repeated reflection my philosophy received such an accession, that I could have witnessed a ball in the next room, and heard the sound of violins and clarionets, without stirring from my place; I could have listened unmoved to the melodious voice of Marchesini,—that voice which has so often transported me: yet more, I could have gazed without emotion on the most lovely woman in Turin, Eugénie herself, attired from head to foot by Mlle. Rapaus.* That, however, is not quite so certain.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MAY I be permitted to inquire, gentlemen, how you were amused the other day at the ball and the theatre? For my own part, I confess, that for some time past all numerous assemblies have inspired me with a sort of horror. I am constantly assailed there by an ominous vision. Vain are all my efforts to chase it from me; it constantly returns like that of Athaliah.† It may be that my soul, overwhelmed as it is at present with gloomy thoughts, and the remembrance of heart-rending scenes, finds food for melancholy everywhere, like a diseased stomach, which converts the most wholesome viands into poison. Whatsoever may occasion it, this vision ever haunts me. When I am at one of these entertainments, among a crowd of amiable pleasing men, who dance, who sing, who shed tears at tragedies, whose whole expression is that

* A celebrated milliner, at the time of my journey.

† Athaliah, the mother of Ahaziah king of Judah, who, when her son was slain by Jehu, "destroyed all the seed royal of the house of Judah," except Joash, Ahaziah's son, who was saved by his nurse and brought up secretly in the temple. Athaliah "reigned over the land" for six years, but in the seventh year a general revolt took place against her authority, Joash was placed on the throne, and Athaliah was put to death. See 2 Chron. xxii. 2. The story forms the subject of one of Racine's finest tragedies.—*Translator's note*.

of gaiety, frankness, and cordiality, I say to myself, "If a white bear, a philosopher, a tiger, or some animal of that sort, should enter this assembly, and, mounting to the orchestra should cry with infuriate voice, 'Wretched creatures, hear the voice of Truth who speaks through me : you are oppressed, tyrannised over ; you are wretched ; you are tired of it. Rouse from this lethargy !

"You musicians, begin by breaking your instruments over your own heads ; let each one arm himself with a dagger ; henceforth think no more on feasting and relaxation ; mount up into the boxes, cut every body's throat ; let the women also steep their timid hands in blood !

"Go forth ! you are *free* ; drag your king from his throne, and your God from his sanctuary !"

"Well ! how many of these *charming* men would obey the tiger's orders ! How many were, perhaps, brooding over them before he entered ! Who knows ! Is it true that there has been no dancing at Paris these five years * ?

"Joannetti, shut the doors and the windows. I never wish to see the light again, or that man should ever more set his foot within my room ;—lay my sabre within my reach ; go forth yourself, and never let me see your face again !"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"No, no ! remain, Joannetti ; remain, my poor fellow ! and you too, my Rosine, you who divine my sorrows, and soothe them with your caresses ; come here, Rosine, come here ;—the letter V is ready for you."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE fall of my post-chaise has been thus far of use to the reader, that it shortens my journey by at least a dozen chapters, since on rising I found myself opposite my *scrutoire*, and I had lost the opportunity of making reflections on the number of prints and pictures which I had yet to pass by, and which would have much extended my excursions on painting.

Leaving, then, the portraits of Raffaele and his mistress, the Chevalier d'Assas and the Shepherdess of the Alps on the right, and passing by the window on the left, we discover my *scrutoire* : it is the first and most conspicuous object that presents itself to the traveller when following the route I have pointed out.

It is surmounted by some shelves which answer the purpose of a book-case, and the whole is crowned by a bust, which forms the apex of the pyramid, and constitutes the chief ornament of that region.

On opening the first drawer on the right we find a writing desk, paper of every sort, pens ready made, and sealing-wax. Altogether it excites a desire to write, even in the most indolent. I am sure, my dear Jenny, that if you ever happened to open this drawer, you would answer the letter I wrote you last year. In the corresponding drawer, heaped confusedly together, lie the materials for the affecting history of the Prisoner of Pignerol, which, my dear friends, you shall shortly read †.

* It is plain that this chapter was written in 1794 ; the work was evidently written at intervals.

† The author has not kept his word ; and if anything

Between these two drawers is a *well*, where I throw my letters as I receive them ; there also are all that I have received since I was ten years old ; the oldest are arranged in separate packets, according to their dates ; the new are thrown together promiscuously ; I still retain several which date from my earliest childhood.

There is a great pleasure in reviewing the interesting occurrences of our early youth in such letters ; in being transported back again to those happy days that will never more return.

How full my heart grows ! what a melancholy pleasure I enjoy in perusing these lines written by one who is now no more ! 'Tis his own handwriting, and this letter is now all that is left me of him.

When I turn to this receptacle, I seldom quit it for the rest of the day. It is thus that a traveller passes rapidly over some parts of Italy, making a few careless observations by the way, but fixes himself at Rome for months together. It is the richest vein of the mine I work. What a change I find in my own thoughts and feelings ! What a difference in my friends, when I compare them as they once were, and as they are at present. Here I find them eagerly pursuing schemes in which they have long ceased to take the slightest interest. I take up another letter, and find some event mentioned as a great misfortune ; but the end of the letter is wanting, and the event is altogether forgotten. I cannot even call to mind to what it had reference. A thousand memories crowd upon me ; men and the world were then alike unknown to us ; but what heartiness there was in all our intercourse ! how intimate was our union, how unbounded our confidence !

We were happy, even in our errors. And now : ah ! it is no more so ; we, like others, have been forced to study the human heart ; and truth, falling among us like a bomb, has for ever destroyed the enchanted palace of illusion.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THERE is no reason, were the subject worth it, why I should not write a chapter on this withered rose : it is a flower of last year's carnival. I went myself to gather it from Valentine's hot-house, and in the evening, an hour before the ball, I proceeded, full of hope and pleasing emotion, to present it to Madame de Hautcastel. She took it, laid it on her dressing-table without bestowing a glance either on the rose or on me. But how should she, who was fully occupied in regarding herself, have had leisure to pay attention to me ! Standing before a large mirror, her hair already dressed, she was giving the last finishing touches to her costume : she was so preoccupied, her attention was so totally absorbed by the ribbons, the gauzes, and trinkets of all sorts heaped before her, that I could not obtain even a look, a sign. I was submissive : I humbly held the pins all ready arranged in my hand ; but her pincushion being more within her reach, she took them from her pincushion, and if I advanced my hand she took them from my hand indifferently ; and to take them she felt for them without taking her eyes off the glass, fearing to lose sight of herself.

has appeared under that title, the author of "A Journey round my Room" protests he has had nothing to do with it.

Sometimes I held a second mirror behind her, that she might form a better judgment as to her appearance ; and her face being then reflected from mirror to mirror, I beheld a succession of coquettes, none of whom paid the least attention to me. In short, shall I confess it ? my rose and I cut a very sorry figure.

I ended by losing patience ; and, no longer able to resist the pettishness that possessed me, I laid down the mirror I held, and went out with an offended air, and without taking leave.

"Are you going away ?" she said to me, turning on one side, so as to catch a view of her figure in profile. I made no answer ; but I listened some time at the door, to learn the effect which would be produced by my abrupt departure. "Do not you perceive," said she to her *femme-de-chambre*, after a momentary silence, "do you not perceive that this *caraco* is much too large for my height, especially at the bottom, and that a *basta* * must be made there with pins ?"

Why and wherefore the withered rose came to be on a shelf in my scrutoire, I shall certainly not say, since I have already declared that a withered rose does not deserve a chapter.

Observe, however, ladies, that I make no reflections on this adventure of the withered rose. I do not pretend to decide whether Madame de Hautcastel did right or wrong in giving her dress the preference over me, nor that I had a right to expect any other reception.

I guard myself with still greater precaution from drawing any general conclusions respecting the reality, the force, and the duration of a lady's affection for her friend. I am content to cast this chapter (since it has become one), to cast it, I repeat, into the world with the rest of the journey, without addressing it, or recommending it to any one.

I will only add a little advice to you, gentlemen : it is, that you ever bear in mind the fact, that on the eve of a ball your mistress is no longer yours.

The moment dressing begins, the lover is no more than the husband, and the ball alone is the beloved.

Besides, every one knows how a husband fares who insists upon love ; meet the evil, then, with smiles and patience.

And do not deceive yourself, sir : if she meets you with pleasure at the ball, it is not in your quality of lover, for you are but as a husband ; it is because you make a part of the ball, and consequently form a fraction of her new conquest ; you are the *decimal* of a lover : or indeed, it may be that you dance well, and thus assist her in her display. To conclude, the utmost that you can venture to expect from the favour she may show you, is that, by acknowledging a man of merit such as you as her received admirer, she may excite the jealousy of her companions ; but for this consideration she would not waste a look upon you.

You see what is before you ; you must be resigned, and wait till your part of husband be played out. I know more than one who would gladly be quit of his bargain.

* A national term, used familiarly for a fold or plait.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I PROMISED a dialogue between my soul and my other self ; but some subjects escape me, or rather, others flow from my pen in spite of myself, and interfere with all my projects : one of these is my library, which I will make as short as possible. The forty-two days draw to a close, and an equal space of time would not suffice to finish the description of the rich country through which I travel so pleasantly.

My library is, then, composed of romances, since it must be said,—yes, of romances and a few chosen poets.

As if I had not ills enough of my own, I voluntarily partake those of a thousand imaginary persons, and I feel them as keenly as my own : how many tears have I shed for the unhappy Clarissa, and for the lover of Charlotte !

But if I thus seek for fictitious griefs, I find, in this imaginary world, on the other hand, virtue, excellence, disinterestedness, which I have never found together in the real world in which I exist. I find a woman such as I desire, free from ill temper, volatility, or deceit : I say nothing of beauty ; that may be trusted to my imagination : I make her so beautiful that nothing remains to be amended. Then closing the book, which no longer responds to my ideas, I take her by the hand, and we wander together through a country a thousand times more beautiful than Eden. What painter can represent the delightful landscape in which I have placed the divinity of my heart ? and what poet could ever describe how lively and various are the feelings which I experience in that enchanted land ?

How many times have I not cursed that Cleve-land, who is constantly falling into new misfortunes which he might have avoided ! I cannot bear that book, and that unbroken chain of calamities ; but if I heedlessly open it I must devour it to the end.

Why abandon the poor man to the Abaquis ! What will become of him with those savages ! I never could have forsaken him in the attempt he made to escape from captivity.

In fact, I enter so far into his troubles, I interest myself so strongly for him and his unfortunate family, that the unexpected appearance of the fierce Ruintons makes my hair stand on end. I am covered with a cold sweat when I read that passage, and my fear is as lively, as real, as if I were myself about to be roasted and eaten by the savages.

When I have wept and made love to my heart's content, I seek some poet, and depart for a new world.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FROM the expedition of the Argonauts to the Assembly of the Notables ; from the lowest pit of hell to the farthest fixed star beyond the Milky-way, to the confines of the universe, to the gates of chaos—such is the vast field where I wander at will, far and wide ; for time fails me not any more than space. There it is that I transport my existence in the company of Homer, Milton, Virgil, Ossian, &c.

All the events which took place between those

* The heroine of Goethe's "Werther."

two epochs, all the countries, all the worlds, and all the beings that ever existed within those boundaries, are mine, as legitimately as the vessels that entered the Piræus belonged to the Athenians.

Above all, I love those poets who transport me to the highest antiquity : the death of the ambitious Agamemnon, the Furies of Orestes, and all the tragic history of the family of Atreus, persecuted by Heaven, inspire a terror in me which modern events fail to excite.

Behold the fatal urn containing the ashes of Orestes ! Who shudders not at the sight ! Electra, unhappy sister, cease your sorrows : it is Orestes himself who bears the urn, and the ashes are those of his enemies !

We meet no more with river banks like those of Xanthus or Scamander ; no plains like those of Hesperus or Arcady. Where now the isles of Lemnos and of Crete ! Where that wondrous Labyrinth ! And where the rock which the forsaken Ariadne bedewed with her tears ! We see no more a Theseus or a Hercules ; the men, ay, even the heroes of the present day, are but pigmies.

Then when I wish to indulge a fit of enthusiasm, and to exercise the full force of my imagination, I boldly lay hold on the floating robe of the sublime blind Englishman, at the very moment he springs up to heaven, and dares approach the throne of the Eternal ! What Muse supported him at this height, where no other man ever had dared to lift his eyes ! From the dazzling courts of Heaven, which greedy Mammon looks on with envious eyes, I pass with horror into the cavernous abode of Satan.

But here I must confess a weakness with which I frequently reproach myself.

I cannot avoid taking a certain interest in the wretched Satan (I speak of Milton's Satan) after he has been thus precipitated from heaven. Whilst condemning the stubborn obstinacy of the rebel spirit, I own that the firmness he exhibits in the extremity of misfortune, and the grandeur of his courage, move me to admiration in spite of myself. Although not ignorant of the evils consequent upon that fatal enterprise which led him to force the gates of Hell, that he might go forth to disturb the peace of our first parents, do what I will, I cannot entertain a wish that he should perish by the way in the confusion of Chaos, and, but for shame, could willingly assist him. I follow all his movements, and feel as pleased to journey on with him as if I were in good company. I call to mind that after all it is a devil seeking the ruin of mankind ; that it is a true democrat, not of the race of Athens, but of Paris ; but all this cannot remove my prepossession.

How vast the project, and what daring in its execution !

When the ample triple gates of Hell roll back their valves before him, and the deep gulf of nothingness and night appears at his feet in all its horror, he contemplates the gloomy empire of Chaos with intrepid eye ; and unhesitatingly opening his vast wings, which might overshadow a whole army, plunges into the abyss.

I rank him foremost among the daring. And to me this seems one of the finest efforts of imagination, as it is one of the finest journeys I have ever made,—except the journey round my room.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I SHOULD never come to an end if I were to describe the thousandth part of the remarkable events which happen to me whenever I travel near my book-case ; the voyages of Cook, and the observations of his companions, Banks and Solander, are nothing in comparison with my adventures in this district alone : truly, I think I should pass my life there in a kind of enchantment, were it not for the bust of which I have spoken, on which my eyes and my thoughts always settle at last, whatever may be the condition of my soul ; and when she is too violently agitated, or yields to dejection, I have only to turn my eyes towards that bust to restore her to her natural state : it is the *disposition* with which I harmonise the variable and discordant assemblage of feelings and perceptions which make up my existence.

How like it is ! Such indeed were the features which Nature gave to the most virtuous of men. Ah ! that the sculptor could have shown us his transcendent soul, his genius and his character ! But what have I attempted ! Is this the place to pronounce his eulogium ! Is it to the men by whom I am surrounded that I should address myself ! What does it concern them !

I am content, O, best of fathers ! to prostrate myself before thy cherished image. Alas ! that image is all that remains to me of thee and of my country : you left this earth just at the time when crime pressed onward to invade it ; and such have been the evils with which it has overwhelmed us, that your own family are at this day constrained to look upon your loss as a blessing. How many evils you must have endured had your life been prolonged ! Oh, my father, is the fate of thy numerous family known to thee in thy abode of bliss ! Dost thou know that thy children are exiles from the land which was served by thee with zeal and integrity for sixty years ! Dost thou know that they are forbidden to visit thy tomb ! But tyranny cannot take from them the most precious part of their inheritance, the remembrance of thy virtues, and the force of thy example : in the midst of the torrent of crime which swept away their country and their fortune, they remained firm in the path which thou hadst marked out for them ; and whilst they can still prostrate themselves before thy venerated ashes, thy precepts will ever be remembered.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I PROMISED a dialogue, and I will keep my word. The day was breaking : the sun at the same moment gilded the summit of Mount Viso, and that of the highest mountain in the island, at our antipodes ; and already *she* was awake, whether her premature waking was the effect of nocturnal visions which often agitate her in a way as useless as it is fatiguing, or whether the carnival, which which was then drawing towards its close, was the cause of her waking, that period of pleasure and folly having an influence on the human machine, like the phases of the moon and the conjunction of certain of the planets :—at any rate *she* was awake, and wide awake, when my soul freed herself from the bonds of slumber.

For some time past the latter had partaken confusedly of the sensations of my other self ; but

she was still encumbered with the veils of night and slumber; and these veils seemed transformed to gauzes, lawns and muslins. My poor soul was wrapped up as it were in all this gear, and the god of sleep, to keep her yet more securely beneath his empire, added disordered tresses of fair hair, knots of ribbon and strings of pearls, to her bonds; any one who had seen her struggling with all these embarrassments would have pitied her.

The agitation of my nobler part communicated itself to the other, and that in its turn acted more powerfully upon my soul. Altogether my state had become very difficult to describe; when at last my soul, either by chance or sagacity, discovered the means of escaping from the folds which suffocated her. I know not if she found an opening; or, which is more likely, she simply resolved to throw them off: the tresses of hair were still there; but this was no more an obstacle, but simply a means: my soul seized it, as a drowning man grasps at the weeds on the river bank, and the string breaking, the pearls rolled on the sofa, and thence on to the inlaid floor of Madame de Haut-castel's room; for my soul, by a vagary for which it is difficult to account, imagined herself in that lady's house; a large bunch of violets fell to the ground, and my soul, then waking up, returned home bringing reason and reality along with her. As you may imagine, she greatly disapproved of all that had passed in her absence, and this occasioned the dialogue which forms the subject of this chapter.

My soul never met with so ill a reception. The reproaches she thought fit to make at this critical moment, ended by embroiling the whole establishment: it was a revolt, a formal insurrection.

"How now!" said my soul, "so you think proper during my absence, instead of recruiting your strength by quiet sleep, and fitting yourself for executing my orders, insolently" (the term was a little strong) "to give yourself up to transports unsanctioned by my will!"

Little accustomed to this haughty tone, my other self replied in anger:—

"It suits you well, MADAM" (to remove everything like familiarity from the debate,) "it suits you well to give yourself airs of decency and virtue! Nay, is it not plain that all that displeases you in me is owing to your imagination and extravagant ideas! Why were you not here! What right have you to enjoy yourself without me, in the frequent journeys which you make all alone! Have I ever disapproved of your visits to the Elysium or the Elysian-fields, your conversations with the intelligences, your profound speculations?"—(a little railery as it seemed to me,) "your castles in the air, your sublime systems! And, when you abandon me in this way, am I not to have the right to enjoy the blessings which Nature affords me, and the pleasures she presents me with!"

My soul, surprised at so much vivacity and eloquence, knew not how to reply. By way of settling the dispute, she attempted to meet the reproaches which she had indulged in, by professions of good will; but, to avoid any appearance of making the first advances, she also thought proper to take up the tone of ceremony. "MADAM," said she, in her turn, with an affectation of cordiality. . . (If the reader thought this word

misplaced when addressed to my soul, what will he say now, if he calls the subject of the dispute at all to mind! My soul did not perceive the extreme absurdity of this way of speaking, so much does passion obscure intelligence!) "MADAM," said she then, "I assure you that nothing could be more gratifying to me than to see you enjoy every pleasure of which your nature is susceptible, even though I should not partake it, were not these pleasures injurious, and did not they disturb the harmony which. . . ." Here my soul was hastily interrupted:—"No, no, I am not the dupe of your pretended good will: the compulsory stay which we make together in this chamber where we travel; the wound I have received, which failed to destroy me, but which bleeds yet; is not all this the fruit of your extravagant pride and barbarous prejudices! My well-being, and even my existence, count as nothing when your passions carry you away. And you pretend to interest yourself for me! your reproaches take their rise from friendship!"

My soul saw that she had little chance of gaining the upper hand on this occasion; and she now perceived that in the heat of the dispute the cause had been forgotten, and profited by the circumstance to effect a diversion. "Make the coffee," said she to Joannetti, who just then entered the room. The clatter of the breakfast cups attracting the attention of the insurgent, she forgot all the rest in an instant. It is thus that by showing a rattle to a child, we make it forget the unwholesome fruit for which it stamped and roared.

I insensibly fell into a doze whilst the water was heating. I enjoyed that charming pleasure I have mentioned to my readers, which is experienced when one feels one's self sleep. The agreeable noise which Joannetti made when striking the coffee-pot upon the andirons, resounding through my brain, caused all my sensitive fibres to vibrate, as the concussion of a harp-string causes the octaves to sound. Presently I saw something like a shadow before me; I opened my eyes; 'twas Joannetti. Ah, what a perfume! What an agreeable surprise! Coffee! cream! a pyramid of toast!—Good reader, breakfast with me.

CHAPTER XL.

WHAT a rich treasure of delights has not bountiful Nature afforded to those who know how to enjoy them! and what a variety in these delights! Who can reckon their innumerable shades in different individuals and at different ages! The indistinct remembrance of those of my youth thrills me yet. Shall I attempt to describe what a young man, whose heart begins to burn with all the fire of sentiment, experiences! At that happy age, when the very names of interest, ambition, hatred, and all the shameful passions which degrade and torment humanity, are still unknown; at that happy age, alas! too brief in its duration, the sun shines with a brilliancy never found in after life. The air is more pure; the fountains more fresh and limpid; nature has aspects, the thickets have paths, we never meet with again in riper age. Heaven! what perfume these flowers send forth! how delicious are the fruits! how splendid the hues of morning! Every woman is lovely and true; every man good, generous, and feeling: everywhere we meet with cordiality, frankness

and disinterestedness ; nothing exists in nature but flowers, virtues, and pleasures.

Do not the agitations of love, the hopes of happiness, overflow the heart with emotions as lively as they are varied !

The spectacle of Nature, and her contemplation as a whole and in detail, opens up a long series of delights to reason : and soon, imagination, hovering over this ocean of pleasures, augments their number and intensity ; many sensations unite and combine together to form new ones ; the dreams of glory mix themselves up with the palpitations of love ; Benevolence walks side by side with Self-love, who leads her by the hand ; Melancholy from time to time approaches to throw her solemn veil over us, and change our smiles to tears. In short, the perceptions of the mind, the sensations of the heart, even the recollections of the senses, are inexhaustible sources of pleasure and happiness. We need not be surprised, then, that the noise Joannetti made in knocking the coffee-pot upon the andiron, and the unexpected appearance of a jug of cream, should have left so lively and agreeable an impression.

CHAPTER XLII.

I IMMEDIATELY put on my travelling-dress, after contemplating it with much complacency ; and it was thus that I determined to make a chapter *ad hoc*, to make it known to the reader. The form and utility of these dresses being very generally known, I shall treat more particularly of their influence on the traveller's mind. My winter travelling-dress is made of the warmest and softest stuff I could possibly find ; it wraps me round entirely from head to foot ; and when I am seated in my arm-chair, my hands in my pockets, and my head sunk within the collar, I resemble a statue of Vishnu, without hands or feet, such as is seen in an Indian pagoda.

Those who please may accuse me of prejudice in attributing so much influence to a traveller's dress ; but of this I am sure, that it would appear to me equally absurd to advance a single step on my journey, dressed in uniform, and with my sword by my side, as to go out and walk abroad in my dressing-gown. When thus dressed in all the rigour of the "regulations of the service," I should not only feel it impossible to continue my journey, but I doubt if I should be able even to read what I have already written, and still less to comprehend it.

But does this surprise you ? Do not we every day see persons who think themselves ill because they are unshaven, or because some one has persuaded them that the air disagrees with them, and say so ! Dress has as much influence over men's minds as it has over valetudinarians, who find themselves much better when they have on a new coat and well-powdered peruke ; we see some of them who cheat both the public and themselves by well-supported dress ; they die some fine morning, after making an elaborate toilet, and their death astonishes everybody.

They sometimes forgot to warn the Comte de — some days before-hand, that it was his turn to mount guard : a corporal came to call him early on the very morning his presence was required ; but the idea of thus getting up directly, putting on his spatterdashes, and going out without

having duly considered it the evening before troubled him so much, that he thought it much better to send word he was ill, and to keep close within his own house. So he put on his dressing-gown and sent away the hair-dresser ; this gave him a pale, sickly appearance, which alarmed his wife and all the family. He actually felt himself a little out of sorts that morning.

He said so to everybody, partly to make good his excuse, and a little also because he thought himself so in earnest. Insensibly, the influence of the *robe de chambre* operated : the broths he had been obliged to swallow, whether he would or not, caused him some nausea ; by and bye relations and friends sent to inquire after his health : it scarcely needed this to make him take to his bed altogether.

In the evening Dr. Ranson* found his pulse very full, and ordered him to be bled in the morning. If the service had lasted a month longer, there would have been an end of the invalid.

Who can doubt the influence of travelling-dresses upon travellers, when they reflect that the poor Comte de — thought more than once of making a journey to the other world, because he had once put on his *robe de chambre* at the wrong time in this !

CHAPTER XLIII.

I WAS sitting by my fireside after dinner, wrapped in my travelling-dress, surrendering myself voluntarily to its influence, whilst waiting the hour of departure, when the vapours of digestion mounting to my brain, so obstructed the passages through which the ideas pass to reach the senses, that all communication between them was interrupted ; and as my senses could no longer transmit any idea to my brain, that, in its turn, could not send out the electric fluid that animates them, and with which the ingenious Dr. Valli resuscitates dead frogs.

It may easily be perceived, after reading this preamble, why my head fell upon my breast, and how the muscles of the thumb and forefinger of my right hand, being no longer excited by that fluid, relaxed so much, that a volume of the works of the Marquis Carraccioli, which I held pressed between them, escaped without my perceiving it, and fell on the hearth.

I had been receiving some visitors, and my conversation with them had turned on the death of the celebrated physician Cigna, who had recently deceased, and who was universally regretted : he was learned and indefatigable, a good physician, and an admirable botanist. The merits of this able man occupied my thoughts ; "and yet," said I to myself, "if I were permitted to evoke the souls of all whom he sent to the other world, who knows whether his reputation would not suffer some diminution !"

Insensibly, I went on to a dissertation on medicine, and the progress made in it since the time of Hippocrates. I asked myself whether the famous personages of antiquity who died in their beds, such as Pericles, Plato, the celebrated Aspasias, and Hippocrates himself, died like ordinary people,

* A physician very well known at Turin, where this chapter was written.

of a putrid, inflammatory, or worm fever; if they were bled and drenched with medicines!

To say why I thought of these four personages, rather than others, is out of my power. Who can render a reason for a dream? All I can say is, that it was my soul that evoked the physician of Cos, him of Turin, and the famous statesman who achieved such great actions, and was guilty of such weighty errors.

But for his elegant friend, I humbly confess she was invited by my other self. Nevertheless, when I think of it, I am tempted to give way to a little feeling of pride; for it is clear that in this dream the balance in favour of reason was as four to one. This was a great deal for a soldier of my age.

However this may be, while I resigned myself to these reflections, my eyes closed together, and I fell into a profound sleep; but in closing my eyes, the image of the persons on whom I had been thinking remained painted upon that fine tissue which is called memory, and these images mixing themselves up in my brain with the idea of calling up the dead, I soon saw Hippocrates, Plato, Pericles, Aspasia, and Dr. Cigna in his wig, arrive together.

I saw them seat themselves on chairs ranged round the fire; Pericles alone remained standing, reading the newspapers.

"If the discoveries of which you speak were true," said Hippocrates to the Doctor, "and if they had been as useful in medicine as you pretend, I should have seen the number of men who daily descended to the regions of gloom diminish; but the usual list, according to the registers of Minos, which I have examined myself, is still the same as heretofore."

Dr. Cigna turned towards me: "You have, doubtless, heard these discoveries mentioned," said he to me; "you are acquainted with that of Harvey on the circulation of the blood; that of the immortal Spallanzani on digestion, of which we now know all the mechanism?"—And he went on to give a long account of all the discoveries which have relation to medicine, and the multitude of remedies which chemistry has supplied; he ended, at length, with an academical discourse in favour of modern medicine.

"Am I to believe," I then replied, "that these great men are ignorant of all you have been telling them, and that their souls, released from the fetters of matter, find anything obscure in all nature?"—"Ah, how great is your error!" cried the *proto-physician** of Peloponnesus; the mysteries of nature are alike concealed to the dead as to the living; He who has created and who directs all, alone knows the great secret which men endeavour in vain to discover: this is all that we know with certainty on the borders of Styx; be advised by me," added he, addressing himself to the Doctor, "divest yourself of the remains of that worldly spirit which you have brought away with you from your mortal abode; and since the labours of a thousand generations, and all the discoveries of men, cannot prolong their existence for a single moment; since Charon ferries over in his boat the same number of shades; do not let us weary ourselves longer in defending an art, which among the dead where we

are, can be of no use even to physicians." So spoke the famous Hippocrates, to my great astonishment.

Doctor Cigna smiled; and, as spirits cannot oppose themselves to conviction, nor conceal the truth, not only did he agree with Hippocrates, but he even avowed, blushing after the manner of ghosts, that he had always been inclined to his opinion.

Pericles, who had drawn near the window, heaved a deep sigh, of which I guessed the cause. He was reading a number of the "Moniteur," which announced the decline of the arts and sciences; he saw that illustrious scholars were quitting their sublime speculations to invent new crimes; and he shuddered to hear of a horde of savages, who, without shame or remorse, were sending venerable old men, women, and children, to the scaffold, and committing the most unnecessary and atrocious crimes in cold blood, comparing themselves to the heroes of generous Greece.

Plato, who had listened to our conversation without speaking, finding it suddenly brought to an end in an unexpected manner, took up the discourse in his turn. "I can conceive," he said to us, "how the discoveries which your great men have made in every branch of physics are useless in medicine, which can never change the course of nature except at the expense of human life; but doubtless the case is not the same with the researches which have been made on political science. The discoveries of Locke on the nature of the human mind, the invention of printing, the accumulated observations drawn from history, so many profound books which have spread science even among the people;—so many wonders have, doubtless, at length contributed to render men better; and that wise and happy republic which I had imagined, but which the age I lived in made me regard as an impracticable dream, is doubtless realised in the present day!" At this question the good Doctor looked down and answered only by his tears; then as he wiped them away with his handkerchief, he accidentally turned his wig in such a way as to hide part of his face. "Immortal gods!" exclaimed Aspasia, with a scream, "what a strange figure! is this then one of the discoveries of you great men, which leads you to cover your heads with another's skull!"

Aspasia, who had yawned at the dissertations of the philosophers, had taken up a Journal of the Fashions which lay upon the chimney-piece, and had been turning it over for some time, when the physician's wig made her utter this exclamation; and, as the narrow unsteady chair on which she was seated incommoded her, she had, without ceremony, stretched her naked legs, adorned with the laces of her sandals, upon a straw-bottomed chair that stood between her and me, and leaned her elbow on one of Plato's broad shoulders.

"It is not a skull," replied the Doctor, taking off his wig, and throwing it into the fire; "it is a wig, and I know not how it was that I did not fling this absurd ornament into the flames of Tartarus when I first arrived among you; but folly and prejudice are so inherent in our miserable nature, that they hang by us for some time even on the other side of the grave." I took a singular pleasure in hearing the Doctor thus at once renounce both his physic and his wig.

"I assure you," said Aspasia, "that most of the

* A title well known in the legislation of the king of Sardinia, and which appears here as a purely local pleasantry.

head-dresses I find in the pages I have been turning over, deserve the same fate as your wig ; they are so very extravagant." The fair Athenian found great amusement in running over these prints, and was with good reason astonished at the variety and whimsicality of modern dress. She was struck by one figure especially : it was that of a young lady, wearing one of the most elegant head-dresses, which Aspasia only objected to as being a little too high ; but the muslin which covered her neck was of such extraordinary amplitude, that scarcely one half of her face was discernible. Aspasia, not being aware that this prodigious magnitude was obtained by the use of starch, could not conceal her surprise, which would have been redoubled in an opposite sense, if the muslin had been transparent*.

"But pray inform us," continued she, "why the women of the present day adopt a dress fitted rather to conceal than to clothe them : they scarcely suffer us to see their faces, by which alone their sex can be recognised, so much is the form of the body concealed by the fantastic folds of their drapery ! Among all the figures represented in these pages, not one permits the neck, the arms, or the legs to be seen : how is it that you young warriors have not attempted to get rid of such a costume ! Apparently," continued she, "the virtue of the women of the present day, which is typified in their garments, far surpasses that of my contemporaries !" As she ceased speaking, Aspasia fixed her eyes upon me, and seemed to expect my answer. I pretended not to notice her ; and, to evince my inattention, I took up the tongs, and thrust the remains of Dr. Cigna's wig, which had escaped the flames, into the fire. Then perceiving that one of the fastenings of Aspasia's sandals was undone, I said "Permit me, charming lady ;" and, so saying, bent hastily forward, extending my hands towards the chair where I believed I saw those beautiful legs

* These allusions to the extraordinary costumes worn by the ladies at the close of the last century, are hardly intelligible at the present day. By those, however, who have ever chanced to meet with a stray volume of the "Lady's Magazine," they will be perfectly understood. The illustrations to the chapters on dress and manners in the "Pictorial History of England," written by Mr. Planché, afford some good examples of the costume of the period, and of the enormous pigeon-breasts into which the neck-crochets had been exaggerated.

which formerly caused even sage philosophers to dote.

I am certain that, at the moment, I verged upon absolute somnambulism, for I actually made the movement I speak of ; but Rosine, who was really reposing herself on the chair, understood my action as directed to herself, and, leaping lightly into my arms, banished the famous ghosts evoked by my travelling-dress, once more to the shades.

Oh, charming land of imagination, which that great Being, whose chief attribute is benevolence, has bestowed on man to console him for reality, I must leave you. This day certain persons, on whom I rely, pretend to restore me to liberty, as if they had deprived me of it !—as if it were in their power to ravish a single moment from me, or to prevent me from ranging at my will throughout the vast space always open before me ! They forbade me to move a step within a certain city ; but they left me the whole universe—immensity and eternity were at my command.

To-day, then, I am free, or rather I return to fetters ! The yoke of business will weigh upon me anew ; I can no longer take a step which is not prescribed by duty and decorum, happy indeed if some capricious goddess do not make me forget both, and involve me in a new and more dangerous captivity.

Oh that they would suffer me to finish my journey ! Was it a punishment to confine me to my chamber, that delicious country which contains within itself all the good things and riches of the world ! As well might they exile a mouse to a granary.

Yet never before have I so clearly perceived that I am *double*. Whilst I regret my imaginary delights, I am involuntarily consoled : a secret power draws me on ; it tells me that I have need of the air of heaven, and that solitude resembles death. Behold me drest ;—my door is opened ;—I wander through the wide piazzas of the Strada del Po ;—a thousand pleasing phantoms flit before my eyes. Yes, this is surely that hotel—that door—that staircase ;—I feel a thrill already.

It is thus that one experiences a pleasant foretaste of acid when one cuts a lemon.

Oh, my beast, my poor beast, take care of yourself.

NOCTURNAL EXPEDITION ROUND MY ROOM.

CHAPTER I.

To invest the new room, in which I made a nocturnal expedition, with any interest, I must inform the curious reader how it came into my possession. Being continually disturbed in my occupations in the noisy house I inhabited, I had for some time proposed to myself to procure a more solitary retreat in the neighbourhood, when one day taking up a biographical account of M. de Buffon, I there read that this celebrated man made choice of an isolated summer-house in his garden, which contained no other furniture than an arm-chair and the scrutoire at which he wrote, and no other book than the manuscript on which he was occupied.

There was so much disparity between the fancies with which I busied myself and the immortal works of M. de Buffon, that the idea of imitating him, even in this point, would probably never have entered my head, but for an accident which determined my resolution. A servant, who was engaged in wiping the dust from the furniture, thought he saw some on a crayon drawing I had just finished, and he so effectually cleaned it with his cloth, that he left no particle of the dust I had been arranging with so much care. After getting into a great rage with the man who was absent, and saying nothing at all to him when he came back, according to my custom, I lost no time in seeking out a retreat, and I returned home with the key of a little room which I had hired on the fifth story of a house in the Strada della Provvidenza. The same day I caused all the materials of my favourite occupations to be carried thither, and ever after I passed the greater part of my time there, free from domestic annoyances and picture-cleaners. My hours rolled away like minutes in this isolated retreat, and more than once my reveries made me forget the dinner hour.

Sweet solitude ! I have known the charms with which you intoxicate your lovers. Unhappy is he who cannot pass one day of his life alone without experiencing the torments of *ennui*, and who prefers, if there be no other remedy, to converse with fools rather than with himself.

I have always avowed that I love solitude in great cities ; but unless compelled by some serious accident, as when I made the journey round my room, I would be a hermit only in the morning ; in the evening I love the sight of human faces. The inconveniences of social life and those of solitude are thus mutually neutralized, and both modes of life receive additional embellishment.

But yet, such is the inconstancy and fatality of this world, that the very keenness of the enjoyment I experienced in my new abode ought to have forewarned me that it would not be of long con-

tinuance. The French Revolution, which spread in every direction, surmounted the Alps, and precipitated itself upon Italy. The first wave of the flood carried me to Bologna : I still retained my hermitage, to which I sent all my furniture, there to await happier days. I had been several years without a country ; and, one fine morning I learnt that I had no longer an occupation. After passing a whole year in contemplating men and things that I liked not, and seeking for things and men I could no longer find, I returned to Turin. It was necessary to take some decided step. I left "The Good Woman," the inn where I had stopped, intending to give up my little room to the landlord, and to dispose of my furniture.

On re-entering my hermitage, I experienced sensations difficult to describe : everything remained in the order, that is to say, the disorder, in which I had left it : the furniture piled against the walls had been kept free from dust owing to the height of the lodging from the ground ; my pens were still in the dried-up inkstand, and I found a half-finished letter upon the table.

"I am once more at home," said I to myself with real satisfaction. Every object recalled some event of my life, and my chamber was already tapestried with memories. Instead of returning to the inn, I resolved on spending the night in the midst of my possessions. I sent for my portmanteau, and at the same time entertained a design of departing the next day, taking neither leave nor counsel of any, and abandoning myself without reserve to Providence.

CHAPTER II.

WHILST I made these reflections, and was congratulating myself upon a well-arranged plan of travelling, time slipped away, and still my servant did not return. He was a man whom necessity had obliged me to take into my service a few weeks before, and whose fidelity I had already had reason to suspect. The idea that he might have carried off my portmanteau had scarcely occurred to me, when I was on my way to the inn : I was just in time. As I turned the corner of the street where stands the inn of "The Good Woman," I saw him leave the house hastily, preceded by a porter, who carried my portmanteau. He himself carried my cash-box ; and, instead of turning towards me, he walked away to the left, in the opposite direction to that he ought to have taken. His intention was manifest. I easily overtook him, and, without saying a word to him, I walked some way by his side before he perceived me. If one had desired to delineate astonishment and affright expressed in the highest degree in the human countenance, his would have afforded a perfect model when he discovered me at his side. I had quite leisure

to study him ; for he was so disconcerted by my unexpected appearance, and by the serious air with which I regarded him, that he continued to move on for some time without offering a word, as if we were taking a walk together. At length, he stammered out some excuse about having business in the Strada della Grande-Doria ; but I put him in the right road, and we returned to the house, where I dismissed him.

It was then that the idea first occurred to me of making a new journey round my room during the last night that I was to pass there ; and I immediately occupied myself in making the necessary preparations.

CHAPTER III.

FOR some time past I had wished to revisit that country through which I had formerly ranged with so much pleasure, and which I had but imperfectly described. Some friends who had been pleased with my journey had begged me to give them a continuation, and I should have probably complied sooner, had I not been separated from my travelling companions. I returned with regret to my old pursuit ; for, alas ! I returned to it alone. I was going to travel without my dear Joannetti, or my pretty Rosine. My old room itself had suffered the most disastrous revolution ;—what do I say ! it was no more in existence. It now formed but a part of a shocking heap of ruins, blackened by the flames ; all the murderous inventions of war had been united against it for its total destruction*. The wall against which the portrait of Madame de Hautcastel had been suspended was pierced by a bomb. In short, if I had not fortunately made my journey before this catastrophe, the philosophers of our days would never have heard of the existence of that remarkable chamber,—just as, without the record of the observations of Hipparchus, we should not be aware that formerly there existed another star among the Pleiades, which has disappeared since the time of that famous philosopher.

I had already been obliged by circumstances to give up my room, and carry my penates elsewhere. I may be told that that was no great misfortune. But how shall I replace Joannetti and Rosine ! Alas ! it is impossible. Joannetti had become so necessary to me, that his loss cannot be repaired. But, after all, who can flatter himself that he shall always live with those who are dear to him ! Like the swarms of gnats that we see whirling in the air on a fine summer's evening, men meet by chance, and but for a little time,—happy still, if in their rapid movements, they, as skilful as the gnats, avoid dashing themselves the one against the other !

I went to bed one night. Joannetti attended me with his usual zeal, and appeared even more attentive than ordinary. As he took away the light I looked at him, and observed a marked alteration in his countenance. Could I divine that poor Joannetti had waited on me for the last time ! I will not keep the reader in uncertainty, always more cruel than the truth. It is better to

tell him at once, without circumlocution, that Joannetti was married that same night, and quitted my service the next morning.

But they must not accuse him of ingratitude in leaving his master thus abruptly. I had known his intention for some time, and had done wrong in opposing it. Early in the morning a busybody came to bring me the news, and I had leisure to get into a passion and to grow calm again before I saw Joannetti ; and this saved him the reproaches which awaited him. Before he entered my room, he affected to be talking loud to some one in the gallery, to let me know that he was not afraid ; and, arming himself with all the effrontery which could belong to so good a soul as his, he presented himself with a determined air. I saw in a moment in his face all that passed within his mind, and I saw no marks of dissatisfaction. The wicked wits of our days have frightened good folks so much on the dangers of marriage, that a new-married man often resembles one who has had a terrible fall without any hurt ; and whose mingled expression of fright and satisfaction, make him appear thoroughly ridiculous. It was, therefore, not surprising that the actions of my faithful servant partook of the oddness of his situation.

"So you are married, my dear Joannetti !" said I, laughing. As he was only prepared to brave my anger, all his precautions at once became useless. He directly resumed his ordinary tone, or indeed one rather lower, for he began to weep. "What would you have, sir," said he in a low voice ; "I had given my word."—"Eh, *monbleu*, you have done well, my friend ; may you be content with your wife, and, above all, with yourself ! may you have children who resemble you ! So, we must part !"—"Yes, sir, we are thinking of going to Asti."—"And when do you wish to leave me !" Here Joannetti cast down his eyes with an air of embarrassment, and replied in a voice some tones lower, "My wife has met with a *vetturino* of her neighbourhood who is going back empty, and who sets out to-day. This would be a good opportunity ; but . . . yet . . . whenever you please, sir . . . though a like opportunity may not readily be met with."—"What ! so soon !" said I. A feeling of regret and affection, mingled with a pretty strong dose of pettishness, made me silent for a moment. "No, certainly," replied I, rather sternly ; "go at once if it suits you." Joannetti turned pale. "Yes, go, my friend ; go and seek your wife ; and may you be ever as worthy, and as honest, as you have been with me." We made some necessary arrangements : I bade him sorrowfully adieu, and he departed.

This man had served me fifteen years. A moment separated us. I never saw him again.

As I paced the room I was reflecting on this sudden separation. Rosine had followed Joannetti without his perceiving it. A quarter of an hour after, the door opened, and Rosine came in. I saw Joannetti's hand, which pushed her into the room ; the door was closed, and it wrung my heart . . . Already he ceases to enter my house !—A few minutes have sufficed to make two old companions for fifteen years, strangers. Oh, sad, sad condition of human nature, which can never find an abiding object on which to fix the least of its affections !

* This room was situated in the citadel of Turin, and the new journey was undertaken some time after it had been captured by the Austro-Russian army.

CHAPTER IV.

ROSINE, too, was now away from me. You, no doubt, remember with some interest, my dear Maria, that at the age of fifteen years she was still the most amiable of animals, and that the same superiority of intelligence which formerly distinguished her above all the rest of her species, enabled her in like manner to support the burden of old age. I should not have wished to separate from her; but when we have to determine for our friends, ought we not to consult their pleasure and interest? It was the interest of Rosine to quit the roving life which she led with me, and to taste at length, in her old age, a repose her master could no longer hope for. Her great age obliged me to have her carried about. I thought it time she should be invalided. A good-natured nun took charge of her for the rest of her days; and I know that in that retreat she enjoyed all the advantages which her good qualities, her age, and her reputation, so justly deserved.

And since such is the nature of men, that happiness does not seem made for them; since friend offends friend without meaning to do so, and lovers themselves cannot live without quarrelling; in short, since, from the time of Lycurgus down to our own days, legislators have all failed in their endeavours to render men happy, I ought at least to feel some consolation in having provided for the happiness of a dog.

CHAPTER V.

Now that I have communicated to the reader the concluding facts in the histories of Joannetti and Rosine, it only remains for me to say a word in relation to the soul and the beast, to set me quite right with him. These two personages—the last especially—will not play so interesting a part in this journey. An amiable traveller, who has taken the same course as myself*, thinks they must be fatigued. Alas! his conjecture is but too true. Not that my soul has lost any of her activity; at least, she has not yet perceived it; but her relations with my other self are changed. The latter has no longer the same vivacity in her repartees; she has no longer . . . what shall I call it? . . . I was going to say the same presence of mind, as if a beast could have it! However that may be, and without entering into any embarrassing explanations, I would only remark that, incited by the confidence which young Alexandrina evinced in me, I wrote her a very tender letter, to which I received a reply polite indeed, but cold, and which ended in these very correct terms: "Rest assured, sir, that I shall always preserve for you the most sincere sentiments of esteem." "Just Heaven!" I exclaimed, "it is all over with me." From that fatal day I resolved never to advance my system of the soul and the beast again. In consequence, without making any distinction between these two beings, and without separating them, I shall make them pass together, as some merchants do their goods, and shall travel "in the gross," to avoid all inconvenience.

* "Second Journey Round My Room," by an anonymous author. Chapter I.

CHAPTER VI.

It would be useless to speak of the dimensions of my new room. They resemble the other so closely, that it might be mistaken for it at the first glance, if by an architectural precaution the ceiling were not inclined obliquely on the side next the street, permitting that direction to the roof required by the laws of hydraulics to throw off the rain. The light is admitted by a single opening, about two feet wide by four feet long, elevated six or seven feet above the floor, and which is only to be reached by means of a step-ladder.

The elevation of my window above the floor is one of those happy circumstances which may equally be attributed to chance, or the genius of the architect. The almost perpendicular light which it pours into my little habitation gives it a mysterious aspect. The ancient temple of the Pantheon received light almost in the same manner. Besides, no exterior object can distract me. Like those mariners, who, lost on the vast ocean, see nothing but the sky and the sea, I see only the sky and my chamber; and the nearest exterior objects on which I can look are the moon and the morning star; this puts me in an immediate relation with heaven, and gives my thoughts an elevated flight, which I could never have attained if I had fixed my habitation on the ground floor.

The window of which I have spoken is raised above the roof, and forms a very pretty sky-light. Its height above the horizon was so great, that, when the first beams of the sun illumined it, the street was still in darkness. Thus I could enjoy one of the most beautiful scenes that can be imagined. But the most beautiful scene soon tires us when we see it too often; it becomes familiar to the eye, and we no longer pay attention to it. The situation of my window preserves me from even this inconvenience, since I can never see the magnificent spectacle of the plain of Turin without mounting up five or six steps of the ladder, and hence my pleasures are always vivid, because they are enjoyed with discretion. When I am weary, and wish to afford myself an agreeable recreation, I finish my day by mounting to my window.

At the first step I can still see only the sky; presently the colossal temple of the Superga* begins to appear. The hill of Turin, on which it stands, rises little by little before me, covered with woods and rich vineyards, and proudly offering her gardens and palaces to the setting sun, whilst simple and modest habitations seem half to conceal themselves in the valleys, and to present a retreat to the sage which shall harmonise with his meditations.

Charming hill! often hast thou known me seek thy solitary retreats, and prefer thy narrow paths to the brilliant promenades of the capital; thou hast often beheld me lost among thy green labyrinths, listening to the song of the morning lark, with a heart filled with a vague inquietude, and an ardent desire to dwell for ever in thy enchanted valleys. Hail to thee, charming hill! thou art painted in my heart! May dews from heaven

* La Superga is a magnificent church, built by King Victor Amadeus I., in 1706, in fulfilment of a vow made to the Virgin, should the French raise the siege of Turin. The Superga is the burial-place of the Kings of Savoy.

render, if it be possible, thy fields more fertile and thy groves more leafy ! May thy inhabitants enjoy their happiness in peace, and may thy shades be favourable and healthful to them ! may thy happy soil be ever the sweet asylum of the true philosophy, the modest science, the sincere friendship and hospitality which I have found there.

CHAPTER VII.

I BEGAN my journey at eight o'clock precisely. The atmosphere was clear, and promised a fine night. I had taken precautions against being disturbed by visitors (who are very rare at the height I lodged at, especially with one in my circumstances), and to remain alone till midnight. Four hours would amply suffice for the execution of my enterprise, as I only intended, this time, to make a simple excursion round my room. If the first journey lasted forty-two days, it was because it did not rest with me to make it shorter. I did not desire to travel far in a carriage as heretofore, being persuaded that a pedestrian traveller sees many things which escape him who journeys by post. I resolved, therefore, to go on foot and on horseback alternately, according to circumstances : a new method, which I have not hitherto made known, and the utility of which will presently be seen. Finally, I proposed to take notes on the road, and to write down my observations as I made them, that I might forget nothing.

By way of securing good order in my enterprise, and to give it a better chance of success, I thought it ought to be begun by a dedicatory epistle, and that it would be more interesting if written in verse. But two difficulties embarrassed me, and obliged me to give up the intention, notwithstanding all the advantages that might have accrued from it. The first difficulty was, to whom was I to address the epistle ! the second, how I was to contrive to put it into verse ! After mature reflection, I was not slow to perceive that it was most rational first to write my epistle as well as I could, and afterwards consider to whom it was best suited. I set to work directly, and laboured for more than an hour without being able to find a rhyme to the first line I had made, which I was yet unwilling to give up, since it appeared to me so very happily turned. At length I fortunately recollected that I had read somewhere that the celebrated Pope could never compose anything of great interest without being obliged to declaim for a long time in a loud voice, and to agitate himself in every way in his study to excite the poetical rapture. I directly resolved on imitating him. I took the poems of Ossian, and read them aloud, striding up and down my room, to raise me to enthusiasm.

I found, in fact, that this method insensibly exalted my imagination, and gave me a secret feeling of poetical capacity, by which I should certainly have profited, in successfully composing my epistle dedicatory in verse, if unhappily I had not forgotten the obliquity of the ceiling of my chamber, whose rapid sinking prevented my head from going as far as my feet in the direction I had taken. I struck it with such violence against that cursed lath and plaster, that the very roof was shaken : the sparrows who slept beneath the tiles flew frightened away, and the force of the concussion made me recoil three steps backwards.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILST I was thus walking up and down to excite my poetical rapture, a young and pretty woman, who lodged below me, astonished at the racket I made, and thinking, perhaps, that I was giving a ball in my room, deputed her husband to inquire into the occasion of the disturbance. I was still giddy with the contusion I had received, when the door was half-opened. An old man, with a melancholy face, put in his head, and cast a glance of curiosity around the chamber. As soon as his surprise at finding me alone permitted him to speak, "My wife has a headache, sir," said he to me, with a sorrowful air. "Permit me to observe that . . ." Here I interrupted him, and my style was affected by the elevation of my thoughts. "Respectable messenger of my fair neighbour," said I in the language of the bards, "why should thy eyes sparkle beneath thy heavy eyebrows, like two meteors in the dark forest of Oromba ! Thy fair companion is a ray of light, and I would die a thousand times, rather than trouble her repose ; but thy aspect, oh, respectable messenger !—thy aspect is dark as the deepest vault in the caverns of Camora, when the gathering tempest-clouds obscure the face of night, and scowl upon the silent plains of Morven."

My neighbour who, apparently, had never read the poems of Ossian, unluckily took this excess of enthusiasm which animated me, for an attack of madness, and seemed greatly embarrassed. As I had no desire to offend him, I offered him a chair, and begged him to be seated ; but he quietly retired, crossing himself, and repeating under his breath, "*E matto, per Bacco, è matto !*"

CHAPTER IX.

I LET him go without feeling any desire to ascertain on what particular point of my behaviour his observation was grounded ; and I sat down at my scrutoire to make a note of these events, as I always do ; but scarcely had I opened the drawer in which I expected to find some paper, when I quickly shut it again, annoyed by one of the most disagreeable feelings that can be experienced—wounded self-love. The sort of surprise I received on this occasion resembles that experienced by a thirsty traveller, who, on approaching his lip to a limpid fountain, sees a frog looking at him from the bottom. Yet it was nothing but the springs and the body of an artificial dove, which I once flattered myself I should, like Archytas, enable to fly through the air. Three months had I laboured at it without ceasing. The day of trial came ; I placed it at the edge of the table, after carefully locking the door, that my discovery might be kept secret, and occasion an agreeable surprise to my friends. A string kept the mechanism motionless. Who can imagine the palpitations of my heart and the agonies of my self-love, when I took up the scissors, to cut the fatal string . . . Snip . . . the spring is set agoing, and begins to work noisily. I looked up, expecting to see the dove fly ; but after turning over two or three times, it fell to the ground, and hid itself under the table. Rosine, who had been asleep there, moved sullenly away. Rosine, who never beheld a chicken, a pigeon, or even the smallest bird, without attacking and pursuing it, would not condescend to notice my poor

dove as it lay floundering on the floor . . . This was the finishing blow to my self-love. I went out to take the air on the ramparts.

CHAPTER X.

SUCH was the fate of my artificial dove. Whilst the genius of the mechanician had designed it to follow the eagle in its flight, destiny gave it the inclinations of the mole.

I walked along sad and downcast, as one always is after the failure of great hopes, when, raising my eyes, I noticed a flock of wild geese passing over my head. I stopped to watch them. They advanced in a triangular order, like the English column at the battle of Fontenoy. I marked them as they passed across the sky from cloud to cloud. "How well they fly!" said I, softly to myself; "with what confidence they seem to glide along the invisible path which they pursue!" Shall I confess it! alas! pardon me! the horrible feeling of envy for once—once only entered into my heart—and it was occasioned by the wild geese. I pursued them with jealous looks to the very verge of the horizon. For a long time, standing motionless among the crowd who were walking up and down, I watched the rapid movement of the swallows, and was surprised to see them hang suspended in the air, as if I had never seen that phenomenon. A feeling of profound admiration, till then unknown to me, enlightened my soul. I seemed to behold nature for the first time. I listened with surprise to the buzzing of the flies, the song of the birds, and that confused and mysterious sound of the living creation, which rises in unconscious celebration of its Author. Ineffable concert, in which man alone has the privilege of mingling in accents of gratitude! "What is the Author of this splendid mechanism?" cried I, in the transport which possessed me. "What is He, who, opening His creative hand, let the first swallow escape into the air! He who commands the trees to spring from out the earth, and lift their branches towards the sky! And thou, who advancest majestically beneath their shade, enchanting creature, whose features command respect and love, who has placed thee upon the surface of the earth to adorn it! What was that thought which designed thy divine figure, which possessed the power to create the look and smile of innocent beauty! . . . And myself, who feel my heart palpitate. . . what is the end of my existence!—What am I, and whence come I, the inventor of the centripetal dove? . . ." I had scarcely pronounced this barbarous word, when, coming to myself on a sudden, like a sleeping man over whom a pail of water has been thrown, I perceived I was surrounded by several persons who were making their observations on me, whilst my enthusiasm made me talk aloud to myself. I then noticed the fair Georgine a few paces before me. A glance at her left cheek, loaded with rouge, of which I caught sight between the curls of her light-coloured wig, was sufficient to bring me back to the affairs of this world, from which I had been temporarily absent.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN I had a little got over the annoyance which the sight of my artificial dove occasioned me, I began to find the bruise I had received very painful. I put up my hand to my head and discovered a protuberance on the very spot where

Dr. Gall has placed the bump of poetry. I was not aware of it at the time, and experience alone demonstrated to me the truth of that celebrated man's system.

After collecting my thoughts, that I might make one more attempt on my dedicatory epistle, I took a pencil in my hand and set to work. What was my astonishment! . . . the verses flowed of their own accord; I filled two pages in less than an hour: and I conclude, from this circumstance, that if motion was necessary to Pope's head for the composition of verses, nothing less than a bruise could draw them from mine. Nevertheless, I shall not present these verses to the reader, because the prodigious rapidity with which the adventures of my journey succeeded each other prevented my giving them the last finishing touches. But though I thus withhold them, there is no doubt that the accident which befel me ought to be regarded as a valuable discovery, of which poets will do well to avail themselves.

I am indeed so well convinced of the infallibility of this new method, that I have not yet thought it necessary to put the poem of twenty-four cantos, which I have since composed, and which will be published with the "Prisoner of Pignerol*," into verse; but I have prepared at least five hundred pages of notes, which make, as everybody knows, all the merit and the substance of most modern poems.

As I was pondering deeply on my discoveries, whilst walking about my room, I came to my bed; I sat down on it, and my hand accidentally falling on my night-cap, I resolved to put it on, and lie down.

CHAPTER XII.

I HAD been in bed a quarter of an hour, and, contrary to my usual habit, I was not yet asleep. A succession of the most melancholy reflections had succeeded to the idea of my dedicatory epistle: my candle, which was burning low, threw only an uncertain and dismal light from the bottom of the socket, and my chamber presented the aspect of a tomb. A gust of wind suddenly forced open the window, extinguished the candle, and closed the door with violence. The dismal complexion of my thoughts became yet more gloomy in the darkness.

All my former pleasures, all my present troubles, rushed together into my heart, and filled it with regrets and bitterness.

Although I constantly endeavour to forget my griefs, and chase away sad thoughts, it sometimes happens, when I am off my guard, that they rush all at once upon my memory as if a sluice were opened to admit them. On such occasions I have no option left me but to give myself up to the torrent which carries me away, and then my thoughts become so dark, everything appears so gloomy, that I generally end by laughing at my folly; so that a remedy is found in the very violence of the disease.

I was still at the height of one of these melancholic crises, when a portion of the puff of wind that had opened my window and shut my door as it passed, after playing round my chamber, turning over my books and throwing a loose leaf of my

* The author seems to have given up the idea of publishing the "Prisoner of Pignerol," that work partaking too much the nature of a romance.

Journey to the ground, ended by entering my curtains, and dying away on my cheek. I felt the sweet freshness of the night, and, looking on this as an invitation on its part, I rose directly and went up my ladder to enjoy the calm of nature.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE atmosphere was serene; the Milky-way divided the sky like a light cloud, a mild ray proceeded from each star to visit me, and when I gazed on one attentively, its companions seemed to glitter yet more brightly, as if to draw my eyes back to themselves.

I find a charm, which is ever new, in contemplating the starry heavens; and I cannot reproach myself with having ever made a journey, or even a mere walk by night, without paying the tribute of admiration due to the wonders of the firmament. Although I feel all my want of power when my thoughts are occupied with such exalted meditations, I take an inexpressible pleasure in engaging in them. I love to think that it is not chance which conducts this emanation from far distant worlds to my eyes, and the light of each star pours a ray of hope into my heart. What! have these marvels no other concern with me than that of sparkling before my eyes! Are my thoughts which rise to them, my heart which stirs when I gaze on them, indeed strangers to them! The ephemeral spectator of an eternal spectacle, man lifts his eyes for a moment towards heaven, and closes them for ever; but in that fleeting moment which is granted him, from every point in the heavens, from the uttermost bounds of the universe, a consolatory ray issues from each world and meets his glance, announcing that an affinity exists between immensity and him, and that he is associated with eternity.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DISAGREEABLE feeling would, however, intrude itself upon the pleasure I experienced when surrendering myself to these meditations. "How few persons," said I to myself, "are now enjoying with me the sublime spectacle which the heavens uselessly display for sleeping men! . . . Passing over those who sleep, what would it cost those who are walking, or issue in crowds from the theatres, to look up for a moment and admire the brilliant constellations that from all parts pour their rays upon their heads! No, the attentive spectators of Scapin, or Jocrisse, will not condescend to raise their eyes: they choose to return home, or elsewhere, like brutes, without casting a thought on the existence of the heavens! What folly! . . . because it is a sight that can be seen frequently, and for nothing, they will not look at it. If the firmament were always veiled to us, if the spectacle which it offers depended upon the will of an artist, the garrets would fetch any money, and the ladies of Turin would rob me of my sky-light.

"Oh, if I were but the sovereign of a country," cried I, seized with a just indignation, "the tocsin should be sounded every night, and at the signal all my subjects, of every age, sex, and condition, should be compelled to go to the window, and look at the stars." Here Reason, who has, in my kingdom, only a disputed right of remonstrance, was nevertheless more fortunate than usual in the re-

presentations she made to me on the subject of the inconsiderate edict I proposed to issue in my dominions. "Sire," said she, "will not your majesty condescend to make an exception in favour of rainy nights, since, in that case, the sky being hidden . . ." "Very good, very good," I replied, "I had not thought of that; you may note an exception in favour of rainy nights."—"Sire," added she, "I think it would be fitting to except also calm nights, when the cold is excessive, and the north-east wind blows, since the rigorous execution of the edict would afflict your happy subjects with colds and coughs." I began to perceive many difficulties in the execution of my project; but it would be mortifying to give it up. "We must write," said I, "to the council of medicine and the academy of sciences, to determine at what degree of the centigrade thermometer my subjects may absent themselves from the window; but I will and absolutely require that the order shall be executed rigorously."—"And with regard to the sick, sire!"—"As a matter of course they are excepted: humanity must be observed before everything."—"If I did not fear to weary your majesty, I would suggest that (in such cases as it might be judged proper, and where no great inconvenience was likely to arise) an exception might also be added in favour of the blind, since they, being deprived of the organ of sight—" "Well, well," I exclaimed, with some ill humour, "is that all!"—"Pardon me, sire, but the lovers! Your majesty's gentle heart would not compel them also to gaze on the stars!"—"Good, good," replied the king, "we will remit that. We will think over the subject at leisure. You will furnish a detailed memorial upon it."

Oh, dear!—oh, dear!—how many things are there to be taken into consideration before issuing an edict of high police.

CHAPTER XV.

THE most brilliant stars are not those which I contemplate with most pleasure; but the smallest, those which, lost in inconceivable distance, appear only as scarcely perceptible points, have ever been my favourite stars. The reason is very plain: it may be easily conceived that when I have sent forth my imagination to an equal distance on the other side of their spheres, as that from which I look on them here, I find myself, without an effort, at a distance which few travellers have attained before me; and on arriving there I am astonished at beholding myself only at the commencement of this vast universe; for it would, I think, be absurd to imagine that there exists any barrier beyond which a void space commences, as if it were easier to comprehend a void than existence! Beyond the farthest star of these I imagine yet another, which still is not the last. In assigning limits to the creation, however far they may be extended, the universe appears to me no more than a luminous point, compared to the immensity of empty space which surrounds it, to that frightful and gloomy nothing in the midst of which it would be suspended like a solitary lamp. Here I covered my eyes with both my hands, to remove every sort of distraction, and give that profundity to my ideas which such a subject required; and by a supernatural effort of the intellect, I composed a system of the world more complete than any that has yet

appeared. I give it in detail ; it is the result of the meditations of my whole life. "I believe that space, being . . ." But this merits a chapter to itself, and, taking the importance of the matter into consideration, it shall be the only one of my Journey which shall bear a title.

CHAPTER XVI.

SYSTEM OF THE WORLD.

I BELIEVE, then, that space being infinite, creation is infinite also, and that God has created in his eternity an infinity of worlds in illimitable space.

CHAPTER XVII.

I MUST, however, candidly confess that I do not understand my system much better than any of the other systems hitherto conceived by the imagination of philosophers ancient or modern ; but mine, vast as it is, has the advantage of being contained in four lines. The indulgent reader will also be good enough to observe that it was entirely composed on the top of a ladder. Still I would have embellished it with commentaries and notes, if, at the very moment when I was most deeply engaged with my subject, I had not been interrupted by certain enchanting sounds, which fell on my ear most attractively. A voice, as melodious as any I had ever heard, not excepting even Zénéide's—one of those voices which are always in unison with the strings of my heart—sang, very near me, a ballad, of which I lost not a word, and which will never depart from my memory. Listening attentively, I discovered that the voice proceeded from a window lower than mine : unfortunately I could not see it ; the extremity of the roof, above which my sky-light was elevated, hiding it from my eyes. But, nevertheless, the desire of beholding the siren who charmed me with her harmony augmented in proportion to the charm of the ballad, the touching words of which would have drawn tears from the most insensible of beings. Presently, unable to repress my curiosity any longer, I mounted to the last step of the ladder, and, resting one foot on the eaves, and holding on by the window-frame, I leant over the street at great risk of falling.

I then saw, in a balcony on my left hand, a little below me, a young woman in a white wrapping-gown ; her hand supported her charming head, which was sufficiently inclined to permit me, by the light of the stars, to see a most interesting profile ; and her attitude seemed designed on purpose to exhibit a graceful and well-turned figure to an aerial traveller like me ; one of her naked feet, thrown negligently behind, was so turned, that in spite of the obscurity, I could form a guess at its exquisite proportions, whilst a pretty little slipper, that had dropped from off it, enabled my curious eye to determine them more exactly. I will leave you, my dear Sophia, to conceive the discomfort of my situation. I dared not make the least exclamation, for fear of frightening my fair neighbour away, nor the least movement, for fear of tumbling into the street. A sigh escaped me in spite of myself ; I had just time to keep back one half of it ; the rest was wafted away by a passing zephyr, and I had then leisure to watch the pensive fair, sustained in my perilous position

by the hope of hearing her sing once more. But alas ! her ballad was ended, and my evil destiny caused her to keep the most obstinate silence. At length, after waiting for some time, I thought I would venture to address her : the question was, how to frame a compliment worthy of her, and of the sentiments with which she had inspired me. Oh ! how I regretted that I had not finished my dedicatory epistle in verse ! how well it would have befitted the present occasion ! My presence of mind did not, however, abandon me. Inspired by the sweet influence of the stars, and by the yet more powerful desire to find favour with the fair, I exclaimed (after coughing slightly, to warn her of my presence, and to render my voice more soft), in the most touching tones I could command, "What beautiful weather we have to-night."

CHAPTER XVIII.

I THINK I hear Madame de Hautcastel, who has no mercy upon me, demand here the recital of the ballad which I mentioned in the foregoing chapter. For the first time in my life, I find myself under the painful necessity of refusing her anything. If I were to insert these verses in my Journey, I should unquestionably be regarded as the author, which would draw down on me, under pain of many bruises, more bad jests than I care to escape from. I will then continue the relation of my adventure with my lovely neighbour—an adventure, whose unlooked for catastrophe, as well as the delicacy with which I conducted it, are calculated to interest all classes of readers. But before they hear her answer, and how the ingenious compliment I addressed to her was received, I desire leave to reply to certain persons who think themselves more eloquent than I, and who remorselessly condemn me for opening the conversation in a manner they consider so very commonplace. I could prove to them that, if I had attempted to be witty on this occasion, I should have outraged all the rules of prudence and good taste. Every man who enters into conversation with a beautiful woman, by repeating a *bon mot*, or making a compliment, however flattering it may be, betrays pretensions which should not be suffered to appear till they have some foundation. Another's efforts at wit evidently spring from a desire to shine, and it is evident that he thinks less of the lady than of himself. But the ladies desire that we should be taken up with themselves ; and although they do not always make exactly the same reflections as I have just written, they possess an exquisite and natural sense which teaches them that a commonplace expression, made use of for the sole purpose of joining in conversation and approaching them, is of a thousand times more value than a flash of wit inspired by vanity, and better still (which may appear yet more surprising) than a dedicatory epistle in verse. Moreover, I uphold (though my idea may be regarded as a paradox) that this light and brilliant kind of conversation is not necessary in the most lengthened intercourse, if the heart has truly been concerned in its formation ; and in spite of all that those who have never more than half loved say of the wide interval there is between the lively sentiments of love and friendship, the day is always short when passed near a friend of the other sex ; and silence is as interesting as conversation.

Whatever may be thought of my dissertation, it is very certain that I found nothing better to say from the edge of the roof where I was, than the words in question. I had no sooner pronounced them than my soul transported herself entirely into the drum of my ears, to seize the least breathing of the voice I hoped to hear. The fair one raised her head to look at me; her long hair spread over her like a veil, and served as a background to her charming face, which reflected the mysterious light of the stars. Already her mouth was half-opened, her sweet words were on her lips . . . But, oh Heaven! what was my surprise and terror! . . . An ominous sound was heard: "What are you doing there, madam, at this time of night! Come in!" exclaimed a loud and masculine voice from the interior of the apartment. I was petrified.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUCH is the sound which horrifies the guilty spirits when the burning gates of Tartarus open suddenly before them; or such, rather, that resounding through the infernal vaults, caused by the seven cataracts of Styx, of which the poets have forgotten to make mention.

CHAPTER XX.

A SHOOTING star traversed the sky at this moment, and disappeared almost immediately. My eyes, which were for an instant turned from the brightness of the meteor, were again fixed on the balcony, but saw nothing more there than the little slipper. My neighbour, in her precipitate retreat, had forgotten to take it with her. For a long time I contemplated this beautiful mould of a foot worthy of the chisel of Praxiteles, with an emotion stronger than I dare to confess; but, what appeared very singular, and for which I could myself render no reason, was, that a spell, I could not overcome, prevented me from turning my eyes away, notwithstanding all the attempts I made to direct them to other objects.

It is said that when a serpent fixes his eyes on a nightingale, the unhappy bird, the victim of an irresistible fascination, is forced to approach the voracious reptile. Her swift wings serve only to conduct her to destruction; and each effort she makes to get away does but draw her nearer to the enemy, who pursues her with eyes from which there is no escape.

Just such was the effect of the slipper on me, though I cannot say with certainty which, the slipper or I, was the serpent, since, according to the laws of physics, the attraction ought to be reciprocal. I am quite sure that this fatal influence was no mere play of the imagination. I was so positively and forcibly attracted, that I was twice on the point of letting go my hold and suffering myself to fall. But, as the balcony to which I wished to go was not exactly beneath my window, but a little on one side, I saw very clearly that the force of gravitation discovered by Newton, combining with the oblique attraction of the slipper, I should have followed a diagonal in my fall, and should have tumbled on a sentry-box, which, from the height I was at, looked no bigger than an egg, so that my object would have entirely failed. . . I therefore grasped the window-

frame tighter than ever, and making an effort of resolution, I cast up my eyes and gazed on the sky.

CHAPTER XXI.

I SHOULD have some difficulty in explaining and defining exactly the sort of pleasure I experienced under these circumstances. All that I am sure of is, that it had nothing in common with that I had felt a few moments before at the sight of the Milky-way and the starry heavens. Still, as in the most embarrassing situations of my life, I have always loved to discover the reason for what passes in my mind, I wished on this occasion to obtain a clear idea of the pleasure which an honest man might feel when contemplating a lady's slipper, compared with that he experiences in the contemplation of the stars; to that end I made choice of the most conspicuous constellation in the sky. This was, if I mistake not, Cassiopeia's Chair, which was just above my head; and I looked in turn at the constellation and the slipper—the slipper and the constellation. I then perceived that the two sensations were of a nature totally distinct: the one was in my head, whilst the other seemed to have its seat in the region of the heart. But what I cannot avow without some little sensation of shame, is, that the attraction which drew me towards the slipper absorbed all my faculties. The enthusiasm which the aspect of the starry heavens had excited in me, but a short time before, existed only feebly, and presently vanished altogether, when I heard the window of the balcony re-open, and I saw a little foot whiter than alabaster, gently extended, and the little slipper carried off. I would have spoken; but not having had time to prepare myself as before, I could not recal my ordinary presence of mind, and I heard the window of the balcony shut before I could think of anything proper to say.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE foregoing chapters will, I hope, be accepted as a triumphant reply to an accusation of Madame de Hautecaste's, who has not hesitated to disparage my first Journey, under the pretence that my system affords no opportunity for making love. She cannot find the same fault with this new Journey; and, although my adventure with my lovely neighbour was not carried very far, I am sure I found more satisfaction in it than in many other circumstances where I have fancied myself very happy, having no object of comparison. Every one lives in his own way; but I think I should be wanting in what I owe to the kindness of the reader, if I suffered him to remain ignorant of a discovery which, above everything else, has hitherto contributed to my happiness (on condition that it goes no farther): for it relates to nothing less than a new way of making love, much more advantageous than the preceding, and without any of its numerous disadvantages. This invention being especially adapted for persons who wish to adopt my method of travelling, I think I ought to dedicate some chapters to their instruction.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I HAVE observed in the course of my life, that whenever I have been in love according to the common method, my sensations never equalled my

expectations, and my imagination has been disappointed in all her designs. In reflecting on this with attention, I thought that if it were possible to extend the sentiment which leads one to individual love, over all that sex which is its object, I should procure myself new enjoyments without compromising myself in any way. Why, indeed, should that man be reproached who has a heart sufficiently energetic to love all the amiable women in the universe? Yes, madam, I love them all; not only those whom I know, but all who exist on the face of the earth. Moreover, I love all the women who have existed, and all those that shall exist, not to mention a yet greater multitude, the mere offspring of my imagination: in fine, all possible women are comprised within the vast circle of my affections.

For what unjust and ridiculous caprice should I shut up a heart like mine within the narrow bounds of one circle of society? What do I say? Why circumscribe its flight to the limits of a kingdom, or even a republic?

Seated at the foot of a weather-beaten oak, a young Hindoo widow mingles her sighs with the roar of the tempest. The arms of the warrior she loved are suspended above her head, and the mournful sound they send forth, as they clash together, brings back the memory of her departed happiness to her heart. Meanwhile the thunder bursts among the clouds, and the vivid flashes of lightning are reflected in her motionless eyes. Whilst the pile which is to consume her is being raised, she awaits alone, without consolation, in the stupor of despair, a frightful death, which a cruel prejudice makes her prefer to life.

How sweet and melancholy a pleasure does not the man of sensibility experience in approaching to console this unfortunate creature? Whilst seated on the grass, by her side, I seek to dissuade her from the horrible sacrifice, and, mingling my sighs with hers, my tears with her tears, I seek to withdraw her from her woes, all the world runs to visit Madame d'A***, whose husband is just dead of apoplexy. Resolved never to survive her misfortune, insensible to the tears and prayers of her friends, she is determined to starve herself to death; and ever since this morning, when the news was imprudently communicated to her, the unhappy woman has eaten only a biscuit, and drunk nothing but a small glass of Malaga wine. I only give to this bereaved wife the bare attention needful to avoid infringing the laws of my universal system, and I soon leave her house, because I am by nature jealous, and have as little desire to commit myself with a crowd of comforters, as with persons too easily consoled.

Unhappy beauties, especially, have claims upon my heart, and the tribute of sensibility which I owe them does not weaken the interest I take in those who are more fortunate. This disposition gives an infinite variety to my pleasures, and thus I pass by turns from melancholy to gaiety, from sentimental repose to rapture.

I also frequently engage in love intrigues in ancient history, and blot out whole lines in the registers of destiny. How often have I arrested the murderous hand of Virginius, and saved the life of his unfortunate daughter; the victim of an excess of both crime and virtue! That event fills me with horror whenever it recurs to my

thoughts, and I am not surprised that it caused a revolution.

I hope that all reasonable people, as well as all compassionate hearts, will give me credit for having settled this affair in a very agreeable manner; and that every one at all acquainted with the world will be of my opinion, that, if the Decemvir had been given way to, that impassioned man would in the end have done justice to the virtue of Virginia: relations would have interfered; Virginius would, at last, have become pacified; and the marriage would have been celebrated with all the formalities prescribed by the law.

But what would have become of the unhappy forsaken lover? Well, what did the lover gain by her death? But, since you are pleased to commiserate his lot, let me inform you, my dear Maria, that, six months after the death of Virginia, he was not only consoled for her loss, but very happily married, and that, after having several children, he lost his wife; and six weeks afterwards was married again to the widow of the tribune of the people. These facts, hitherto unknown, have been discovered and deciphered from a palimpsest* manuscript in the Ambrosian Library, by a learned Italian antiquary. They are an unfortunate addition to the abominable history of the Roman republic, which is already too long.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER saying the interesting Virginia, I modestly retreat from the expression of her gratitude; and, always anxious to render services to the fair, I take advantage of the obscurity of a rainy night, and steal out to open the tomb of the young Vestal, whom the senate of Rome barbarously buried alive for suffering the sacred fire of Vesta to go out, or rather, perhaps, for scorching herself with it. I walk silently through the byways of Rome, with that internal satisfaction that always precedes good actions, especially when some danger is incurred. I carefully avoid the Capitol, for fear of waking the geese; and, slipping by the guards at the Colline gate, I reach the tomb in safety without having been noticed.

At the noise I make in raising up the stone which covers it, the unfortunate vestal raises her dishevelled head from the damp floor of the vault. By the light of a sepulchral lamp I see her cast her bewildered eyes around: in her delirium, the wretched victim imagines herself already on the banks of Cocytus. "Oh, Minos," she cries, "oh, inexorable judge! It is true, that on earth I loved contrary to the rigid laws of Vesta. If the Gods are

* Palimpsest manuscripts are those from which the original writing has been erased, and other matter substituted. From the great value of parchment in more ancient days, many valuable manuscripts have been lost to the world in this manner, and replaced by monkish legends. There have been instances where the original, being only imperfectly obliterated, and the new matter written between the lines, the original has been recovered. Mr. D'Israeli, in the first volume of his "Curiosities of Literature," (first series) says that, "not long ago, at Rome, a part of a book of Livy was found between the lines of a parchment but half effaced, on which they had substituted a book of the Bible; and the recent recovery of 'Cicero de Republica,' shows the fate of ancient manuscripts."—Translator's note.

as barbarous as men, open the abyss of Tartarus for me! I loved, and I still love." "No, no; you are not yet in the kingdom of the dead: come, young unhappy one; return to earth; rise up again to light and love!" Meantime I take her hand, already chilled by the cold of the tomb; I lift her in my arms; I press her to my heart; and at length I raise her out of that horrible place, all trembling with fright and gratitude.

I must beg you to believe, madam, that I was moved by no personal interest in performing this good action. The hope of interesting the fair ex-vestal in my favour had no part in what I undertook for her; for in this I returned to the ancient method: I can assert, on the word of a traveller, that, during the whole walk from the Colline gate to the spot where the tomb of the Scipios now stands, notwithstanding the profound darkness, and that her weakness obliged me to carry her in my arms, I never violated the respect and deference due to her misfortunes; and I scrupulously surrendered her to her lover, who waited for her on the road.

CHAPTER XXV.

ANOTHER time, conducted by my reveries, I accidentally found myself at the Rape of the Sabines. I was astonished to perceive that the Sabines took the matter very differently from what history tells us. Although I could see no signs of a fray, I nevertheless offered my protection to a woman who was running away; and, as I accompanied her, I could not help laughing to hear a furious Sabine exclaim in the accents of despair—"Immortal Gods! why did not I bring my wife here!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

BESIDES that half of the human species towards which I cherish so lively an affection,—shall I say it, and shall I be believed?—my heart is endowed with such a capacity for tenderness that all living beings, and even inanimate things themselves, have their share in it. I love the trees that lend me their shade—the birds that warble in the branches—and the night-cry of the screech-owl, and the roar of the torrents: I love all . . . I love the moon!

You laugh, mademoiselle; it is easy to turn sentiments you do not experience into ridicule; but hearts which resemble mine will comprehend me.

Yes, I attach myself with genuine affection to everything around me. I love the paths along which I pass—the fountain where I drink: I cannot even break a bough from the hedge without a degree of pain; I look back on it when I have cast it away; I have already formed an acquaintance with it: I regret the leaves that fall, and the zephyr that passes by me. Where is that which stirred thy dark locks, Eliza, when, seated with me on the banks of the Doria, on the eve of our eternal separation, you gazed on me in mournful silence? Where is that look! where that moment, so mournful yet so dear!

Oh, Time! . . . terrible divinity! it is not thy unsparring scythe I fear; I dread only thy hideous offspring, Indifference and Forgetfulness, who make a long death of three-fourths of our existence.

Alas! that zephyr, that look, that smile, are

now far from me as the adventures of Ariadne: nothing but regrets and vain remembrances now remain in the depths of my heart; a sad commixture on which my life still bears up, even as a ship shattered by the tempest still for a time remains afloat upon the angry waves! . . .

CHAPTER XXVII.

UNTIL at length the water, penetrating little by little between the broken planks, the unfortunate vessel disappears, swallowed up in the abyss,—the waves close over it—the tempest is appeased—and the sea-swallow skins over the calm and lonely ocean.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I MUST here bring the illustrations of my new method of love-making to a close, since I perceive they are taking a melancholy direction. It will not, however, be amiss to add a few elucidations upon this discovery, which is not equally adapted to every one, nor to every age. I would not recommend it to any one at the age of twenty. The author himself did not make use of it at that period of his life. To be able to make a proper use of it, all the cares of life must have been endured without discouragement—all its pleasures enjoyed without satiety. It is not difficult, and is especially useful, at that age when reason warns us to renounce our youthful habits, and then it serves as a medium by which we may pass imperceptibly from pleasure to wisdom. All the moralists have remarked that this passage is difficult. Few men have the noble courage to go over it with a good grace; and not unfrequently, after having taken the step, they grow weary on the other side, and repass the barrier, in gray hairs, and to their great shame. All this might be avoided by my new method of making love. In fact, the greater part of our pleasures, being nothing more than a play of the imagination, it is essential to afford it an innocent field for exercise to turn it away from those objects which we ought to renounce, much as we give playthings to children when we refuse them sweetmeats. In this way time is given to get a footing on the land of wisdom, before we think we have arrived there; and we reach it by the road of folly, which, in most cases, much facilitates the journey.

I have, therefore, reason to think that I did not deceive myself in the hope I entertained of being of some use when I took up my pen; and I must only take care to guard myself from that natural feeling of self-love, which I might legitimately experience, whilst unveiling such truths to mankind.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I TRUST, my dear Sophia, that all these confidential communications have not made you forget the uncomfortable position in which you left me at my window. The emotion which the sight of the pretty foot of my neighbour had caused me had not yet subsided, and I was more than ever under the dangerous influence of the magic of the slipper, when an unexpected occurrence rescued me from the peril I was in, of falling from the fifth story to the street. A bat, which was circling round the house, and seeing me long immovable had mistaken me, I suppose, for a chimney, settled

on me, and fixed itself on my ear. I felt the horrid chill of its moist wings upon my cheek. All the echoes of Turin resounded to the shout which I involuntarily uttered. The distant sentinels cried "Who goes there!" and I heard the hurried tread of the patrol in the street.

I gave up the view of the balcony, which had no longer any attraction for me, without much difficulty. The cold of the night had seized upon me. I felt a slight shivering; and, as I folded my dressing-gown round me, I perceived, to my great regret, that the cold and the bat together had completely changed the current of my ideas. The magic slipper had now no more influence over me than *Berenice's Hair*, or any other constellation. I came to a rapid conclusion on the unreasonableness of passing the night exposed to the inclemency of the air, instead of following the rule of nature, which ordains sleep. My reason, which at that moment was solely active, showed me this as clearly demonstrated as a proposition in Euclid. In short, I was all at once deprived of imagination and enthusiasm, and given hopelessly up to sad reality—a deplorable state of existence. As well might one be a withered tree in a forest, or an obelisk in the midst of a modern square.

"What two strange machines," cried I, "are man's head and heart! We are eternally carried away by one or the other of these two rulers of our actions in two opposite directions, and the one that we last follow always appears the best. 'Oh, the folly of enthusiasm and sentiment!' cries cold Reason. 'Oh the weakness and uncertainty of reason!' says Sentiment. Who can, who dare decide between them?"

I thought it would be well to consider the question upon the spot, and to come to a candid decision which of these two guides it would be best for me to trust to for the rest of my life. "Shall I henceforth follow my head or my heart? Let me examine the question."

CHAPTER XXX.

As I uttered these words, I felt a kind of dull aching in that foot which rested on the ladder. I was, besides, quite tired of the awkward position I had maintained so long. I let myself gently down into a sitting posture; and, suffering my legs to hang on either side of the window-sill, I began to travel on horseback. I have always preferred that mode of travelling to any other, and I am passionately fond of horses; nevertheless, of all I have ever heard of or seen, that which I have most ardently desired to possess is the wooden horse mentioned in "The Thousand and One Nights," on which one could travel through the air, and which set off like lightning when the little peg between its ears was turned.

But it may be remarked, that my horse bore a good deal of resemblance to that of "The Thousand and One Nights." By his position the traveller on horseback at the window, communicates on one side with heaven, and enjoys the imposing spectacle of nature; the meteors and the stars are at his disposal: on the other, the sight of his dwelling, and the objects which it contains, recalls him to the recollection of his existence, and brings him back to himself. A single movement of the head replaces the enchanted peg, and produces a rapid and extraordinary change in the traveller's mind. By turns

he inhabits the earth and the heavens; his mind and his heart roam over all the delights which it is permitted to man to experience.

I felt a presentiment of all the advantage I should derive from my horse. When I had fixed myself well in the saddle, and had arranged everything to my satisfaction—being certain that I had nothing to fear from robbers, and that my horse would not stumble—I thought the occasion very favourable to give myself up to the examination of the problem I desired to solve, touching the pre-eminence of reason or sentiment. But I was stopt short by the very first reflection I made on the subject. What business have I to set myself up as a judge in such a case!—I who have already, in my conscience, decided in favour of sentiment! But, on the other hand, if I exclude those persons whose heads are carried away by their hearts, whom can I consult? A geometerian! Paha! such men are sold to reason. For the decision of this point, we must find a man who has received an equal share of reason and sentiment from nature, and in whom these two faculties shall be in exact equilibrium at the moment when he gives his judgment—a thing impossible! It would be easier to keep a republic in equilibrium.

The only competent judge, then, would be one who had nothing in common with either of the parties—a man, in fact, without a head and without a heart. This strange conclusion was repugnant to my reason: my heart also protested against it. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that my reasoning was correct; and I should have formed a very bad opinion of my intellectual faculties on this occasion, if I had not reflected that in speculations of exalted metaphysics, like that in question, philosophers of the first rank had been conducted, in the course of argument, to frightful consequences, which have had a material influence on the social happiness of the human race. I may, therefore, console myself with the reflection, that the result of my speculations can harm no one. I left the question undecided; and I resolved for the rest of my days to follow alternately my head or my heart, just as the one or the other is in the ascendant. I really think that there is no better course. "It has not as yet brought me any very good fortune, to be sure," said I to myself. "No matter; I go on down the rapid path of life without fear and without projects; now laughing, now weeping, and often both together; or perhaps humming a snatch of some old song to while away the weary road. Another time I pluck a daisy from beneath the hedge; I pull the leaves off one after another, repeating, 'She loves me, a little, much, passionately, not at all.' The last leaf always brings me to the 'not at all.' It is true: Eliza loves me no more."

Whilst thus occupied, a whole generation of living beings is passing away: like an immense wave, it will soon break with me upon the shore of eternity; and, as if the storm of life were not sufficiently impetuous—as if we pushed on too slowly to the barriers of existence—whole nations slaughter one another as they go along, and forestall the term appointed by Nature. Conquerors, themselves involved in the rapid vortex of time, amuse themselves with the destruction of millions. What are you thinking of, gentlemen! Stay!—these good people will die all in good time. Do you not

see that advancing wave, its crest already close upon the shore! Stay, in the name of Heaven! yet an instant, and you and your enemies, and I and the daisies, will all come to one common end. How inconceivable is such madness! Come, I have made up my mind; for the future I will pull no more daisies to pieces.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AFTER having laid down a rule of prudent behaviour for the future, by means of the luminous logic displayed in the preceding chapters, there still remained a very important point to be decided in respect to the journey I proposed to undertake. The getting on horseback is not all that is needful—we should also know where we wish to go to. I was so fatigued with the metaphysical researches in which I had been occupied, that, before I determined to what region of the globe I should give the preference, I wished to repose myself for a time by thinking of nothing. This is a mode of existence also of my invention, and which has often proved of great benefit to me; but it is not given to all the world to know how to use it: for if it be easy to give depth to our ideas by occupying them exclusively upon one subject, it is not so easy to check the current of your thoughts suddenly as to stop the pendulum of a time-piece. Molière has very unseasonably ridiculed the man who amused himself by making circles on a pool: for my own part, I am inclined to consider that man as a philosopher, who had the power of suspending the action of his intellect to give it repose—one of the most difficult operations the human mind can perform. I know that persons who have received this faculty without desiring it, and who usually think of nothing, will accuse me of plagiarism, and lay claim to priority of invention; but the condition of intellectual immovability, of which I speak, is totally distinct from that which they enjoy, and of which M. Necker has made the apology*. Mine is always voluntary, and can only be momentary; to enjoy it in its full extent I closed my eyes, and rested my hands on the window-sill, as a tired horseman leans on the pommel of his saddle, and presently the memory of the past, the feeling of the present, and the thought of the future, passed from my mind.

This mode of existence powerfully favours the invasion of sleep; and, after half a minute of enjoyment, I felt my head fall on my breast. I directly opened my eyes, and my ideas resumed their course; a circumstance which evidently proves that this kind of voluntary lethargy is very different from sleep, since I was waked up by sleep itself, an accident which certainly can scarcely be expected to happen.

Raising my eyes towards the sky, I perceived the pole-star over the top of the house, which appeared to me a good augury, just as I was on the point of commencing a long journey. During the interval of repose I had enjoyed, my imagination had regained all its power, and my heart was prepared to receive the softest impressions; so much does this passing annihilation of thought augment its energy. The deep uneasiness which my precarious position in the world secretly occasioned me, was suddenly replaced by a lively feeling of hope and courage; I felt myself capable of facing life,

and all the chances of misfortune or happiness, which it had in store for me.

"Bright star!" I exclaimed, in the delightful ecstasy which enchanted me; "incomprehensible production of the Eternal Thought! thou who alone, motionless in the heavens, watchest, all day, over one-half of the earth! thou who directest the navigator over the wastes of the ocean, and whose appearance restores hope to the tempest-tost mariner! If, when a clear night has permitted me to contemplate the heavens, I have never failed to seek thee out from among all thy companions—aid me, celestial light! Alas! earth abandons me: be thou now my counsel and my guide, and teach me to what region of the globe I should direct my footsteps!"

During this invocation, the star seemed to send forth its rays with greater brilliancy, and to rejoice in the sky while inviting me to place myself beneath her protecting influence.

I do not believe in presentiments, but I believe in a Divine Providence, which directs men by unknown means. Each moment of our existence is a new creation—an act of the All-Powerful will. The inconstant order which produces the ever-varying forms, and inexplicable phenomena of the clouds, is each moment determined, even to the minutest drop of water that enters into their composition: the events of our life can have no other cause; and to attribute them to chance would be the height of folly. I am even sure that I have sometimes been able to detect the imperceptible threads by which Providence makes great men act like puppets, while they imagine they are directing the world; a little movement of the pride which puffs up their hearts may occasion the destruction of whole armies, and overthrow a nation. However this may be, I believed so firmly in the invitation I had received from the polar star, that I determined from that moment to go northwards; and although I had no point of preference in those distant regions, nor any determined object, yet, when I left Turin the next day, I went out by the palace gate, which is on the north side of the town, persuaded that the polar star would not abandon me.

CHAPTER XXXII.

At this point of my journey I was obliged to descend from my horse with some precipitation. I should not have noticed this if I were not bound in conscience to inform those who wish to adopt this mode of travelling, of the little inconveniences which present themselves, after having laid its great advantages open to them.

Windows, in general, not having been primitively invented for the novel destination which I have assigned them, architects, in constructing them, neglect to give them the commodious and rounded form of an English saddle. The intelligent reader will, I trust, comprehend, without farther explanation, the lamentable cause which forced me to make a halt. I descended with some difficulty, and took a few turns on foot in my room to stretch my legs, reflecting on the mixture of pains and pleasures with which the path of life is sprinkled, and on that kind of fatality which renders men the slaves of the most insignificant circumstances. After which I hastened to remount my horse, provided with my down cushion: this I should not have

* "Sur le Bonheur des Sots," 1782, 8vo.

dared to do a few days before, for fear of being hooted by the cavalry ; but having met the previous evening, at the gates of Turin, a party of Cossacks, who had travelled on similar cushions, from the banks of the Palus Maotides and the Caspian Sea, I thought that I might adopt the same custom without derogating from the laws of equitation, which I respect so much.

Relieved from the unpleasant sensation, which I leave to be imagined, I could occupy myself without discomfort in considering the plan of my journey.

One of the difficulties which gave me most uneasiness, because it touched my conscience, was to know whether I did well or ill in abandoning my country, one-half of which had herself abandoned me*. Such a step seemed to me too important to be determined on lightly. On reflecting on the word "country," I perceived that I had not a clear idea of it. "My country—in what consists my country? Can it be an assemblage of houses, fields, and rivers? I cannot believe it. Perhaps my family, my friends, constitute my country! but they have already quitted it. Ah, I have it, it is the government; but that is changed. Good God! where then is my country?" I passed my hand over my forehead in a state of inexpressible disquiet. The love of our country is powerful! The regret I myself experienced at the thought of abandoning mine, so well proved its reality, that I would have remained on my horse all my life, rather than descend before I had got to the bottom of this difficulty.

I soon perceived that the love of our country depends on several elements intimately connected with each other; that is to say, the long familiarity which, from his childhood, a man has with individuals, localities, and the government. We have now only to examine in what degree each of these three bases forms a more or less important constituent of a country.

Attachment to our countrymen depends, in general, upon the government, and is nothing more than the consciousness of the power and happiness which that affords us in common; for, real attachment is limited to our family, and to the small number of individuals by whom we are immediately surrounded. Everything which interrupts familiarity, or the facility of intercourse, renders men enemies: a chain of mountains forms on each side *ultra-montanes*, who are no friends to each other: the inhabitants of the right bank of a river think themselves superior to those of the left bank, and these, in their turn, laugh at their neighbours. This disposition may be remarked even in great cities separated by a river, notwithstanding the bridges which unite the banks. A difference of language separates men under the same government in a yet greater degree: finally, the family itself, in which our real affection centres, is often dispersed throughout the country; it is continually changing in form and number; and it may be removed beyond it. The love of our country does not, then, absolutely reside with our countrymen or our family.

Locality, at least, contributes much to the love we bear to our native soil. This subject presents a very interesting question: it has always

been remarked that mountaineers are the most attached of any people to their country, and that nomadic nations in general inhabit wide plains. What may be the cause of this difference in the attachment of these people to a locality? If I do not deceive myself, it is this: in the mountains the country has a physiognomy: in the plains it has none. It is a woman without a face, whom you cannot love despite all her good qualities. What then, in fact, remains to the inhabitant of a village built of wood, when, after the passage of an enemy, the village is burnt, and the woods cut down? The wretched man seeks in vain, along the uniform line of the horizon, for some object which can call up remembrances: none exist. Each point of space presents the same aspect and the same interest to him. This man is made a wanderer by that act, unless indeed, his familiarisation to the government retains him; but his habitation may be here or there,—it is no matter where; his country is wherever the government is in activity: he has only half a country. The mountaineer attaches himself to forms which have been before his eyes from infancy, and which possess visible and indestructible features: from every point of the valley he sees, and can recognise, his field on the slope of the hill. The roar of the torrent which boils among the rocks is never interrupted; the path which leads to the village winds round an unchangeable block of granite. In his dreams he beholds the form of those mountains which is painted in his heart; even as after looking fixedly at the panes of a window, we continue to see them when we close our eyes, the picture graven in his memory is part of himself, and can never be effaced. In short, all our recollections are connected with some locality: but it must afford objects the origin of which is unknown, and whose end we cannot foresee. Ancient edifices, old bridges, everything which possesses a character of grandeur and long duration, in some degree answer the purpose of mountains, as regards our affection for localities: still the monuments of nature have more power over the heart. To give Rome a name worthy of herself, the proud Romans called her "the city of the seven hills." The habit formed can never be destroyed. The mountaineer of ripe age can form no affection for the localities of a great city, and the inhabitant of cities cannot become a mountaineer. This, perhaps, may be the reason why one of the greatest writers of our day, who has painted the deserts of America with genius, has found the Alps mean, and Mont Blanc miserably small.

The share of the government is evident: it is the first basis of a country. This it is which produces the reciprocal attachment of men, and renders the love they naturally bear to the locality more energetic; the government alone, by the recollections of happiness or glory it may inspire, can attach the natives to the soil.

Is the government good, the country is in all its vigour; does it become vicious, the country is sick; does it change, it dies. It then becomes a new country, and each man is his own master, to adopt it, or to choose another.

When all the population of Athens quitted that city by the advice of Themistocles, did they abandon their country, or carry it with them into their ships?

* The author was serving in Piedmont, when Savoy, where he was born, was united to France.

When Coriolan
 Good God! in this fine discussion in which I have engaged, I have forgotten that I am on horseback on my window.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

I HAD an old relation who possessed a good deal of wit, and whose conversation was most interesting; but her memory, at the same time inconstant and fertile, made her pass from episode to episode, from digression to digression, to such a degree, that at last she was obliged to beg the assistance of her auditors: "What was it I was going to tell you?" she would say, and her auditors also having often forgotten, the whole company was thrown into inexpressible embarrassment. But it may have been remarked that the same accident often happens to my narrations; and I must confess that, in fact, the plan and order of my journey are regulated exactly on the order and plan of my aunt's conversation; but I beg assistance of nobody, since it may have been perceived that I return to my subject of my own accord, and at the very moment when it is least expected of me.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THOSE who disapprove of my dissertation on our country must be pleased to consider, that for some time past sleep had been stealing over me in spite of all my efforts to throw it off. I am not even now quite sure whether I slept outright, or whether the extraordinary occurrences I am about to relate were the produce of a dream or a supernatural vision.

I saw a brilliant cloud descend from heaven, and approach me by slow degrees; and in the midst, and covered by it as by a transparent veil, a young woman about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, was discovered. Words are wanting to describe the sentiment with which her appearance impressed me. Her features, beaming with goodness and benevolence, had all the charm of the illusions of youth, and were as sweet as dreams of the future; her looks, her peaceful smile, every feature indeed, realised, in my eyes, the ideal being which my heart had sought after so long, and which I had despaired of ever encountering.

As I gazed on her in a delicious ecstasy, I saw the pole-star glittering among the locks of her black hair, which were stirred by the north wind, and at that moment I heard words of consolation. What do I say? words! it was the mysterious expression of celestial thought that revealed the future to my intellect, whilst my senses were enchained by slumber; it was a prophetic communication from the auspicious star I had invoked, the sense of which I will endeavour to express in human language.

"Thy confidence in me shall not be deceived," said a voice whose tones resembled those of an Æolian harp. "Behold here the companion I have chosen for thee; this is a blessing to which those who believe that happiness is an affair of calculation, and who ask on earth what is only to be obtained in heaven, shall vainly aspire." With these words the meteor disappeared in the profound depths of the heavens; the aerial divinity melted away in the mists of the horizon; but in

departing she cast on me a look which filled my heart with confidence and hope.

And then, turning to follow her, I kicked my horse on both sides as hard as I could; but, as I had forgotten to put on my spurs, I struck my heel so hard against the sharp point of a tile, that the pain woke me with a start.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THIS accident was of real advantage, in relation to the geological portion of my travels, since it gave me an opportunity of ascertaining exactly the height of my room above the alluvial strata forming the soil on which the city of Turin is built.

My heart beat quick, and I counted three strokes and a half between the moment when I spurred my horse and the time I heard my slipper, which I had kicked off, fall into the street, which by a calculation of the time occupied by the descent of heavy bodies in falling, and by the sonorous undulations of the air in ascending from the street to my ear, determines the height of my window to be ninety-four feet three lines and nine-tenths of a line from the level of the pavement of Turin, supposing that my heart, agitated by my dream, beat one hundred and twenty times in a minute, which could not be very far from the truth. It is only in relation to science, that, after speaking of the interesting slipper of my fair neighbour, I have ventured to make mention of mine: besides, this chapter is intended solely for the learned.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE brilliant vision I had enjoyed made me feel more keenly than ever, on waking, all the wretchedness of my lonely condition. I looked around me, and saw nothing but roofs and chimneys. Alas! suspended between heaven and earth on a fifth story, surrounded by a sea of sorrows, desires and anxieties, a little glimmering of hope alone was left to reconcile me to existence: a vain reliance, the weakness of which I have too often experienced. Doubt soon re-entered my heart, not yet free from human error, and I firmly believed that the polar star had mocked me—an unjust and guilty mistrust, for which the star punished me by ten years of expectation. Oh! if I could then have foreseen that all those promises would be accomplished, and that one day I should find on earth the adored being whose image I had as yet only beheld in the heavens. Dear Sophia, if I had known that my happiness should surpass all my hopes! . . . But we must not anticipate the course of events: I return to my subject, being unwilling to interrupt the rigid and methodical order which I have prescribed to myself in the relation of my travels.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE clock of St. Philip's slowly sounded midnight. I counted each stroke one after the other, and, as the last fell, I sighed. "Another day," said I, "is taken from my life, and whilst the lessening vibrations of the bell still tremble in my ear, that portion of my journey which preceded midnight is already as distant from me as the voyage of Ulysses, or that of Jason. In the abyss of the past, moments and centuries are equal; and has the future any greater reality? They are two nothings, between which I find myself balanced as on the edge of a knife. Truly time seems to

me something so inconceivable, that I am tempted to doubt its real existence, and to think that that to which we give the name, is no more than a mental punishment."

I was delighted at having discovered this definition of time, as gloomy as the time itself, when another clock struck twelve, which gave me an uncomfortable feeling. When I am unsuccessfully intent upon an insolvable problem, I am troubled with a good deal of ill humour; and I thought this second announcement of the clock to a philosopher like me very ill judged. But I was thoroughly vexed, a few seconds afterwards, to hear from afar a third clock—that of the convent of Capuchins, on the other bank of the Po—strike twelve as if by mere malice.

When my aunt wanted an old waiting-woman, (a little headstrong, but whom she was very fond of notwithstanding,) she was too impatient to wait after ringing once, but kept on pulling the bell-rope till she made her appearance. "Come at last, Mademoiselle Branchet!" and she, vexed at being thus hurried, would come very slowly, and would answer very tartly, before entering the room, "Coming, ma'am, coming." Such was the feeling of ill humour I experienced, when I heard the indiscreet clock of the Capuchins strike twelve for the third time. "I know it," I cried, stretching out my hands towards the clock, "Yes, I know it, I know it is midnight: I know it but too well."

It is, no doubt, through the insidious counsel of the evil spirit that men have chosen this hour as the division of their days. Shut up in their houses, they sleep or they amuse themselves whilst, one after another, the threads of their existence are severed: the next morning they rise gaily, without doubting in the least that they have gained another day. In vain the prophetic voice of the clock announces the approach of eternity—in vain it mournfully repeats each hour to them as it rolls away—they hear nothing; or, if they hear, they do not comprehend. Oh, midnight!... terrible hour!... I am not superstitious, but this hour always inspires me with a species of dread; and I have a presentiment that if I ever die, it will be at midnight. Shall I then die some day! What! die! I who speak, who feel, who touch, can I die! I can scarcely believe it: nothing indeed is more natural than that others should die; we see that every day: we see them pass away, we are accustomed to it: but to die one's self! to die in person! that is startling. And you, gentlemen, who take these reflections for mere fustian, learn that this is the way in which all the world, and you, yourselves, think of death. No one reflects that he must die. If a race of immortal men existed, the idea of death would terrify them more than it does ourselves.

There is something in this which I cannot explain. How is it that men, whom we see unceasingly agitated by hopes and vain plans for the future, think so little of what that future brings with inevitable certainty! May it not be that beneficent nature has herself given us this happy carelessness, that we may work out our destiny in peace! Indeed, I think that a man may be quite virtuous without adding to the real evils of life a disposition of mind which leads to melancholy reflections, and without disturbing his imagination by gloomy phantoms. In short, I

think we may be permitted to laugh, or at least to smile, on every innocent occasion that is presented to us.

Thus ends the meditation inspired by the clock of St. Philip's. I might have carried it farther if some unexpected scruples as to the severity of the moral doctrine I was establishing, had not occurred to me. But having no inclination to sift the doubtful point, I whistled the air of the "*Folies d'Espagne*," which possesses the property of changing the course of my ideas, when they are running the wrong way. The effect was so speedy, that I brought my ride on horseback to an immediate close.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BEFORE returning into my room, I cast a glance upon the city and the dark plain of Turin, which I was about to quit, perhaps for ever, and I bade them my last farewell. Never had the night appeared so fair; never had I felt so keen an interest in the spectacle that lay before my eyes. After saluting the mountain and temple of Superga, I took leave of the towers, the belfries, of all those familiar objects which I never thought I should have so much regretted, of the air and the heaven, and of the river whose low murmur seemed to reply to my adieus. Oh! that I knew how to describe the feeling, tender yet bitter, that filled all my heart, and all the memories of that fairest portion of my life that had passed away, which pressed around me like familiar spirits, all seeking to retain me in Turin! But, alas! the remembrances of past happiness are the wrinkles of the soul! When we are unhappy we should chase them from our thoughts, as mocking phantoms that insult our present condition: it is a thousand times better, then, to abandon ourselves to the deceitful illusions of hope, and above all to put a good face on a losing game, and to take care that no one shares the secret of our griefs. I have remarked, in my ordinary journeyings among mankind, that the ever-unfortunate end by becoming ridiculous. At such wretched moments, nothing is more advisable than the new mode of travelling which has been here described. It is then that I successfully resort to it: not only do I thus contrive to forget the past, but I am enabled to bear my present troubles more firmly. "They will pass away with Time," is my consolation; "he takes all and forgets nothing as he passes by; and though we seek to retard or hasten his progress, our efforts are alike vain and cannot change his invariable course." Although, in general, the rapidity of his passage gives me little uneasiness, there is one circumstance, one train of ideas, that brings it home to me very forcibly. When all men are silent—when the demon of turmoil is mute in his temple, in the midst of a sleeping city—then it is that Time lifts up his voice and makes it heard within my soul. Darkness and silence become his interpreters, and unveil his mysterious path before me; it is not only the creature of reason that can understand it—my very senses perceive it. I see him in the heavens chasing the stars towards the west. There he urges on the rivers downwards to the sea, and rolls along the hill-side on the mists. . . . I listen: the winds sigh beneath the beat of his rapid wings, and the distant bell shakes at his terrible passage.

"Let us profit,—let us profit by his course," I

cry, "Let me usefully employ the moments he is coming to bear from me." Wishing to put this good resolution into practice, I leant forward to launch myself boldly on my career, making a certain clacking with my tongue, destined from the beginning of time to urge on horses, but which it is impossible to write according to the rules of orthography—

tlk ! tlk ! tlk !

and I ended my equestrian excursion in a hand-gallop.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I HAD raised my right foot to get down, when I felt myself struck sharply on the shoulder. To say that I was not alarmed by this accident would be to conceal the truth; and here I must take occasion to observe and to prove to the reader, without indulging in vanity, how very difficult it would be for any other than myself to perform a similar journey. Granting that the new traveller should possess a thousand times the means and the talents for observation that I do, could he hope to meet with so many, and such remarkable adventures as happened to me within the space of four hours, and which were evidently the result of my destiny? If any one doubts it, let him say what it was that struck me!

In my first confusion, not reflecting where I was, I thought my horse had kicked up, or had struck me against a tree. God knows how many

terrible ideas presented themselves to me during the short space of time that I took to turn round my head, and look into my room. I then saw, as often happens in matters that appear most extraordinary, that the occasion of my surprise was very natural. The same puff of wind which, in the early part of my journey, had opened my window and shut my door, and of which a part had glided between the curtains of my bed, just then bounced back again into my room. It abruptly opened the door, and flew out by the window, pushing the casement against my shoulder, and thus causing the surprise I have mentioned.

It may be remembered that I quitted my bed at the invitation of the breeze. The blow I had received was very plainly an invitation to return thither, which I thought myself obliged to comply with.

It is decidedly a fine thing to be thus on familiar terms with the night, the sky, and the meteors; and to know how to regulate one's conduct by their influence. Alas! the connections we are obliged to form with men are far more dangerous! How often have I been the dupe of my confidence in these gentlemen! I had said something of the same sort in a note on this passage which I have suppressed, because it proved longer than the whole of the text, and would thus have quite deranged the exact proportions of my Journey, the chief merit of which is its brevity.

END OF THE NOCTURNAL EXPEDITION.

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SINTRAM
AND HIS COMPANIONS.

A Tale of the North.

—♦—
FROM THE GERMAN OF

FREDERIC BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE,
AUTHOR OF "UNDINE."



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A Tale of the North



FROM THE GERMAN

OF

FREDERIC BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.



25

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SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS.

CHAPTER I.

In the lofty castle at Drontheim many Northern Knights were assembled, and, having held council on the prosperity of the kingdom, they now sat till dead of night carousing mirthfully together in the high vaulted hall, round about the huge circular stone table.

The rising storm had but just dashed a heavy snow-drift against the clattering windows, all the doors shook in their oaken frames, the ponderous locks rattled vehemently, and the old castle clock, amid the noise of its many slowly-creaking wheels, struck—one : when a deathly-pale boy, his hair standing on end, and eyes firmly closed, flew into the hall shrieking with anguish. He placed himself behind the ornamented arm-chair of Biörn, the powerful knight, clasped the bright hero with both hands, and cried with a piercing voice :—“Knight and father ! father and knight ! Death and Another are once again pursuing me dreadfully !”

A fearful stillness chilled the whole assembly, only interrupted by the terrible words which the boy continued to utter.

But an old trooper of Biörn's numerous retainers, Ralph the Pious, advanced to the weeping child, clasped him in his arms, and uttered this prayer in a half-chanting tone :—

“O Father, hear
Thy servant's pray'r !
I do—and yet cannot—believe.”

Immediately the boy, as in a dream, loosened his hold of the great knight, and light as a feather of down, though amid hot tears and a continued low murmur, the pious old trooper bore him away out of the hall.

The gentlemen and knights all regarded each other with astonishment.

Upon this the powerful Biörn, with a somewhat angry laugh, began to address them :—

“Do not be led astray by this strange thing of a boy. He is my only son, and has gone on thus from his fifth year ; he is at present twelve, and I am now quite accustomed to it, though at first it caused me some disquietude. It comes on only once a year, and always about this time ; but pardon me for having said so much about my silly Sintram, and bring something better upon the tapis.”

Another pause ensued for awhile. Then single voices began in a low, hesitating tone, to renew the broken conversation, but without success. A

few of the youngest and most joyous commenced a chorus, but the storm howled and whistled and blustered so vehemently, that this too was immediately discontinued.

They now sat quite silent and almost motionless in the high hall ; the dull lamp flickered on the vaulted ceiling ; the whole assembly of heroes looked like lifeless and pale statues dressed in armour.

The chaplain of the castle at Drontheim, the only ghostly man in this circle of knights, now arose and said : “Dear Sir Biörn, assuredly through the special providence of God, our inward eye has now, in a marvellous manner, been directed to you and your son. You see we do not avert it from you, and had better relate to us at large whatever you know of the boy's strange practices. Perhaps the serious discourse which I anticipate will be beneficial to us upon this festive day, which has now taken a somewhat wild turn.”

The knight regarded the minister with an expression of dissatisfaction, and replied, “You, Mr. Chaplain, have a greater share in the matter than might be desirable both for you and me. Leave the melancholy intelligence to us light-hearted warriors of Norway.”

But the chaplain advanced with firm and exceedingly mild gestures nearer to the knight, saying, “Dear Sir, previously, to relate or not rested wholly and solely with you ; now, as you have made such mysterious allusion to me and my share in your son's misfortune, I must most emphatically demand, that you report everything, word for word, as it happened. My honour requires this, and that you feel certainly not less than myself.”

With gravity, but yielding, the knight nodded his proud head, and thus began :—

“Seven years ago, I was observing the Christmas festival with my whole retinue ; there are still some venerable old customs transmitted to us from our great ancestors ; as, for instance, bringing in a fine golden-boar, and, when on table, making one's self all sorts of pleasant and honour-bringing promises. Our friend here, the chaplain, who was then wont to visit us, was never a particular friend to such remains of the mighty age of heroes ;—his like, by the way, had stood in bad repute in those ancient days.”

“My noble predecessors,” said the chaplain interrupting him, “held far more with God than with the world, and with God they were in good repute. It was thus they converted your

forefathers, and if in like manner I can be of assistance to you, neither shall your scoffing break my heart entirely."

With a still darker expression, but with awe not unmingled with anger, the knight continued his discourse:—

"Yes, yes, promises about the Invisible, and denunciations too from the same source! Thus the more easily may be taken from us whatever valuable possession we may have!—Then, ay, then indeed I did possess such! Strange!—It seems to me at times as if it were some centuries back, and I quite a decrepit old man, because things are now so terribly different with me. But now I bethink myself, the greater number of this noble circle at table here visited me in my happy days, and were acquainted with Verena, my angelic wife!" Here he buried his countenance in his hands, and it seemed almost as if he wept. The storm had subsided; mild moonbeams shone through the window, and rested—as it were caressing and calming him—on the wild figure of Biörn.

Then raising himself suddenly, so that his armour clashed fearfully together, he thundered out, "Shall I forsooth become a monastic as she did a nun. No, my cunning chaplain, your webs are too flimsy for flies of my kind."

"I know nothing of webs," said the minister. "Frankly and honourably I represented Heaven and Hell to you six years ago, and you approved of the step taken by the pious Verena. But what connection this has with the sufferings of your son I know not, and await your narration."

"Then you may wait a long time!" said Biörn laughing in anger, "Sooner shall—"

"Do not curse," said the chaplain in a powerful, commanding tone of voice, his eyes beaming with an almost formidable expression."

"Hurrah!" cried Biörn in wild amazement, "Hurrah! Death and his companion are forth!" And he fled with frantic terror out of the room, down the stairs, and without he was heard winding his horn with rude and fearful tones to muster his retainers, and shortly after dashing over the stiff frozen ground of the court-yard.

The knights separated in silence, almost with trembling. The chaplain remained seated in solitary prayer beside the large stone table.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER some time had elapsed, pious Ralph entered slowly and softly, and stood in the vacant hall, fixed in astonishment. In the distant chamber, where the child was put to rest, he had heard nothing of the knight's wild departure. The chaplain related, in a kindly manner, what had occurred, and then said:—

"But, dear Ralph, I should like to ask you about those strange words with which you just now lulled the sickly boy. They sounded so pious, and assuredly were so, and yet I did not understand them:

"I do—and yet cannot—believe!"

"Reverend sir," rejoined Ralph, "I remember that, from my earliest infancy, none of the beautiful narrations in the Gospel took such powerful hold of me as that in which the disciples could not heal the boy who was possessed; and the glorified

Redeemer himself came down from the mountain and snapped the bands by which the unclean spirit held fast the suffering child. It ever seemed to me as if I must have known and cherished the boy, and have been his playmate in happier hours. When arrived at maturer years, the distress of the father about his demoniac son lay heavy at my heart. All this was a kind of foreshadowing of the case of our poor Sintram, whom I love as my own child, and now the words of the weeping father in the Gospel sometimes flow spontaneously from my heart—'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief'—and to-day, in my anxiety, I may have prayed and sung something like this. Dear, reverend sir, my senses sometimes seem quite overwhelmed when I think how a dreadful sentence pronounced by the father can cling so terribly to the son; but, God be praised, my faith and hope remain fixed above."

"Ralph, my dear friend," said the minister, "I but half comprehend all that you say about poor Sintram, for it is unknown to me how and where the affliction came upon him. If your tongue is not tied by an oath, or any other solemn pledge, inform me how it happened."

"With all my heart," replied Ralph, "I have long wished to do so—but you have been indeed as entirely separated from us. Only, at present, I dare not leave the sleeping squire longer alone, and to-morrow early I must lead him after my knight. You would perhaps go with me to the good Sintram, dear Sir!"

The chaplain himself immediately seized the small taper which Ralph had brought with him, and they proceeded on their way through the arched passages.

In the little distant chamber they found the poor boy fast asleep. The rays from the lamp fell strangely upon his countenance, which was naturally very pale. The chaplain stood a long while wrapped in deep reflection before him, and at length said:—

"It is true that his features were from his birth somewhat stern and harshly turned; but now, for a child, his look is almost terrifying; and yet, in spite of ourselves, we must feel favourably towards the guileless sleeper."

"You are quite right, dear, reverend sir," replied Ralph, and you saw in his looks that his whole soul was moved whenever a kind word was spoken of his dear young Sintram. He then placed the taper so as not to dazzle the boy, conducted the chaplain to a convenient seat, and taking his place opposite, began thus:—

"That Christmas festival of which my lord has spoken to you, he and his men discoursed a great deal about the German merchants, and in what way they might bring down the pride of the Hanseatic cities, which continued to increase in power; when Biörn stretched forth his hand towards the evil boar which was of pure gold, and promised to annihilate without mercy all the German merchants who might in any way whatever chance to fall into his hands alive.

"The fair Verena grew pale and wished to interpose some remarks, but it was too late; the bloody words had been pronounced; and, as if the angel of the bottomless pit must seize his victim by several holds at once, a warder at that moment entered the hall to announce that two citizens of

a commercial town of Germany, an aged man and his son, being wrecked on this coast, stood without imploring the protection of the lord of the castle.

"The intelligence thrilled through the knight's soul, but he thought himself bound by his hasty pledge to the accursed pagan gold-boar; we attendants were commanded to assemble in the courtyard with sharp steel-pointed lances, so as to be able at the first nod quickly to despatch the poor supplicants.

"For the first, and, I hope for the last time in my life, I said No to the commands of my lord; and I pronounced it right loud, and with cheerful resolution,—God, who certainly must know best whom to choose or not for his kingdom of heaven, girded me with strength and perseverance.

"And lo! Sir Biörn may possibly have perceived from whence the opposition of his old servant came, and that such was to be respected.—Half with wrath, half scoffingly, he said:—'Go up to your mistress, the chamber-maids are running anxiously about, she may be unwell. Go to her, Ralph the Pious, I tell you, that there may be a meeting of women with women.'

"I thought to myself, 'Continue your scoffing!' and went silently whither I was commanded.

"Upon the stairs I was met by two strange and terrible-looking people whom I had never seen before, nor do I know how they entered the castle. The one was tall and large of frame, looked dreadfully pale and very gaunt; the other was a very little man, with most hideous features and mien. Yes, upon collecting myself and looking very closely, it really seemed to me as if—"

A low whimpering and convulsive motion of the boy interrupted the discourse. Upon hastening to him, Ralph and the chaplain saw what painful anguish was depicted in his countenance, and how his eyes moved convulsively, as if striving ineffectually to open. The chaplain held the cross over him, and this strange state of agitation subsided by little and little, the boy slept quietly, and they both went back to their seats again.

"You see it is not well to describe the two fearful beings more closely," said Ralph, "suffice it to say, they went down into the court-yard, I proceeded up to the chamber of my fair lady. The tender Verena was in reality half-swooning from dreadful anguish of mind, and I hastened to assist her with the knowledge God had given me of the healing virtues in herb, air, and mineral. But she was scarcely restored a little, when with that quiet, holy resolution which you know in her, she bade me accompany her down stairs into the court-yard—she must avert the horrid deed of this night, or perish herself in the attempt. We were obliged to pass by the little couch of the sleeping Sintram in our way; ah God! hot tears rolled down from my eyes when I saw how still and calmly he breathed and smiled in his sweet slumber."

The old trooper covered his eyes with his hands and wept bitterly. He then continued in a more collected manner:—

"We approached the windows on the lower stairs, when we distinctly heard the voice of the elder merchant, and by the light of the torch I saw clearly through the glass his noble countenance, and near him the blooming face of his son:

—'I call the Lord God to witness,' he exclaimed 'that I intended no harm to this house. But I must have fallen among heathens, and cannot be in the castle of a Christian knight, and if it is so, do your work, and thou, my dearly beloved son, die with patience and firmness; in Heaven we shall learn why it must needs be thus.'—It seemed to me as if I saw the two terrible Beings amid the throng of troopers in the court-yard. The pale One had a large sabre in his hand, the little One a strangely-pointed spear.

"At this moment Verena threw up the window, and exclaimed in tones like the notes of a flute through the wild night:—'My dearly beloved lord and master, for the sake of your only child, have mercy on these pious men. Deliver them from death, and resist the temptation of the evil Spirit!' the knight replied in his wrath—let me not repeat his expressions.—He set his child upon the stake, he invoked death and hell if he did not keep his word.—Hush! the boy is again convulsed; let me speedily put an end to this dark story.

"Sir Biörn commanded his men to charge, and in doing so, winked with such terribly flaming looks, that, on this account, he is sometimes called Biörn of the Glowing Eye; at the same time the two fearful strangers showed themselves most busy in the throng. It was now that Verena cried with the most piercing anguish—'Help, O Lord, my Saviour!' And the two terrific figures had vanished, and, as blind ones, the knight and his followers raged one against the other, without hurt, but also without being able to hit the merchants. The latter bowed respectfully to Verena, and passed in silent prayer out of the castle gates, which, at this moment, struck by a violent gust of wind and snow, slipped their bolts, and left free the way into the mountains.

"The lady and myself stood yet as in doubt upon the stairs, when it appeared to me as if I saw the two terrible figures flit by, only quite lightly, softly, and as a mist; but Verena called to me—'For God's sake, Ralph, did you see that tall pale man, and the hideous little one who passed up the stairs here?'—I flew after them, and ah! found the poor boy in the very state in which you saw him a few hours ago.

"From that period it always returns about this season, and altogether the Squire is strangely altered from that time. The lady of the castle saw an evident punishment and warning from the Heavenly powers in this event, and because, moreover, Sir Biörn, instead of amending his life, from day to day became more and more passionate; she thought only within the walls of a convent could her prayers obtain temporal salvation and eternal bliss for herself and her poor child."

Ralph was silent; and after a little reflection, the chaplain said: "Now I understand why, six years ago, Sir Biörn chose to confess his sinfulness to me, without explaining his motives, and approved the wish of my penitent to take the veil. Some remnant of shame must have stirred in his heart, and perhaps moves there still. That tender flower of heaven, Verena, durst in nowise abide longer in the vicinity of this hurricane. But who shall shelter and save poor Sintram!"

"The prayers of his mother," rejoined Ralph. "You see, reverend Sir, when the early lights of

morning flit above us as at this moment, and the morning breeze whispers through the radiant windows,—then it seems to me as if I saw the beloved eyes of the lady of the castle beaming,—as if I heard the low-breathing sound of her voice. Next to God, the pious Verena will assuredly help us.”

“And our calling in faith on the Lord too,” added the chaplain; and in the earliest morning red, he and Ralph knelt down in fervent and silent prayer beside the couch of the pale boy, who began to smile in his dreams.

CHAPTER III.

THE sun shone bright into the chamber, when Sintram rose up, as if troubled by his beams. He looked indignantly at the chaplain and said:—“A clergyman is in the castle then! And yet the villainous dream durst plague me in his presence! A fine minister he must be!”

“My child,” replied the chaplain, with great mildness, “I have prayed very heartily for thee, and will do so ever, but God alone is all-mighty.”

“You address the son of Sir Biörn very familiarly,” cried Sintram.—“My child!” and with ‘thou and thou!’—Had not that frightful dreaming come upon me to-night again, you might make me laugh heartily.”

“Squire Sintram,” said the chaplain, “that you do not again recognise me, is not at all surprising to me; for of a truth I do not recognise you again.”—And at this his eye became moist—but pious Ralph looked sorrowfully in the boy’s countenance, and said: “Ah, dear Sintram, you are so infinitely better than what you feign to be. Why now do you act thus! And do you, who have usually so good a memory, no longer remember the pious, kind chaplain, who was formerly wont to visit our castle and make you presents of beautiful songs and bright pictures of the Holy Ones!”

“I still remember that well,” said Sintram, thoughtfully. “My deceased mother was then living.”

“Our gracious lady is still alive, God be praised,” said the kind Ralph, smiling.

“Not to us, not to us sickly people!” cried Sintram. “And why will you not call her deceased! She certainly knows nothing of my dreams!”

“Yes, she knows about them, Squire; she knows about them;” said the chaplain, “and prays to God for you. But beware of your wild, arrogant character. It might, ay, it might indeed at some time happen, that she may know nothing of your dreaming. And that would be when body and soul are disunited; and then, too, all holy angels would know nothing of you.”

Sintram sunk back upon his pillow, as struck by a thunderbolt, and Ralph sighed in a low voice:—“You should not address the sickly child with such severity, reverend Sir.”

The boy now rose with tearful eyes, nestled fondly on the chaplain and said: “Let him go on, thou kind, soft-hearted Ralph; he knows well what he is doing. If I had fallen into a hole in the snow, would you have upbraided him for dragging me quickly and harshly up by the hair!”

The minister regarded him with emotion, and was on the point of pronouncing some pious reflec-

tions, when Sintram sprang in astonishment from his bed, and inquired after his father. Upon the intelligence of his departure, he, too, would not remain an hour longer in the castle, and silenced the apprehensions of the chaplain and the old trooper—whether a rapid journey would not injure his scarcely renovated health—by saying:

“Reverend Sir, and dear old Ralph, believe me, if there were no dreams, I should be the most vigorous young squire on the surface of the earth; and even as it is, I would not yield much to the best. Besides, till about this time next year, there is an end of my dreaming.”

At his somewhat imperious nod, Ralph immediately led forth the horses. The boy sprang boldly into the saddle, and kindly saluting the chaplain, dashed with an arrow’s swiftness into the smooth valleys of the snow-covered mountains.

He had not ridden far with his old trooper beside him, when he heard a hollow noise proceeding from a cleft in the neighbouring rocks, almost like the clicking of a little mill, and at intervals the lowly, anxious moaning of a human voice. They turned their horses towards the spot, and a marvellous sight met their view.

A tall, deathly pale man, who looked like a pilgrim, with great exertion strove vainly to work his way up out of the deep snow, and in doing so a number of bones, which he carried loosely fastened upon his wide garments, rattled against each other, and thus produced the enigmatical clicking mentioned above.

Ralph, starting quickly back, crossed himself, and the bold Sintram called out to the stranger: “What are you doing there! Give an account of your solitary occupation.”

“I live in dying,” the latter rejoined with a thrilling grin.

“Whose are the bones upon your clothes!”

“They are reliques, young gentleman.”

“A pilgrim, then!”

“Restless and without repose, I wander up and down.”

“You shall not perish in the snow, here.”

“No; I don’t mean.”

“You shall sit with me on horseback.”

“That I will.”

And immediately he had risen from the snow, with unexpected strength and agility, and was seated behind Sintram, clasping him with his long arms, on the horse, which grew shy at the clicking of the bones, and, as if seized with madness, ran off through the most impassable valleys. The boy soon saw himself alone with his strange companion; in the distance the anxious old trooper spurred and panted after the flying horsemen.

Having just glided, but without hurt, down from a precipice, the nag grew faint in a narrow pass, and snorted and foamed as before, and still the boy could not master him; yet his breathless career changed itself into an irregular trot, and the following conversation then arose between Sintram and the stranger:—

“You pale man, draw your garments faster together, and then the bones will not clatter, and I may check my horse.”

“It’s of no use, my boy, it’s of no use, it’s something in the nature of them!”

“Do not press me so close with your long arms. Your arms are so cold.”

"Can't alter it, my boy, can't alter it. My cold arms don't crush your heart."

"Do not breathe upon me with your chilly breath. It deprives me of all power."

"I must breathe, my boy, must breathe. But don't complain. I don't breathe you off."

The strange dialogue came to an end, for, contrary to conjecture, Sintram issued forth upon a clear, plain of snow, glistening in the sun's beams, and saw his father's castle lying at no great distance. While still debating with himself, whether he should or dare invite the wretched Pilgrim to enter, the latter freed him from all doubt, by springing quickly from the horse, which startled at the wild haste. Then raising his forefinger, he said to the boy:—

"I know Sir Biörn of the Glowing Eye, very well; perhaps too well. He needs not to be informed of my name; he will know me by your description."

Upon this the pale stranger turned into a thick cluster of fir-trees, and disappeared, rustling among the interlacing branches.

Slowly and thoughtfully Sintram rode step by step on towards his father's halls, upon his now quiet and much exhausted steed. He scarcely knew what to relate, or omit, of his strange journey; and besides, his heart was pained exceedingly with care for the pious old trooper, whom he had left behind; when he found himself, ere he had thought of such a thing, before the castle gate. The bridges lowered—the gates opened; an attendant ushered the young knight into the great hall, where, amid wine-flasks and goblets, Sir Biörn, walled in as it were with erect suits of armour, sat quite alone at a vast stone table. It was a sort of daily society for him to have the armour of his ancestors, with closed visors, here sitting, there standing, at his table.

Father and son commenced the following dialogue:—

"Where is Ralph?"

"I don't know, Sir. He was separated from me in the mountains."

"I'll have Ralph shot, for not knowing how to take better care of my only son."

"Then, Sir, you may have your only son shot with him, for I cannot live without Ralph, and where arrows, or any other kind of missile, are discharged at him, I shall place myself in the way of the keenest, and guard his true heart with my light breast."

"Indeed!—Well then Ralph shall not be shot; but I will drive him away from the castle."

"In that case, Sir, you might see me run away with him, and I would serve him as his faithful squire in forest, mountain and thicket."

"Indeed! Then Ralph must stop here."

"I think so too, Sir."

"Were you quite alone on your journey?"

"No Sir; but with a strange pilgrim, who said he knew you well, or perhaps too well."

And with this Sintram began to relate and describe all he knew of the pale man.—"I, too, know him right well," said the knight. "He is half crazy, half cunning, as indeed it will happen that such qualities are sometimes most strangely united in men. But you, my boy, go to rest after your wild journey. You have my word of honour, that Ralph shall be well and kindly received, nay

sought in the mountains, in the event of his staying long away."

"I rely upon you, Sir," said Sintram, half humbly, half with defiance; and obeyed the commands of the sullen lord of the castle.

CHAPTER IV.

TOWARDS evening, Sintram awoke again. He saw the good Ralph sitting by his couch, and smiled with unusual child-like serenity in the true-hearted old man's friendly countenance. But his dark eyebrows were speedily knitted with somewhat of defiance, and he asked:—

"How did my father receive you, Ralph? Did he speak an unkind word to you?"

"Not exactly that, dear squire. Rather he did not speak to me at all. At first he regarded me most angrily; he then controlled himself, and bade a menial tend me well with wine and other refreshment, and conduct me immediately to you."

"He might have kept his word better. But he is my father, and we must not be so nice about it. I shall go and sup."

He rose on the instant, and flung his fur mantle around him. But Ralph stepped in his way, and besought him not, saying: "Dear squire, you had better sup in your own chamber this evening. Your father has company, in which I should not like to see you. I will, too, recite you some fine songs and romances."

"I should like that above all things in the world, dear Ralph," replied Sintram, "only it is not in me to yield to any man. Tell me, whom should I find with my father?"

"Ah, squire," said the old trooper, "you have already seen him in the mountains. Formerly, when I had to ride with Sir Biörn, we, too, sometimes met him; but I did not like to tell you anything about him, and to-day is the first time he has entered the castle."

"Indeed, indeed! the mad pilgrim!" rejoined Sintram, and remained awhile standing in deep thought, as if reflecting. At length he quickly collected himself, and said: "My good old friend, I should prefer very much to remain with you, to hear your stories and songs, and all the pilgrims in the wide world should not allure me away from this quiet chamber. There is but this one thing to be considered; I feel a sort of dread of that tall, pale man, and a knight ought to check the rising of such a feeling within him. Do not be angry with me, my Ralph; but now I really must look the pilgrim in the face,—which has such an extraordinary expression." And with this he closed the chamber door, and proceeded with a firm, echoing step to the great hall.

The pilgrim and the knight were sitting opposite each other at the large table whereon many tapers were burning, and a rare sight it was to behold those two tall, pale figures, move, and eat and drink in the midst of the motionless suits of armour.

Upon the pilgrim's looking around, when the boy entered the hall, the knight said, "You are already acquainted with him, that is my only child and your travelling companion of this morning."

The pilgrim fixed his look on Sintram for a long while, and shaking his head, replied, "that indeed I did not know." Upon this the boy broke

out with impatience ; " Well I must confess, you distribute your knowledge in very unequal shares ! You think you know my father too well, and me, it seems, you do not know well enough. Look me in the face and tell me, who let you ride with him on horseback, and, by way of thanks, whose horse did you make wild and shy ! Speak if you can ! "

The knight shook his head, with a smile of great satisfaction, as was his wont when his son deported himself most wildly ; the pilgrim, on the other hand, shrunk back with anxious fear as if some greatly superior power were threatening him. At length, with almost stolid anxiety, he uttered these words, " Yes, yes, my dear young hero, you are perfectly right, you are very right in all things you please to allege. "

Upon which the lord of the castle laughed right heartily, and exclaimed, " Why pilgrim, why thou man of wonders, how is it now with your fine admonitions and aphorisms ! Has the boy at one stroke struck you so dumb and faint ! Defend yourself, defend yourself, defend yourself. "

But the pilgrim darted a terrible look at the knight, at which the fire of his glowing eye seemed as if it would extinguish, and thundered forth, but with solemnity : " Between you and me, aged man, it is another thing. We have indeed nothing with which to reproach each other ; and mark, I will sing you a song to the lyre. " He reached behind him, where on the wall there hung a half-forgotten, scarce half strung harp, but which, with admirable power and skill, he was able, after sounding a few chords, to put into proper condition ; and while he awoke the deep, sad tones of the instrument, he commenced this song :—

" The flower was mine own, was mine own !
Yet have I abandoned my holiest right,
Yet into a slave am I changed from a knight,
Through my sinning, my sinning alone !
The flower was thine own, was thine own !
Why held'st thou not fast thy holiest right ?
Thou slave of sin, thou no-longer knight,
How art thou now wretched and lone ! "

" Have a care ! " he exclaimed with a shrill loud voice, and then struck the strings so vehemently, that they all snapped asunder with a loud sound of wailing, and a cloud of dust curled up from the bottom of the old harp, enveloping the aged minstrel as with a mist.

Sintram had closely observed him during the song, and it at length seemed incomprehensible to him how the man could be one and the same with his travelling companion. Nay, his doubt grew almost to a certainty that he had confounded him with another ; when the stranger again looked around with anxious fear, and apologising and bowing profoundly, hung up the harp in its former place, and then, greatly terrified, ran out of the hall ; in strange contrast to the high-minded, solemn authority he had exhibited towards Sir Biörn. The eyes of the boy now fell upon the latter, and he beheld him reclining senseless, as if seized with apoplexy, upon his arm-chair. Sintram's cries of alarm brought the pious old trooper and other attendants into the hall, and only after great trouble did their united efforts awake the lord of the castle, looking wildly still. Quietly and without opposition, he suffered himself to be borne away to repose.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER this strange occurrence the knight, whose health was usually so vigorous, was attacked by a distemper in which he almost constantly talked incoherently, but spoke with full certainty of his recovery. He laughed haughtily at the paroxysms of his fever, and rebuked them for venturing to assail him impotently, and in a manner so entirely uncalled for. He would, too, frequently mutter forth, " that was not the right one, there must still be another without in the cold mountains. "

At these words Sintram always started back involuntarily. They seemed to confirm his opinion that the pilgrim who had ridden with him on his nag, and he who had sate at table in the castle, were two entirely distinct persons ; and in this thought, he knew not why, there was something to him exceedingly horrible.

Sir Biörn recovered, and seemed entirely to have forgotten the affair with the pilgrim. He hunted in the mountains, and brought many a savage feud to an issue. In these excursions Sintram, now growing to manhood, was his almost hourly companion ; whereby the youth continued with every year to acquire a prodigious strength both of body and mind. People indeed avoided him wherever he showed himself with his pale, harsh countenance, his dark rolling eyes, his tall, sinewy, and somewhat gaunt form ; and yet nobody hated him, not even those whom, in his wildest moods, he had offended or injured. This might have been owing to the presence of the kind old trooper, who ever retained a favourable influence over him, but the greater part of those who knew the lady Verena while living in the world, maintained that though the features were entirely dissimilar, still a faint reflection of the mother's grace floated upon them and won the heart for the youth.

On one occasion—it was just at the beginning of Spring—Sir Biörn and his son had been hunting on the sea-coast, and indeed on another man's ground, less for the pleasure of the chase than to bid defiance to a neighbour who was an object of hatred to them, and thus perchance to enkindle a feud. About this season, Sintram, having got over the frightful vision which visited him during the winter of each year, was generally more wild and eager for fighting than usual. This day he was sorely nettled because his adversary did not come forth from his castle to prevent them from hunting by force of arms, and with the fiercest expressions he cursed his tame endurance and love of peace. While in this temper of mind a young, dissolute trooper of his retinue came riding at full speed towards him with exultation, and exclaimed, " Be at rest, dear squire ! I'll wager that all will yet turn out as you and we desire. Near the coast yonder I was in pursuit of a stricken deer, when I caught sight of sails, and then of a vessel with men in bright armour, making towards me. What will you lay that your enemy doesn't think of catching you from the coast ! "

Gladly and with secrecy Sintram collected all his followers together, resolved this time to take the combat entirely upon himself, and then, as a victor, with the captives and arms he had taken, to advance boldly to surprise his father.

Being well acquainted with the defiles, groves,

and narrow passes in the cliffs on the coast, the huntsmen had immediately concealed themselves round about the place where the vessel would cast anchor. The strange bark was soon seen nearing the shore with swelling sails; she lay already in the bay, and those on board soon began to disembark cheerfully and without a care.

Foremost of all appeared a brilliant knight clad in steel-coloured armour, richly ornamented with gold. With head uncovered—his costly helmet, entirely of gold, depended from his left arm; he looked majestically around him, and his countenance was most gracious to look upon, with dark brown locks clustering about it, and elegantly trimmed moustaches, from beneath which his fresh mouth smiled, displaying two rows of pearl-white teeth. Young Sintram felt as if he had somewhere seen this hero already, and for awhile he stood motionless. But he suddenly raised his arm to give the preconcerted signal of attack. In vain did pious Ralph, who by dint of great exertion had just come up with the young man, whisper in his ear that they were not the enemies they took them to be, but unknown and most noble persons from a strange land. "No matter who they are!" Sintram muttered angrily in reply, "they have roused me to a state of foolish expectation, and shall pay for it. Do not remonstrate with me, dear as is your life and my own to you." And immediately he gave the signal; and thick as hail, spears came whizzing in all directions, and the Northern warriors rushed forth with gleaming swords.

They found as valiant antagonists as they could possibly have desired. A greater number of the assailers than the assailed soon lay in blood, and the strangers seemed astonishingly well acquainted with the Northern mode of fighting. The knight in the steel armour, garnished with gold, had not been able to cover his head in the hurry of attack, but it seemed as if he did not think it even worth his while. His bright blade shielded him securely enough; nay, by flourishing it swift as lightning, he was able to take hold even of the flying lances and to avert them from him, with such force, that they sometimes fell broken upon the ground.

At first Sintram had not been able to penetrate to him, because all being desirous of taking such noble game, pressed round the brilliant hero, but now, whichever way the stranger might turn, the path was wide enough, and Sintram, brandishing his sword, rushed towards him with a challenge to combat. "Gabriele!" cried the knight, and intercepting his violent stroke with facility, he closed with the youth, and, dealing him a tremendous blow on the breast with the hilt of his sword, stretched him on the ground, and instantly kneeling upon him, drew a gleaming dagger quite close across the eyes of the astonished Sintram. His troopers forming forthwith, stood like a wall round him; Sintram seemed lost beyond all deliverance.

He was resolved to die as becomes a bold warrior; and therefore gazed with eyes wide open, and with unshaken courage, on the instrument of death, now so near him.

While thus looking upward, it seemed to him as if a most beautiful female form appeared suddenly in the heavens, arrayed in azure garments, which sparkled with gold.—"Our ancestors were indeed right, with respect to Valkyrias!" he muttered. "Thrust, strange victor!"

But this the knight did not do, nor had there appeared any Valkyre, but the fair wife of the strange hero, who, having ascended the deck of the vessel, had thus beamed upon the view of Sintram on raising his eyes.

"Folko!" she exclaimed with a sweet voice, "thou high-born knight without reproach! I know thou wilt spare the vanquished!"

The hero sprang up with noble decorum—stretched out his hand to the vanquished youth, and said:—"Thank the noble Lady de Montfaucon for life and liberty. But if you are so entirely destitute of all that is good, as to wish to renew the combat—behold, here I stand, prepare yourself!"

Sintram, however, sank upon his knee with deep shame, and wept, for he had already heard great things of this his kinsman, Folko de Montfaucon, the Knight of Franconia, and of the grace of his tender lady Gabriele.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Baron regarded his strange adversary with astonishment; but the more he continued to contemplate him, reminiscences arose in his mind of that Northern race, from whom his ancestors sprung, and with whom he had ever kept up an amicable intercourse. A golden bear's claw which fastened Sintram's outer garment, at length made all clear to him.

"Have you not," he asked, "a very powerful cousin, called Arinbiörn, the Sea-king, whose crest is vultures' wings of chased gold? And is not Sir Biörn your father? For I think the bear's claw on your bosom is an ensign both armorial and genealogical.

Sintram replied in the affirmative to all the knight had spoken, with deep, lowly shame.

Baron Montfaucon raised him up with gravity, and said in a low voice:—"Then we are kinsmen, but I could never have believed that any one of our honourable house could have fallen upon a peaceable man without any cause,—and that, too, without giving him notice."

"Kill me," rejoined Sintram, "provided I am still worthy to die by such noble hands. I would no more behold the light of the sun."

"Because you have been vanquished?" asked Montfaucon. Sintram shook his head in the negative.

"Or because you have done a deed so unworthy of a knight?"

The youth's heightened blush of shame, said yes.

"Then you must not desire death," pursued Montfaucon, "but rather make good your transgression, and yourself illustrious by many glorious deeds. Mark me. You are blessed with prowess and strength of body, and indeed with the eagle eye of the general too. I had knighted you on the spot, if you had fought in a good cause as you have but now in a bad one. Deport yourself in such wise that I may soon do so. You may still become a vessel of high worth."

The joyful sound of shalms and cymbals interrupted the conversation. Gabriele, fair as the morning, stepped on shore in the midst of her retinue of ladies, and, being informed by Folko, in few words, as to who had been his former adver-

sary, she construed the whole affair as a trial of skill, saying :—" You must not be annoyed, noble Sir, at my husband's carrying off the prize; for know, up to this day, there is but one single knight in the whole world over whom he has not triumphed in combat. And who knows," she pursued half in jest, " how that, too, would have been,—but he then presumed to get the magic-ring from me—me who, alike by God and my own heart, was appointed to be his lady."

Folko bowed, smiling at the snow-white hand of the friendly lady, and immediately begged the youth to conduct him to his father's castle. The charge of debarking the steeds and costly things was undertaken by Ralph with great joy; seeming, as it did to him, as if an angel had appeared to soften his beloved squire, and to save him, too, from every former imprecation.

Sintram had despatched messengers about at full speed, in search of his father, to announce to him the arrival of the noble guests. Hence they found Sir Biörn already in his castle, and everything prepared for a festive reception. Gabriele entered the dark, lofty edifice with some terror; and the sight of the rolling, glowing eye of its lord troubled her still more; now, too, the pale, dark-haired Sintram appeared an object of great alarm to her, and she sighed to herself: "O to what dreadful visit have you conducted me, my knight! O would we were at home in my blooming Gascony, or your chivalrous Normandy!"

But the grave, noble reception they met with, the deep, really respectful obeisance shown to her grace and Sir Folko's glory, restored her drooping courage, and her love of novelty was soon most agreeably excited by the uncommon, significant phenomena of this strange world. Besides, in the vicinity of her lord, every feminine misgiving could be but a momentary thrill. She knew too well in what powerful protection the noble Baron of Montfaucon held everything that was dear to him, or committed to his care.

Through the great hall in which they were seated, Ralph now passed with the domestics of the strangers, and the luggage, on the way to their chambers. Gabriele, catching sight of her elegant lute as they bore it by, bade a menial bring it to her, that she might essay whether the beloved instrument had sustained much damage from the sea-voyage. While she bent over stringing it with tender care,—her most beautiful fingers straying amid the bright chords,—a smile, like the sunshine of Spring, passed over the dark countenance of Biörn and Sintram, and they both sighed involuntarily :—" Ah, if she would play and sing a song to her accompaniment! That would be delightful!"

The lady, thus flattered, looked upon them with a smile, bowed a kind consent and sang to her lute:—

" When the flowers come brightly
In frolicsome May,
Then song comes beguiling,
All, all returns smiling,
Save one, alas! one that has faded away!
That one charm, whose name I remember so well,
Yet I cannot, I will not express,
For it once was my life's fondest spell;
But no more will my destiny bless!
Thou Nightingale, cease the sweet warble that wakes
From thy blossom-clad branches pouring.

How swells, how breaks
My heart with thy song, now sinking, now soaring;—
Ah! cease that fond lay!
For the flowers come brightly,
And on clouds wafted lightly
Floats glad, blooming May,
And the one charm,—that one sweetest pleasure—
Oh! woe's me, it once was my treasure!
Now 'tis away."

The two Northern heroes sat absorbed in melancholy musing in an unheard-of manner; but Sintram's eyes especially beamed mildly, and his cheeks were gently flushed, and all his features softened, that you might almost have taken him for one of the Holy Ones. At this, the pious Ralph, who had remained standing during the song, rejoiced with all his heart, and lifted up his old faithful hands in most fervent thanks to God in his goodness.

But Gabriele, in her astonishment, could not at all avert her eyes from Sintram. At length she said :—

" Why, my young gentleman, inform me what it is in this little song that has taken such powerful hold of you. It is nothing but a very simple song of spring, such as the lovely season with slight changes, and a repetition of the same images, calls forth in thousands in my home."

" Have you such—so very wondrous—a home so exceedingly abounding in song!" exclaimed Sintram, with great enthusiasm. " O then, your more than earthly beauty surprises me no longer, nor the power which you exercise over my frigid wild heart, for, of course, a paradise of song must send forth such angelic messengers through the rest of the still chaotic world."

And he immediately fell on both knees before the fair lady, with profound and modest humility.

Folko smiled complacently at this; but Gabriele in her anxious embarrassment, seemed to be at a loss how to act towards the young, half-wild, half gentle Northman. After some reflection, however, she stretched out her beautiful hand to him, and gently raising him, said :—" He who has so much pleasure in singing, certainly knows how to awaken the same. There, take you my lute, and let us have a fine spirited song." But Sintram gently rejected the delicate instrument, and said :—

" God preserve these bland tones, these fine touches from my rude hand! Should I at the beginning kindly desire to flatter you, yet in the stream of sound my wild indwelling spirit would come over me, and there would be an end of the lute's fair tone and form. No, allow me to fetch my great harp, with strings of bears' sinews, and frame covered with metal, for of a truth I feel animated for singing and playing!"

Gabriele, half-smiling, half-affrighted, whispered her consent; and with the swiftness of an arrow, Sintram had brought forth his strange instrument, and to its trembling, deep and powerful tones began the following song in a voice not less powerful :—

" Where speed'st thou, bold youth, on the stormy gales?"
" Towards Southern shores I spread my sails!"
O! thou land with the lovely flowers!
" I have traversed enough the dreary snow;
I will dance on the blossomed meadows now."
O! thou land with the lovely flowers!
He steered by the sun and the stars' clear ray,
And his anchor cast in Naples' bay.
O! thou land with the lovely flowers!

There roamed a fair girl on the sunny strand,
Her hair entwined with a golden band.

O! thou land with the lovely flowers!

"God save thee! maiden of charms divine,
God save thee! thou must this day be mine!"

O! thou land with the lovely flowers!

"My lord, I am now a Margrave's bride;
To-day will the nuptial knot be tied."

O! thou land with the lovely flowers!

"Let him come and his sword like a hero prove!
Be the bravest warrior's meed thy love!"

O! thou land with the lovely flowers!

"My lord, seek another thy vows to hear!
A rich circle of fair ones is blooming near."

O! thou land with the lovely flowers!

"I have fixed each wandering thought on thee,
Nor by all the world could they altered be!"

O! thou land with the lovely flowers!

Then chafed with rage came the young Margrave,
There was struck to the tomb by the Norman brave.

O! thou land with the lovely flowers!

And thus then the joyful hero cried,

"Now rest I lord of fort, field, and bride!"

O! thou land with the lovely flowers!

Sintram was silent, but his eyes sparkled wildly, and the chords of the harp continued to shake in the boldest vibrations and most strange movements. Biörn, who had raised himself proudly in his arm-chair, stroked his large moustaches, and shook his sword with joy.

It is true that Gabriele quailed at the wild song, and these extraordinary forms, but only till she cast a glance at Sir Folko de Montfaucon, who sat there smiling in all his heroic strength, and with complacency let the bold sounds whistle by him like the impotent roaring of the autumnal storm.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER some weeks following this event had elapsed, Sintram, much troubled in spirit, went down one evening at twilight into the garden attached to the castle. Calm and holy as were the thoughts with which Gabriele's presence inspired him, as turbulent, on the other hand, were his feelings if she disappeared but for a moment from the social circle. Thus it was with him, on this occasion, when, having kindly read to Sir Biörn a long while from a book of heroes, she withdrew to her own chamber. The sound of her lute was indeed heard down in the garden, but this seemed only to drive the wild youth with still greater impetuosity through the shades of the elms of a hundred years. Bending hurriedly round the corner of an arbour, he unexpectedly lighted quite close upon something, with which he almost came into collision, and which, at the first glance, appeared to him like a little bear standing erect, with a long horn, bent most oddly, on its head. He started back with amazement, when it addressed him in a somewhat snuffing human voice:—"Young blood of a knight, valiant young blood, whence do you come? Whither are you going? Why so terrified?" And he now saw, for the first time, that he had a little, elderly man before him, enveloped in rough fur, so that little of the countenance could be discovered, with a high, strange-looking feather on his cap. "Whence do

you come? And whither are you going?" retorted Sintram, with indignation; "for such is a becoming question. What is your business in our castle garden, ill-favoured little man!"

"Well, now!" said the former, laughing, "I think I am just big enough as I am. We can't all be giants; and, moreover, what harm do you think there is in my hunting for snails here? Snails do not belong to the higher kind of game, which your august knightship has reserved solely for the chase! But I know how to prepare a fine, well-flavoured drink out of them, and have caught sufficient for to-day;—wondrously fat animals they are too, apparently with knowing human faces, and long, strangely-twisted horns on their heads. Will you just look at them, Squire! There!"

And he continued buttoning, and fastening the hooks of, his fur garment; but Sintram, seized with strong aversion, said: "Pah! such things disgust me! Desist, and inform me who and what you really are!"

"Are you such a stickler for names!" rejoined the little one. "Let it suffice you to know that I am a deeply-learned master in the most occult sciences, and that my memory is richly stored with the most ancient and intricate stories. Squire, if you should once hear them!—But you are afraid of me."

"I afraid of you!" Sintram laughed wildly.

"Better men than you have been afraid of me," muttered the Little Master, "only they did not like to be told so."

"To show you the contrary," said Sintram, "I will abide with you till the moon is high in the heavens. But you must narrate your stories to me."

The Little Master nodded with pleasure, and while they both paced up and down an avenue shaded by elms, he began in the following manner:

"Many hundred years since, there was a handsome young knight, whom they called Paris of Troy. He dwelt in the glowing southern lands, where are found the sweetest songs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most charming women. Why you, too, certainly know a little song of this, young gentleman, which you sing:—'O! thou land with the lovely flowers!' don't you?"

Sintram nodded in the affirmative, and a sigh rose from his ardent breast.

"Well," pursued the Little Master, "Paris was wont—as is often the case there, and they make very neat verses on the subject,—he was wont to live for months together, dressed as a shepherd, and roam about in the woods, piping and tending lambs. Once there appeared three enchantresses to him, who contended for a golden apple, and wished to know of him which was the most beautiful of the three,—for she was to retain the golden fruit. Now, one of them knew how to procure lofty thrones, and sceptres, and crowns; the other bestowed the gift of prudence; the third could concoct love philtres and pronounce love charms, which infallibly won the favour of the most glorious women. Each made an offer of her best gifts to the pastoral knight, to induce him to award her the apple. But tender women pleased him above all things in the world; he therefore pronounced the third to be the most beautiful. Her name was Venus. The other two departed from thence in wrath; but Venus bade him put on his knightly

armour again, and don his nodding plumes, and thus attired, she conducted him to a brilliant castle, called Sparta, where ruled the rich Duke Menelaus, with his young Duchess Helen. She was the most beautiful woman on earth, and Venus wished to procure her for Paris, in consideration of the golden gem he had awarded her. This was quite agreeable to Paris; the only question was, how to set about it."

"Your Paris may have been a fine knight," said Sintram interrupting the story. "There was no very great difficulty in the matter,—to challenge the husband to combat, the victor to keep the lady."

"But ties of hospitality subsisted between the Duke Menelaus and the knight," said the narrator.

"Hark ye, Little Master," exclaimed Sintram, "in that case, he should have begged the enchantress for another beautiful woman, and immediately saddled his nag or weighed anchor, and away!"

"Ay, ay, that is easy to say!" rejoined the old man. "But if you had only seen the charms of the Duchess Helen, there would have been no more changing for another." And he commenced a glowing description of the wonderful fair one's beauty; but the picture resembled Gabriele in every feature, and Sintram reeled, so that he was obliged to recline against the stem of a tree for support. Upon this the Little Master stood laughing before him, and said:

"How now, would you still have advised the poor knight to flee!"

"Do but relate quickly how it was," stammered Sintram.

"The enchantress was honourable towards the knight," the old man pursued. "She told him at once, that if he should elope with the charming Duchess to his Troy, it would inevitably prove his own destruction and that of his castle, and of his whole race; but for ten years he could defend himself in Troy, and enjoy the sweet love of Helen."

"And he agreed to this, or he was a blockhead!" exclaimed the youth.

"Indeed," whispered the Little Master, "indeed he did agree to it. And I myself would certainly have done the same! Just observe, my young hero: it happened then almost as it has happened this very evening. Through the high interlacing branches, in the garden of the palace, the moon, just risen, peeped forth from the clouds, silent and misty. Reclining against the trunk of an ancient tree, as you now lean, stood the slender, glowing knight, with Venus the enchantress at his side; but disguised and bewitched, so that her appearance may not have been much finer than my own. And in the moon's silver light, as it fell through the whispering leaves, came gliding on in her lonely wandering the form of the wished-for beautiful lady."

He was silent; and, as if reflected in his infatuating words, Gabriele herself came now of a truth, gliding down the avenues of elms, wrapt in lonely musing. "Wretch! fearful Master!—what shall I call you? What will you do with me?" Thus whispered the trembling Sintram.

"You know your father's strong castle on the Moon-rock!" replied the old man. "The stewards and attendants are indeed true and devoted to you! It would endure a ten years' siege; and the

little door here leading to the castle stands open, as did that in the ducal palace of Sparta to Paris."

The youth did really behold through a door in the wall, left open in an incomprehensible manner, the distant, winding mountains glistening in the moon-light.

"And," said the Little Master, repeating Sintram's previous words, "If he agreed to it, was he a blockhead?"

At this moment Gabriele was close to him. He could have embraced her by slightly moving his arm, and a moon-beam, breaking suddenly forth, shed lustre upon her celestial grace. Already had the youth bent forwards.

"My God and Lord,
The world's strong cord
Leave not his heart ensnaring!
Call him from here
To Heavenly sphere,
Though countless griefs first bearing!"

These words were sung, at the same moment, by old Ralph, who, alone on the quiet banks of the piece of water in the castle yard, was praying with foreboding solicitude to Heaven, and they reached Sintram's ear, and Sintram stood as if spell-bound, and crossed himself, and the Little Master hopped off with droll, awkward celerity on one leg through the door, slamming it after him with a loud noise.

Gabriele started back with affright at the wild sound; Sintram approached her softly and said, "Allow me to conduct you to the hall of the castle. Night is sometimes wild and terrible in our northern mountains."

CHAPTER VIII.

WITHIN the castle they found the two knights at their wine-cups. Folko was narrating something in his accustomed urbane, animated manner, and Biörn listened with somewhat a gloomy expression, but of such a character that the clouds seemed, almost against his will, to be giving place more and more to an agreeable complacency.

Gabriele saluted the Baron with a smile, nodded to him to continue, and, with most cheerful attention, took her seat beside Sir Biörn. Sintram stood sorrowful and pensive before the fire, and stirred a flame, which threw a strange glow on his pale countenance.

"And of all the German sea-port towns," pursued Montfaucon, "Hamburg is the most famous and greatest. We of Normandy like to see her merchants land upon our coast, and are ever ready to assist the devout and prudent people with word and deed. Now, on arriving once at Hamburg, I was received with marked distinction. I must not omit, that I found them just engaged in a feud with a neighbouring count, and at the very beginning used my sword vigorously and victoriously in their behalf."

"Your sword! the sword of a heroic knight!" exclaimed Biörn, interrupting him, and the old fiery glow flashed in his eyes. "Against a knight! For fellows who sit idle behind their walls! (Mauerhocker.)"

"Sir," said Folko with calmness, "how the barons of Montfaucon should employ their swords has ever been their own concern, without the in-

intervention of a third party, and I hope to transmit this good custom as I inherited it. If you are opposed to this, say so at once. Yet in doing so, I forbid you every uncivil expression against the Hamburgers, who, I have already apprised you, are my friends."

Biörn abased his proud eye, and its glow was extinguished. He said with a low voice, "Continue, noble Baron. You are right and I am wrong."

At these words the Baron kindly presented him his hand across the table, and thus continued his story:

"The dearest of all the Hamburgers dear to me, are two persons of extraordinarily enlarged experience, father and son. How much have they seen and accomplished in the remotest parts of the earth, and what good they have effected in their native city! My life, thank God, is not exactly to be called poor; but, compared with the wise Godard Lenz and his vigorous son Rudlieb, I seem to myself like some squire who has been a few times present at a tournament, and beyond this has pursued the chase, at the most, as far as the borders of his own grounds. They have converted, subdued, made glad the men of colour in lands which I cannot name, and the wealth they brought back with them, they dedicated to the community at large, as if nothing else could have been done with it. Returning from the most hazardous voyages, they hasten to the infirmary founded by themselves, and act there in the capacity both of chief superintendants and vigilant, humble attendants. Then they repair to the places where are erecting fine towers and fortifications, which they cause to be built for the protection of their native place, and then again to where they entertain strange pilgrims, and finally they sit down to table in their own house with guests rich and noble as kings, and lively and free as shepherds, and many a tale of their past adventures seasons the choice fare and costly wine.—Now, among others, they recounted one to me, at which my hair stood on end; and, peradventure, I can here get more exact intelligence of you how the matter really was. It is now some years since, when, just about the holy time of Christmas, Godard and Rudlieb Lenz were driven by a boisterous wintry storm on the Norwegian coast; the situation of the rock on which their vessel foundered they cannot accurately tell; but this much is certain—not far from thence stood a very large knight's castle, and father and son repaired thither to solicit help and refreshment, as it is both customary and befitting with Christian people, leaving their followers with the crazy ship. The castle gate was indeed opened to them, and they thought all was well. All at once the court was suddenly filled with armed men, all directed their sharp steel-pointed lances towards the breasts of the helpless strangers, whose worthy remonstrances and kind entreaties were answered partly with sullen silence and partly with hoarse contemptuous laughter. At length a knight with flaming eyes was seen descending the steps: they know not whether it was a spectre or a crazy heathen: he nods, and the death-dealing lances form in a narrowing circle. At this moment the silver tones of a tender lady were heard imploring the Saviour, and with mad fury the spectres dashed one against the other, and the gates fly open, and Godard and Rudlieb escape, and, in passing out,

perceived a woman of most angelic beauty through a lighted window. With anxious exertion they now get their crazy vessel afloat again, preferring to trust to the sea rather than this dreadful coast; and after encountering danger in many shapes, they landed safely in Denmark. They are of opinion that the evil castle was the retreat of some heathen, but I hold it to be some fortification laid waste by men, where infernal spirits hold, perhaps, their nightly orgies; for, tell me what heathen would be so diabolical as to offer death, instead of refreshment and help, to shipwrecked supplicants?"

Biörn looked vacantly before him, as if petrified. But Sintram advanced from the fire to the table, and addressed his father thus:

"Sir, let us seek the ungodly nest, and level it at once to the ground. I know not why, but it seems quite certain to my mind that this diabolical event is the sole cause of my abominable visions."

Biörn rose in wrath against his son, and had, perhaps, once more pronounced some dreadful sentence; but it was not the will of Providence, for suddenly the shrill notes of a trumpet broke in upon the confused conversation, the folding-doors were solemnly opened, and a herald entered the hall.

The latter bowed with gravity, and then said:

"I am sent by Jarl Eirik the Elder. It is now two nights since he returned from his voyage in the Egean; he thought to take vengeance upon the island called Chios, because exactly fifty years ago his father was there slain by the emperor's mercenaries; but your cousin, Arinbiörn, the Sea-king, just then lay at anchor in the bay, and spoke of reconciliation. Now, Jarl Eirik would not listen to anything of the kind, and Arinbiörn, the Sea-king, said he would never consent to the island of Chios being laid waste, because there they sang gloriously the songs of an ancient Grecian scald, named Homer, and, besides, drank very choice wine. From words it came to fighting; and so gallantly did Arinbiörn, the Sea-king, conduct himself, that Jarl Eirik lost two ships, and only with difficulty escaped with one, and that greatly damaged. This deed Eirik the Elder hopes, in the meanwhile, to make the race of the Sea-king atone for, seeing that Arinbiörn himself is not yet on the spot. Wilt thou, Biörn of the Glowing Eye, indemnify Jarl with oxen and other money and valuables, as he desires? Or wilt thou meet him in combat on the heath of Niflung this day week?"

Biörn nodded his head with composure, and repeated, in a friendly tone: "This day week, then, upon the heath of Niflung." Upon this he handed a goblet of chased gold, full of generous wine, to the herald, saying: "Quaff it, and then put that out of which you have drunk in your mantle, and take it with you."

"Salute your Jarl from Baron Montfaucon also," added Folko. And I too will be present on the heath of Niflung, as the Sea-king's family friend, and cousin and guest of Biörn.

The herald shrunk visibly at the name Montfaucon, bowed very profoundly, then regarded the Baron with respectful attention, and withdrew.

Gabriele smiled on her knight placidly, and without care, well knowing his prowess, and asked

merely—"Where shall I abide while you are away, Folko!"

"I thought," replied Biörn, "you would be content to remain in my castle here, fair lady. I leave you my son to guard and to wait upon you."

Gabriele reflected a moment, and Sintram, who had returned to the hearth, spoke softly and sullenly to the fire, now blazing again: "Yes, yes, so it will probably turn out. It seems too, as if Duke Menelaus had been away from the palace of Sparta, on a campaign, when the glowing Paris found the charming lady in the garden."

But Gabriele shrinking with dread, without knowing the object of her terror, said suddenly: "Without you, Folko! and shall I then not have the pleasure of seeing you fight, and the honour of nursing you in the event of your receiving a wound!"

Folko bowed, elegantly acknowledging the lady's kindness, and replied: "Accompany your knight, if you wish it, my fair load-star. It is indeed a good old northern custom for ladies to be present at the combats of heroes, and no genuine Northman will disturb the spot whence they send down the light of their eyes.—Or"—he inquired, looking over at Biörn—"Eirik is perhaps not worthy of his ancestors!"

"An honourable man," affirmed Biörn.

"Adorn yourself, then, adorn yourself, my fair love," said Folko, half singing, "and away with us, as glorious arbitress of the fight." "Away, away with us to battle," sang Sintram, animated with joy, and they all separated with cheerfulness and hope. The three went to rest—Sintram into the wood.

CHAPTER IX.

THE heath of Niflung was the name given to a desolate, dreary region in Norway. It was reported that Niflung, Högne's son, the last of his race, had there mysteriously terminated a melancholy existence, which had been illustrated by no single victory. Many an ancient tomb-stone lay scattered about, and on the lonely oaks, which here and there rustled over the plain, mighty eagles built their nests, and sometimes fought so fiercely with each other, that the heavy stroke of their wing and their angry scream might be heard afar off, in the more inhabited parts of the country; and the children in the cradle would sometimes shrink with dread, and the old people start with affright from their slumbers at the fire side.

The seventh night—the last before the day of battle—was just about commencing, when two warlike trains were seen to march solemnly down from the hills on either side: from the East came that of Eirik the Elder—Biörn of the Glowing Eye's from the West; for custom required them to appear upon the field of battle before the appointed hour, to show that they did not avoid, but sought the combat.

Folko immediately gave directions for fixing, in the most convenient part of the heath, the light-blue velvet pavilion, garnished with golden fringe, which he had brought with him for his tender lady's accommodation; meanwhile Sintram rode over as a herald to Jarl Eirik the Elder, to announce that the most beautiful Gabriele de Montfaucon was also in the camp of Sir Biörn, and

would appear on the morrow as arbitress of the fight. At these agreeable tidings Eirik Jarl bowed profoundly, and bade his minstrels celebrate it in song. They sang accordingly:

"Warriors brave of Eirik,
Rouse ye, and with weapons
Glittering and furbish'd for the morning fight prepare!
The loveliest of lofty dames
Holds o'er your martial fame
Fair tribunal, in the morrow's loud battle-strife!
Far o'er the distant billows,
Through field and meadow borne
Loud warning greets us from the Baron bold!
Pressing on and arm'd he comes
Yonder in ranks of defiance!
Folko comes! fight for fame! followers of Eirik!"

The strange sounds were wafted across the heath to the tent of the fair lady. She was accustomed to see her knight's renown made a theme of general admiration; but when his praise rose thus brilliantly from the enemy's mouth to the vault of the evening sky, she had almost fallen upon her knees before the great Baron; but the elegant Folko held her gracefully on her feet, and imprinted a glowing kiss on her swan-white hand, and said: "To thee, O lovely lady, belong my deeds—not myself!"

When night had withdrawn his shades, and the morning red blazed in the east, what glittering of arms and armour, what activity, what sounds there were on the heath of Niflung! Knights induing their clashing armour—the neighing of the noble war-steeds—the morning draught passing to and fro in bright bowls of gold and of silver, to the sound of the war-song and the harp.

A blithe march of war-horns and bugles rose from Biörn's camp. Montfaucon, circled with his troopers and squires in polished steel armour, led his lady up to the summit of a hill, from whence she could survey the field of battle, safe from the flying lances. The morning light played sweetly around her beauty, and as she passed close to the camp of Jarl Eirik, the men lowered their arms, and the leaders profoundly nodded their high plumes. Two of Montfaucon's pages remained on the hill at the service of Gabriele, not unwillingly bridling their desire of sharing in the fight to so grateful an office. Both hosts then advanced towards the lady with song, and having saluted her, moved on to their respective places, formed in order of battle—and the fight began.

The spears of the Northmen flew cheerfully from their vigorous hands, rebounded with a ring from the shields that were thrust forth to receive them, and clashed, too, against each other in their flight; sometimes a trooper of Biörn or Eirik's squadron was seen to fall bleeding in silence.

Sir Folko de Montfaucon now broke forth with his squadron of Norman knights. Still in his flying career, he waved his gleaming blade as a salutation to Gabriele, and then, amid the exulting battle-cry of many voices, dashed in among the enemy's left wing. Eirik's men on foot, resting on one knee, presented their inflexible halberds to them, fixed firm as iron; many a noble steed reared up mortally wounded, and, falling, brought his rider to the ground with him; others in their last fall dragged the hostile riders under them at the same time; Folko broke through them—neither himself nor war-horse wounded—followed

by a band of chosen knights. Confusion already prevailed in the hostile ranks; Biörn's bands were already advancing with shouts of victory, when a troop of horsemen under Jarl Eirik threw themselves in the way of the great Baron, and while his Normans, quickly forming, followed him, laying about them among this hostile party, the enemy's men-on-foot continued drawing closer and closer in quite a dense knot; it was reported that this took place at the strange-sounding call of a warrior in the midst of them. And scarcely had they formed in this singular order, when they separated again, and rushed forward in all directions, calling loudly to the attack—but with the irresistible force of the flames cast forth from the unfathomable depths of a volcano. Biörn's warriors, who thought to surround the enemy, wavered, fell back, and retreated before the incomprehensible fury of these men; in vain did Biörn strive to stem the current—he was almost carried away in the general flight.

Sintram gazed in mute astonishment at the tumult; both friend and enemy passed him by, and every one bent out of his way, and nobody would have aught to do with him, so formidable, nay, so spectre-like did he appear in his silent anger. Nor did he deal a blow to the right or left: the battle-axe rested in his hand. But his eyes flashed fiercely, and seemed to pierce the enemy's bands, as if they must discover the author of this warlike fury. He succeeded; a little man, oddly equipped, with large gold horns on his helmet, and far-projecting vizor, leant upon a two-edged halberd, formed at the top like a sickle, apparently viewing, with a scornful laugh, the victorious warriors of Eirik, while pursuing their flying adversaries. "That's he!" exclaimed Sintram, "he will make us quit the field before Gabriele's eyes!" and with the swiftness of an arrow he rushed toward him with a wild shout.

A fierce struggle ensued, but lasted only a short time. In defiance of his enemy's bold dexterity, Sintram, availing himself of his far superior size, dealt a tremendous blow from above upon the horned helmet, which was followed by a gushing stream of blood, and the vanquished sank to the ground with a groan, and, after some dreadful convulsions, stretched his limbs in death.

His fall seemed to determine the fate of Eirik's host. Even those who had not seen him struck down, suddenly losing their courage and spirit in the battle, retreated with uncertain step, or with wild despair rushed upon the enemy's halberds. At the same time, too, Montfaucon had broken and dispersed Eirik's troops, after a fierce resistance, unhorsed Eirik himself, and taken him captive with his own hand. Biörn of the Glowing Eye stood victorious in the midst of the field. The battle was decided.

CHAPTER X.

LED by the great baron, and in the sight of both armies, Sintram, with heightened complexion and eyes abased in humility, ascended the hill where Gabriele stood in all the fulness of her beauty. Both combatants fell on their knees before her, and Folko said with solemnity: "Dame, this young fighter of noble blood has merited the

prize of this day's victory. I pray you to bestow such upon him with your fair hand." Gabriele bowed her kind consent, unwound her velvet scarf of blue and gold, fastened to it a brilliant sword which a page presented upon a cushion wrought of silver brocade. She then, with a smile, held out the splendid gift to Sintram, and the latter had bent forward to receive it, when Gabriele suddenly paused, turned to Folko, and said:—

"Noble Banneret, were it not better that he whom I adorn with sword and scarf should be made a knight?"

Folko sprang up light as a feather, bowed profoundly to the lady, and, with grave dignity, knighted the youth. Gabriele then suspended the sword at his side, saying, "For God and the honour of chaste ladies, my young hero. I saw you fight, I saw you conquer, and my inmost prayer was wafted to you. Still fight and conquer often, as you have this day, that the sun of your fame may shine far as my distant home!" And, at Folko's nod of entreaty, she offered her tender lips to the new knight.

Glowing in every member, but, as if sanctified, Sintram arose in deep silence, and hot tears coursed down his soothed countenance, while the cheers and the sounds of the war-horns greeted the honoured youth from every side with deafening exultation.

But old Ralph stood apart, and, looking with composure on the eyes of his pupil, now beaming devoutly, prayed in calm gladness:

"Now all jarring strife is fled,
Quelled by blessings richly shed!
The evil fiend succumbs."

In the meanwhile, Biörn and Eirik had been engaged in a very animated but not unfriendly conversation. The victor now conducted the vanquished up the hill, and presented him to the Baron and Gabriele, saying, "We who were enemies are now confederates, and I pray you, my dear guests and kinsmen, also to receive him with your kind favour, as one who henceforth belongs to us."

"Do so ever," added Eirik with a smile. "I have indeed tried my hand at revenge, but, beaten by land and at sea, one at length grows satisfied. And, God be praised! I have not yielded without fame, neither in the Egean to Arinbiörn, nor to you on the heath of Niflung." Folko de Montfaucon confirmed this with a friendly grasp of the hand, a reconciliation was effected in the most cordial and solemn manner. In this Jarl Eirik addressed Gabriele in terms so elegant, yet noble, that she regarded the hoary, gigantic hero with a smile of grateful surprise, and extended her most beautiful hand for his kiss of homage.

Sintram in the interim took occasion to speak with his pious Ralph, and at length he was heard to say, "But above all things inter the very valiant knight, whom my battle-axe brought down. Seek the fairest hill for his tomb, the noblest oak for his canopy. Omit not to raise his vizor previously, and look attentively at his countenance, that we may not possibly bury a heavily wounded man alive; further, that you may report as to what may have been the appearance of him to whom I am indebted for this most glorious of all prizes."

Ralph bowed in a friendly manner and went off.

"Our young hero there," said Folko, turning to Jarl Eirik, "is inquiring about a fallen warrior, about whom I should like to be better informed. Who now, my dear sir, was that strange captain, that led your men on foot in so masterly a manner, and who did but just succumb to Sintram's powerful battle-axe?"

"You ask me more than I really know myself," rejoined Jarl Eirik. "It is only three nights since when the stranger arrived at my castle. I was sitting in the evening with my fellow-warriors and men on the hearth, forging arms and singing to the strokes. All of a sudden there arose above the hammer and song, a sound so powerful and shrill, that we grew quite silent, and remained on our seats as if stunned. After a pause, it was repeated, and we remarked that it must be the blast of a great horn blown by some one in front of the castle, who desired admission. Well, I went down to the castle-gate myself, and on traversing the court, I observed that all my hounds were terrified at the strange sound, and that, instead of barking, they whined and crept into their kennels. I rebuked them, and called them to me, but the boldest even would not follow me. 'Then I'll show you, thought I, how to do it,' seized fast hold of the hilt of my sword, fixed the torch in the ground close to me, and without further ado unbolted the folding doors, for I well knew that no one could easily enter against my will.

"A loud laugh met me from without, and the words, 'Well! well! what mighty preparations are made here to show the required hospitality to one little man only!' And of a truth I seemed to blush with shame when I saw the little stranger standing quite alone before me. I bade him enter at once, and offered him my hand; but he still seemed too indignant, and would by no means give me his. But in ascending the stairs, he was more friendly, and showed me, too, the golden horn which he had blown; he had another of the same kind, and they were both fastened upon his helmet.

"In the hall above he deported himself most oddly. At times he was merry, then peevish, now courteous, now provoking, without your being able to see why he changed with every moment. I would fain have known from whence he came, but how could I put a question of this nature to my guest! Only this much did he intimate of his own accord,—he felt terribly cold in our country, it was much warmer in his own land; he knew, too, a good deal about the imperial city of Constantinople, and told frightful stories how there, brother and brother, uncle and nephew, nay even father and son, precipitated one another from the throne, blinded, mangled and murdered each other. At last he mentioned his own name also: it sounded like a Greek name, and that of a man of distinction, but not one of us could remember it.

"He soon showed himself, however, one of the best of armours; with facility and boldly he knew how to take hold of and fashion the red-hot metal, and that too into the most destructive weapons I have ever seen. This, however, I forbade him, seeing that I meant to advance to battle against you with none other but equal arms, and such as our northern land has ever been accustomed to see. He laughed at this, and thought we could carry the victory without them, by skillful evolu-

tions and the like; I had only to let him lead my men on foot, and victory would be certain; well, now I thought indeed that 'he who can forge a good weapon can wield a good weapon!' yet I wished to see a specimen of his skill. Gentlemen, he then displayed such dexterity in combat as can hardly be conceived; and although young Sintram is celebrated far and wide as a vigorous and ready hero, yet I can scarcely comprehend how he could have slain such a one as was my Greek ally."

He would have continued his story, but pious Ralph came hastily back with some squires, and looked, as did his companions too, so ghastly pale, that all eyes were involuntarily fixed upon him, awaiting the tidings he had to impart. He stood trembling in silence.

"Courage! my old friend," said Sintram. "Whatever you may report from your faithful lips, all is truth and light."

"Sir Knight," the old man began, "excuse me, but we could not possibly bury the strange combatant whom you slew. Or would that we had not opened his vizor—that far-projecting, frightful vizor! For such a horrid countenance grinned from beneath it, regularly distorted in an infernal manner, that we could scarcely retain possession of our senses. God forbid that we should have touched him! Rather send me to the dead carcasses of bears and wolves in the desert, and let me look how eagles, vultures, and falcons feast upon them."

They all shuddered and remained for a time silent. Sintram at length took courage and said: "Aged man, dear old Ralph, whence these wild words, to which, till to-day, you were ever an entire stranger, and had a great aversion!—And you, Sir Eirik, did the Greek ally appear to you an object of such extreme terror while living?"

"Not that I am aware of," replied Jarl Eirik, and cast a glance of inquiry through the circle of his fellow-warriors and men who stood around him. They confirmed his words. Only it at last turned out, that neither lord, nor knight, nor trooper could say exactly what the appearance of the stranger really was.

"Then we will ascertain this, and inter the corpse at the same time," said Sintram; and, nodding in a friendly manner, invited the whole assembly to follow him. They all did so, except the Baron, whom Gabriele's timid whisper detained with the gracious lady.

He lost nothing by it. For though they traversed the heath of Niflung ten, indeed, or twenty times, searching for the body in all directions, the corpse of the mysterious combatant was no more to be found.

CHAPTER XI.

THE cheerful calmness which had this day come upon Sintram seemed to be more than a mere transient emotion. Though at times a reminiscence of Sir Paris and Helen would inflame the desires of his heart to wildness and daring, yet it required but a glance at scarf and sword, and the stream of his inward being glided on transparent and serene. "What more now can a man desire than has already fallen to my lot!" he would often say to himself in quiet ecstasy.

It continued long thus. The fine autumn of the

North had already begun to redden the foliage of oak and elm round about the castle, when he was once sitting with Folko and Gabriele in the orchard, almost on the same spot where the strange creature, that, he knew not why, he had called the "Little Master," had encountered him some time since. But to-day everything wore an aspect different from what it then assumed. In quiet the radiant sun stooped down towards the sea, evening vapours and straggling harbingers of the autumnal mists curled up from the neighbouring meadows and fields around the mountain on which the castle stood. Placing her lute in Sintram's hand, Gabriele said :—

"Dear friend, kind and gentle as you now are always, I may indeed trust you with my tender favourite. Let me hear your song of the lovely flowers on it. Methinks it needs must sound much more agreeable with such an accompaniment, than when you sing it to the loud trembling sounds of your great harp."

The young knight bowed courteously, and did as the lady commanded.

Softly, and with a grace quite unusual in him, rose the tones from his lips, and the wild song seemed transformed, and the scene of its action blooming like a garden of the blest. Gabriele's eyes became moist, and the enthusiastic Sintram, singing more and more sweetly in the serenity of his emotions, fixed his gaze on the glittering firmament. While the last notes were dying away, Gabriele's voice sounded like an angel's echo to the words :—

"O ! thou land with the lovely flowers !"

Sintram put down the lute and sighed his thanks to the stars, just now rising.

Gabriele then bent towards the great Baron, whispering,—"Long, ah, how long we have already been from our glittering towers, our blooming fields ! O the land with the lovely flowers !"

Sintram scarcely knew whether he heard her rightly, so completely did he feel himself at once cast forth from paradise. But his last remnant of hope vanished, when Folko civilly assured the lady that he would hasten to fulfil her wishes the ensuing week ; the ship lay already on the beach. She thanked him with a soft kiss breathed upon his forehead, and, singing and smiling, sought the castle, leaning on the arm of her hero. The dejected Sintram, almost petrified, remained behind forgotten.

He at length started up with rage, when night was come on, ran up and down the orchard with all his former wildness, and finally rushed out into the savage-looking mountains, now lighted up by the moonshine. There, drawing his sword, he slashed at hedge and tree, so that everything around began to crash and tumble, and the night-birds flew above him, screeching and piping with wild affright ; stag and roe-buck bounded fleetly away into the undisturbed depths of the wilderness.

Suddenly the old trooper stood before him. He was returning from a visit to the chaplain at Dronheim, to whom he had related, with tears of joy, how Sintram was softened by the presence of the angelic Gabriele,—nay, almost cured, and how they might venture to hope that the evil vision was fled. Now the whizzing blade of the raging knight had almost unconsciously injured the good

old man. The latter stood still with his hands folded, and sighed from a full heart : "Ah Sintram, my foster-child, my heart's own, what has befallen you, to make you rave thus !"

The youth stood for awhile as if spell-bound, looking towards his hoary friend, dejected and thoughtful, and his eyes resembled extinguished watch-fires glaring through a deep mist. At length he sighed softly and almost inaudibly :—

"Thou pious Ralph, thou pious Ralph, leave me to myself ! My home is not in thy paradise ; and, does a friendly breeze once open the golden gate to me also, permitting me to catch a glimpse of the flowery plains where angels dwell, immediately a cold north wind rushes chilling between, and the grating doors fly together, leaving me without, a solitary, in endless winter."

"My knight, my dear young knight, ah, do but listen to me ; do but listen to the good angel within your own breast ! What ! do you not bear the sword in your hand with which the chaste lady girded you ! Does not her scarf wave on your bosom ! You used to say that no man could desire more than had fallen to your lot."

"Yes, Ralph, I did say so," replied Sintram, and sank down, weeping bitterly, on the autumnal moss. The old man's tears, too, flowed down on his white beard. After awhile the youth rose again, his tears ceased to flow, and his appearance was formidable, cold, and wrathful too. "Ralph," said he, "I have had days of quiet, of felicity, and I thought all that was terrible within me past and dead. And thus, too, it might have continued, as it would ever continue day, if the sun was always in the heavens. But ask this poor, darkened earth why it looks so gloomy ! Speak to it, that it may smile, as it did before ! Old man, it can smile no more, and now the silent, compassionate moon has withdrawn behind the clouds with her spotless funeral vestments, now she, too, can weep no more ; and in this dark hour every thing that is dreadful and frantic wakes up to life, and you, disturb me not, I tell you, disturb me not ! Hurrah ! after, after the pale moon !"

In pronouncing the last words his voice had almost become a roar. With violence he tore himself away from the old man, and plunged away into the woods.

Ralph knelt down and wept and prayed in silence.

CHAPTER XII.

WHERE the sea-beach rises highest and roughest, shaded by three half-blighted oaks—it is reported that human sacrifices were offered there in the time of paganism—stood Sintram, leaning on his drawn sword, solitary and worn-out, in the light of the moon, which had again emerged, and he gazed on the waves as they rolled away in the distance. Motionless and deathly pale, he appeared like some magic form, now obscured, now revealed by the pale moonbeams which quivered alternately through the branches of the ancient trees ; when, at his left side, somebody rose up to the extent of half his body out of the tall, yellow grass, and howling and making a rattling noise in his throat, lay down again.

The following strange conversation, however, arose between the two night-companions.

"You there, who are moving in so frightful a manner among the grass, are you of the living or the dead?"

"As people are disposed to take it. I am dead to heaven and to joy; I am alive to hell and to sorrow."

"I fancy I have already heard you elsewhere."

"O yes."

"Are you indeed a troubled spirit, and was your body's blood formerly shed on the ground here in idolatrous sacrifice?"

"I am a troubled spirit; no one has spilt my blood, no one can spill it. But they have hurled me headlong down,—ah! a bottomless abyss."

"And you broke your neck?"

"I live and shall live longer than you."

"You almost appear to me like the crazy pilgrim with the dead man's bones."

"I am not he, though we associate much together, nay, often keep up a most friendly intercourse. But, between us two—I, too, consider him mad! When, as is sometimes the case, I incite him and say, Take! why, he deliberates, and points up to the stars. And again, if I say, Do not take! he generally lays hold most clumsily, and is able to spoil my best pleasure and joy. But still we continue a sort of brothers in arms, and generally of kinsmen."

"Give me your hand, that I may help you up."

"Oho! my officious young knight, that might turn out a most unlucky affair for you. But at bottom, you do of a truth help me up. Just mind a bit."

Wildly and more wildly it raged on the earth; while thick clouds swept over the moon and stars in their long, unknown and strange career, and Sintram's thoughts revolved in a maze no less strange, and, far and near, grass and tree seemed to groan most ungovernably, yet with sore trouble. The wretched being had at length risen up. The moon, as with timid curiosity, cast her light through a break in the cloud; it fell on Sintram's companion, and revealed to the youth the form of the Little Master standing at his side.

"Get yourself away!" he exclaimed. "I will hear no more of your iniquitous stories about Sir Paris. If such were the case, I should become downright mad."

"The story of Sir Paris is not needed for that!" said the Little Master, laughing. "The Helen of your heart's journey to Montfaucon is sufficient. Believe me, madness will then seize you with tooth and nail. Or should you like her to stop here? If so, you must be more courteous to me than you now are."

On this the Little Master's angry voice sounded amid the waves with such power, that Sintram really started back at the dwarf. Yet he speedily reproved himself for this, supported himself by grasping with both hands the hilt of his sword firm as the hold of one convulsed, and said, with a scornful laugh:—

"You and Gabriele! what acquaintance have you with Gabriele?"

"Not much," was the answer returned. And the Little Master reeled to and fro, evidently chafing with terror; at length he said: "I cannot altogether bear the name of your Helen, and do not pronounce it to me ten times in a breath. But if the storm should now arise! If now the

waves should swell up, and form a raging, foaming belt of water around the coast of Norway! Then the thought of a voyage back to Montfaucon could no longer be entertained, and your Helen would remain here, at least through the long, long dreary winter!"

"If! if!" said Sintram contemptuously. "Is the sea, forsooth, your slave! Are storms your companions?"

"They are rebels against me! Accursed rebels!" the Little Master muttered in his red beard. "You must lend your assistance, Sintram, if I am to command them; but then again, you have no heart for that."

"Vaunter! wretched vaunter!" said the youth, with rising anger. "What do you ask of me?"

"Not much, Sir Knight; for one who has but strength and fire in his soul, not at all much. You have only to fix a firm and keen look upon the sea there for half an hour, and unceasingly and repeatedly to desire, with the whole strength of your will, that it may foam, and chafe, and rave, nor become calm till chill winter rests on your mountains. He will then suffice to put away the desire of Duke Menelaus to sail back to Montfaucon. And give me, too, a lock of your black hair. It flutters about you already so wildly, like the wings of the raven and vulture."

The youth drew his keen dagger, and with perfect wildness cut a lock from his head, cast it at the stranger, and, agreeably to the wishes of the latter, gazed with vehement desire on the distant sea.

And the waters began to stir softly, quite softly, like the whispering of one who is troubled by dreams, and fain would rest but cannot. Sintram was on the point of desisting from his purpose, when he saw in the moonlight a ship with white swelling sails, making towards the south. Fear that he might soon behold Gabriele, too, sailing away in like manner, came upon him; continuing to desire, with greater intensity, he darted his steady gaze down into the abyss of waters. "Sintram," one might have addressed him, "alas! Sintram, art thou really he who but now looked upon the paradise of the lady's eye, bedewed with tears of emotion?"

And the waves heaved and swelled ever more mightily up, and whistling, moaning gusts swept over them; the foamy tops of the billows were already visible in the moonlight.

The Little Master now cast the youth's lock of hair up towards the sky, and while it fluttered, and wavered and hovered about, the storm arose with such angry violence that sea and sky met and mingled in one vast mist, and from afar you heard the anxious wailing of many thousand drowning voices.

But the crazy pilgrim with the dead man's bones passed by on the floods near the beach, reeling dreadfully; the vessel on which he stood could not be seen, to such a height did the waves rise around him.

"You must save him, Little Master, you must save him, absolutely!" rose Sintram's voice, in angry entreaty, above the noise of wind and wave; but the Little Master laughed out in reply.

"Do not be troubled on his account; he will save himself without aid. The floods do no injury to him. Do you see! they are only begging,

and for that purpose they spring up so high around him ; and he gives them alms profusely, most profusely ; I can assure you of that."

And in fact it seemed as if the pilgrim did cast some bones into the sea, and then pursue his way unassailed.

At this Sintram felt a thrill of horror quiver through his veins, and rushed wildly on towards the castle. His companion seemed vanished into air.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN the castle, Biörn, Folko, and Gabriele were seated at the circular stone-table, from whence, since the arrival of the noble guests, the suits of armour—formerly the mute companions of the Lord of the castle—had been removed, to be stowed away in a heap in the adjacent chamber.

To-day, while the storm shook the windows and doors in so furious a manner, it seemed as if the old armour, too, was moving about in the adjoining room ; and Gabriele started up more than once with alarm, and fixed her fair eyes steadfastly on the little iron-door, fearing that some harnessed spectre would forthwith pass out of it, thrusting his huge helmet through the low arch-way. Sir Biörn laughed wildly at this, and, as if divining her thoughts, said, " O he will not again make his entrance through that door ! I have put a stop to that for ever."

His guests gazed at him with doubt, when he began with fearful *nonchalance*—it seemed as if the storm had roused up all the wrath inherent in his heart—to make the following statement :—

" I, too, was once a happy man, could laugh, like you, and could rejoice in calmness at the approach of another day, as you ; that was before the hypocritical chaplain had bewildered the sound mind of my beautiful consort with his cant,—which caused her to take the veil at last, and leave me alone with our wild child. Indeed it was not handsome of Verena.—Well, observe, in the glad season of her youth's bloom, before I knew her, many knights solicited her hand ; among the rest, Sir Weigand the Slender, and the fair virgin seemed to incline to him with mild complacency more than to all the rest. Her parents knew well that Weigand was almost equal with them in power and in nobility ; his incipient fame in arms, too, rose bright and blameless, so that he and Verena were already looked upon almost as betrothed.

" Now it happened one day, that both were strolling together in the orchard, while a shepherd was driving his flock up the mountain. Well, the young lady caught sight of a lambkin, white as snow, and frisking about in the most graceful and frolicsome manner, and she took a fancy to it. Weigand, vaulting forthwith over the railings, makes after the shepherd and offers him two golden bracelets for the little animal. But the shepherd would not part with it, scarcely gave ear to the knight, and continued quietly pursuing his way up the mountain, with Weigand at his side. The latter at length loses all patience ; he threatens, and the shepherd, sturdy and proud, as are all of this class in our northern clime, threatens in return. Suddenly Weigand's blade is down upon his head ; it was indeed meant to

fall flat upon him ;—but who can check a restive horse, or a drawn sword ! With his head cleft in two the bleeding shepherd staggers over the precipice ; his flocks bleat on the mountain with anxious fear. Only the lambkin runs back to the orchard in its fright, winds its way through the railings, and sprinkled with the blood of its master, lies at the feet of Verena, seeming to ask for shelter. She took it up in her arms, and from that hour permitted Weigand no longer to come into her presence. She now cherished the lambkin constantly, and derived no pleasure from anything else, and grew pale like the lilies, and devoted entirely to Heaven. It is said that she then wished to enter a convent, but I came to the assistance of her father in a bloody feud, and rescued him from the enemy's hand. The old man represented this to her, and with a faint smile, she bestowed her lovely hand on me.

" The acuteness of his grief suffered Weigand to remain no longer in his native country ; it drove him on a pilgrimage to Asia, whence our ancestors sprung, and he is reported to have there accomplished prodigies in valour and in humility. In sooth, my heart was strangely moved with pity whenever I heard him spoken of at that period.

" After some years had elapsed he returned, and proposed building a church and a cloister on the western mountains yonder, from whence you may plainly see the walls of my castle glistening in the distance. It is said that it was his intention to be ordained, and officiate as a priest there, but it turned out otherwise ; for some corsairs' vessels having sailed up from the Southern seas, and hearing of the erection of a cloister, their captain thought he should find a good deal of gold with the lord of the castle, and the directors of the works ; or else, in the event of his falling upon and carrying them off, to exact a great ransom from them. He could not, indeed, then have been acquainted either with the weapons or the courage of the Northmen, but he soon acquired a knowledge of both.

" Having landed in yonder bay near the black rock, he crept through circuitous ways up to where the works were going forward, surrounded the place, and fancied he had accomplished the main thing ; but, ha ! how did Weigand and his fellow-workmen lay about them with swords, hammers, and axes. The heathens fled away to their ships, and Weigand pursued in revenge.

" He passed by our castle, and just as he caught a glance of Verena on the terrace, and she, for the first time since many a year, had kindly saluted the ardent victor, a dagger, hurled back by one of the pirates in fear, flew against his uncovered head, and he sank to the ground, bleeding and unconscious.

" We routed the heathens completely ; I then ordered the wounded knight to be borne into the castle, and my pale Verena blushed as do the lilies in the morning red, and at her presence Weigand opened his eyes with a smile. He would not be put in any other chamber but the little one close by here, where the armour now lies. ' That appeared to him,' he said, ' like the little cell which he hoped soon to occupy as a penitent in his quiet monastery.' Every thing was ordered according to his wishes, my beautiful Verena was his nurse, and he seemed at first on the fairest

way of recovery, but his head continued weak, and was bewildered upon the slightest occasion—in his little journeys, he rather stumbled than walked, his complexion was deathly pale. We could not allow him to leave us. Well, of an evening when we were assembled together, he would always come tottering through the little door there into the hall; and I often felt aggrieved and angry in my heart when Verena's fair eyes beamed towards him, so mildly and with such sweetness, and a red like that of evening spread over her lily cheeks; but I brooked this, and had brooked it to the end of us all,—woe is me! my Verena entered a convent!"

His head fell with such force on his folded hands, that the stone-table seemed to groan beneath him, and remained for awhile still as death. Upon rising again he darted fearfully angry looks through the hall, and at length said to Folko:—

"Your beloved Hamburgers, M. Godard Lenz, and his son M. Rudlieb, they too bear a share of the guilt. Ha! who bid them be wrecked here, so close to my castle!"

Folko cast a piercing look at him, and was on the point of giving utterance to a fearful question; but another glance at the trembling Gabriele made him keep silence; at least for the present, and Sir Biörn pursued in the following manner:—

"Verena was with her nuns, I alone, and wildly had my grief driven me about all day long through forest, over torrent and mountain. At evening twilight I return to my desolate castle, and scarcely had I entered the hall, when the little door creaks and Weigand creeps towards me,—he had slept the whole time,—and inquires: 'Where does Verena stay?'—At this I became like a madman, and grinned and shouted to him in reply: 'She is gone mad, like me, like you too, we are all mad now!'—Gracious God, the wound in his head flew open, and dark floods gushed over his countenance!—Ah, how different a red from that which mantled it when Verena met him at the castle gate!—and he raved and ran out into the wilderness, and since that time has wandered about as a broken-witted pilgrim."

He was silent, and Gabriele was silent, and Sir Folko also, all three cold and pale like marble statues. At length the terrible narrator added softly, and with complete exhaustion: "Since that time he has once visited me here, but he will not pass through the little door again.—I have procured me peace and good order in my castle, have I not?"

CHAPTER XIV.

SINTRAM had not yet returned home, when they retired to rest, chilled with amazement. Nor did any one think of him, so greatly agitated was every heart with strange forebodings and anxiety of an indefinite nature. Even Sir Folko de Montfaucon's breast heaved with conflicting cares.

Old Ralph sat in the wood, still weeping, his hoary head bared unheeding to the tempest, awaiting the return of his young knight. But his ways were very different. Not before morning was up in brightness did he enter the castle from the opposite side.

Gabriele had passed the night in sweet slumbers. She fancied that angels with golden wings had fanned back the wild scenes of the previous evening,

while they wafted towards her the bright flowers and mirror-like lakes and verdant, undulating hills of her own native land. She smiled placidly, and breathed in silence, while without the magic storm flew howling over the woods, and struggled with the troubled sea. But certainly when she awoke next morning, the windows still rattling, the sky still concealed from the view by clouds which seemed dissolved in mist and vapour, she could have wept with anxiety and grief, especially as Folko had quitted the chamber, and that too, as her maids informed her while robing, armed cap-à-pie. At the same time she heard the tramp of heavy-armed men in the echoing halls, and, upon inquiry, learned that Sir Montfaucon had summoned his entire retinue of horsemen, and bid them to hold themselves in readiness for their lady's protection.

Enveloped in her full dress of ermine, she looked, in her fear, almost like a tender flower blooming above the snow, and waving beneath the storms of winter. Sir Folko de Montfaucon, arrayed in all the splendour of his glittering armour, and bearing his golden helmet with high nodding plumes under his arm, as a token of peace, now entered, and saluted the lady with calm gravity. At his nod Gabriele's ladies withdrew; the armed men without were heard quietly dispersing.

"Dame," said he, and led her, already becalmed by his presence, to a couch, seating himself beside her. "Dame, be pleased to pardon your knight if he did abandon you a moment to anxious solicitude, for honour called and stern right. Now all is settled, and that too amicably and peacefully, forget all anxiety, and count among the things which are no more, whatever may have troubled you."

"But you and Biörn?" asked Gabriele.

"On the honour of my knighthood," said Folko, "everything is righted."

He then began to talk over indifferent matter of a cheerful character, with his wonted grace and delicacy; but Gabriele, deeply moved, leant upon him and said:

"O Folko, O my hero, O thou who art my life's treasure, my protector, and my greatest good on earth, let me know everything, if thou dar'st do so. But if any plighted word binds thee, it is another thing. Thou knowest that I am of the race of the Portamours, and would desire nothing of my knight, that might cast but the shadow of a blemish on his escutcheon."

Folko looked gravely before him for a moment, and then, smiling with friendliness in his Dame's countenance, said, "It is not that, Gabriele. But wilt thou be able to bear what I have to announce? Wilt thou not sink beneath it, like the slender pine beneath a mass of snow?"

She rose somewhat proudly and said, "I have already reminded thee of my father's name. Let me now add that I am the wife of Baron de Montfaucon."

"Be it so, then," replied Folko, bowing with gravity. "And what must at some time come to the light of the sun, where in its dark essence it does not belong, comes least terrible through a sudden flash. Know then, Gabriele, the evil knight, who purposed slaying my friends, Godard and Rudlieb Lenz, is indeed no other than our host and cousin, Biörn of the Glowing Eye."

Gabriele shrunk back for a moment, and closed her eyes fast with her beautiful hands. She then looked around her with astonishment, and said, "My ears deceive me—although I had such a foreboding yesterday—or didst thou not say but now that everything between thee and Biörn was settled, and that too amicably and peacefully? Between the valiant knight and such a man, after such iniquity?"

"Your ears did not deceive you," rejoined Folko, and regarded the tender, chivalrous lady with fond complacency.

"To-day at earliest dawn I went down, and challenged him to mortal combat in the neighbouring valley by the wood, in the event of his being the proprietor of that castle in which Godard and Rudlieb Lenz were about to be sacrificed. He was already fully equipped, and said merely, 'I am he;' and followed me to the forest. When we were alone on the place of battle, he hurled his shield away from him down a giddy precipice, his sword next followed in the same way, and then with two powerful rents he tore his shirt of mail asunder, and said, 'Now plunge your dagger here, my Lord Judge, for I am a heavy sinner, and dare not contend against you.' How durst I strike him? A strange reconciliation was now effected between us; he is half as my vassal, and yet again I solemnly absolved him, alike in my own and friends' name, from all guilt. He was crushed, yet not a tear stood in his eye, neither did a friendly word escape his lips. Stern justice alone, that lent me this power, oppresses him, and Biörn is my vassal in his own fief. I know not, Dame, whether you can bear to see us together in such relation, if not, I will seek another castle for our sojourn; there is, indeed, not one in Norway that would not receive us with gladness and with honour, and this fierce autumnal storm may perhaps delay our voyage a long while. Only this I do think, that if we separate now, and in this manner, the wild man's heart will break."

"Wherever my noble Lord abides, there I abide too, rejoicing in his protection," rejoined Gabriele, and she once more felt a thrill of delight through her heart at her hero's magnanimity.

CHAPTER XV.

THE noble lady had but just finished disarming her knight—in the field only were squires or troopers permitted, according to her command, to have to do with Montfaucon's armour—and was putting on the light blue velvet mantle, edged with gold, when the door opened and Sintram entered the chamber, greeting them with lowliness.

At first Gabriele nodded to him in a friendly way, as was her wont, but, growing suddenly pale, she turned round and said: "Heavens! Sintram, how do you appear! and how could a single night have wrought so terrible a change in you?" Sintram stood as if struck with thunder, nor did he rightly know what had befallen him.

Folko then took him by the hand, and leading him to a shield polished as a mirror, said with great gravity: "Do but look at yourself, my young knight!"

Sintram started with amazement at the first view. He fancied he saw the Little Master with

the one erect plume of his strange head-dress; but at length he saw clearly that the image was only that of himself, and no one else, and that the rough cut with the dagger in his locks had imparted so singular, and he himself could not deny, spectre-like appearance to him.

"Who has done that to you?" asked Folko, still with gravity and sternness. "And what fright has made your dishevelled and torn hair to stand thus on end?"

Sintram knew not what to say in reply; he felt as if standing before a court of justice, where the question was to deprive him, ignominiously, of his honour of knighthood. Folko suddenly drew him away from the shield again, led him to the rattling window and asked: "Whence comes this tempest?"

Again Sintram was silent. His limbs began to knock quickly against each other, and Gabriele, pale and trembling, whispered: "O, Folko, my hero, what has happened! O tell me, have we then taken up our residence in an enchanted castle!"

"Our native North," replied Folko, "is rich in many mystic arts; we are not exactly at liberty, on that account, to call people magicians; but the young man there has cause to keep close watch over himself; he, of whom Evil has once laid hold even but by a single hair——"

Sintram heard no more. Sobbing, he rushed out of the room. Without, he was met by old Ralph, who was still quite confounded at the hail-storm and boisterous howling of the previous night. He, whose only feeling was that of gladness at again possessing his young knight,—did not remark his disordered appearance; but, while conducting him to his sleeping-chamber, he observed, "Witches and weather-spirits must have been practising their tricks on the beach; I know that such impetuous changes of air do not occur but through Satanic arts."

Sintram fainted, and but with difficulty did Ralph restore him so far as to enable him to appear in the great hall at mid-day; but before leaving his chamber he ordered a shield to be brought to him, viewed himself again, and in dismay cut off the remainder of his long, black hair with his dagger, so that he appeared almost like a monk, and thus he joined the others who were already seated at table.

All regarded him with surprise, the old knight, however, rose quite bewildered, and said: "You, too, perhaps, mean to enter a cloister, like your beautiful mother!"

A look of command from the Baron of Montfaucon repressed any further outbreak, and as if by way of pacification, Biörn added with a forced smile: "I meant only to ask whether it had happened to him as to Absalom—whether he had been obliged to release his head from the snares by the loss of his hair!"

"You should not jest on things sacred," repeated the Baron, grown quite stern, and all were silent, and immediately after the table was removed, Folko and Gabriele, saluting the company with becoming courtesy, withdrew to their chambers.

CHAPTER XVI.

LIFE in the castle, from that time forward, assumed an entirely different aspect. Almost always the two friendly, august beings, Folko and Gabriele,

were together in their apartments; and if they did make their appearance elsewhere, it was with quiet dignity and a grave reserve; and Biörn and Sintram stood in humility and awe before them. The Lord of the castle, however, could not brook the thoughts of his guests withdrawing to the hearth of another knight. Upon Folko's once speaking of this, something like a tear stood in the wild man's eye; he lowered his head and said in a low tone: "As you will, but I think I shall fly down from the rock the next day."

They continued therefore in the castle; for storm and sea raged still with increasing fury, so that the thought of making a voyage could not be entertained; and the oldest man in Norway could not remember such an autumn. The priests searched all the books written in Runic characters; the Scalds went through their *sagas* (traditions) and songs, and discovered nothing like it.

Biörn and Sintram braved the tempest. During the few hours when Folko and Gabriele showed themselves, father and son were also in the castle, as in respectful attendance upon them; the remaining portion of the day, often for whole nights, they roamed wildly through the woods and rocky valleys in chase of the bear.

During this period Folko tasked all the graces of his understanding, and the charms of his noble manners, to make Gabriele forget that she dwelt in the wild castle, and that the sturdy Norwegian winter had already arisen to confine her here for months to come. Sometimes he told stories of sunny climes, sometimes he played in a cheerful manner, and begged Gabriele and her ladies to get up a dance to it; then again, resigning his lute to one of the young ladies, he himself would mingle in the dance, and in doing so ever knew how to shew some fresh mark of homage to the Lady; then he would arrange martial exercises between his armed followers in the spacious halls of the castle, and Gabriele had to present some pretty gem to the victor; oft, too, he would enter the circle of the combatants, but always took care merely to parry their attacks and to deprive no one of a prize. The Norwegians, who stood round as spectators, were accustomed to compare him with the demi-god Baldur of their ancient mythology, when he in sport allowed his half-immortal companions to hurl their darts at him, conscious of his inherent invincibleness and glory.

At the conclusion of an exercise of this kind, old Ralph once advanced towards him, beckoned him aside with friendly respect, and said in a low voice:—"They style you the noble, powerful Baldur, and they are right. But even the noble, powerful Baldur succumbed. Be on your guard."

Folko regarded him with astonishment.

"Not," pursued the old man, "that I know of any plot, or could, in the remotest degree, anticipate such. God preserve a northman from such fear! But while you stand so brilliant and glorious before me, the perishable nature of all earthly things forces itself powerfully upon my mind, and I cannot but say to you—'Be on your guard; ah, be on your guard, noble Baron!—the brightest glories will fade!'"

"Those are pious, good thoughts," Folko rejoined in a friendly way, "and I will treasure them in a susceptible bosom, my faithful patriarch."

During this period, pious old Ralph was fre-

quently about Folko and Gabriele, and really formed a connecting link between the two widely-different households in the castle. For how could he ever have quitted his Sintram! Only on the wild hunting expeditions, through the fierce wind and the rain, he could no longer follow him.

At last clear Winter had arisen in his full majesty. There needed nothing more to prevent the return to Normandy, and the magic storm subsided. Plain and mountain shone bright in their hoary robes; and Folko, with skates on his feet, was accustomed, at times, to wing his lady with the swiftness of the wind over the sparkling, crystal-like surface of the hard-frozen lakes and streams. On the other hand, the bear-hunting of the lord of the castle and his son was pursued the more boldly, —nay, almost with cheerfulness.

About this time—Christmas was already approaching, and Sintram sought to beguile the fear with which the prospect of his visions inspired him by engaging in the wildest hunting expeditions:—about this time Folko and Gabriele happened to be standing on one of the terraces of the castle. It was a mild evening; the snowy region glistened agreeably in the straggling red rays of the setting sun; the voices of some men who, at their work in the smithy, were singing songs of the ancient age of heroes, rose up from below. The song, however, at length ceased and the hammers rested; and, without being able to see, or, by their voices, to recognise those who took part in it, they heard the following conversation:—

"Who is the boldest hero of all those that derive their origin from our renowned country?"

"Folko de Montfaucon is the boldest."

"Well answered; but tell me,—is there not something, from the performance of which even the great Baron shrinks back?"

"Certainly there is something of the kind; and we who have kept at home here in Norway—we exercise it right merrily, and with ease."

"That is—!"

"The bear-hunt in winter, away down ice-covered precipices, over endless fields of snow."

"You are right, indeed, comrade. He who does not know how to fasten our snow-shoes on his feet, nor to turn in them right or left in an instant, he may be in other respects a powerful knight; but from our mountains, our hunting, it were better for him to keep at a distance, and not quit the pretty lady in the chamber."

The speakers were heard to laugh together with pleasure, and then their mighty work began again.

Folko stood long meditating. It was not the evening red which heightened his complexion. Even Gabriele mused on something, she knew not what, in profound silence. At length she nerved herself, embraced her beloved, and said:—"Thou wilt go hunting the bear to-morrow, wilt thou not; and wilt bring home to thy dame the prize of the chase?"

The knight nodded his cheerful assent, and the rest of the evening was passed with music and dance."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Look you, noble sir," said Sintram next morning, upon Folko's expressing a desire to accompany them in the chase, "our snow-shoes, which we

call '*Skier*,' really lend wings to the wearer whose career, in consequence, down the mountain side is almost swift as the wind; even up-hill it is so quick that no one can keep pace with us; and on a level surface the fleetest steed cannot overtake us; but it is to the practised hunter alone that they are an advantage. It seems as if they were possessed with the spirit of a Cobold, fearfully destructive to the stranger who has not learned to use them from infancy.

Folko replied with somewhat of pride: "Is it, then, forsooth, the first time I have been in your mountain? I practised this sport years ago, and, God be praised! every kind of chivalric exercise readily becomes familiar to me."

Sintram ventured to urge nothing more in opposition, still less Sir Biörn. They both, too, felt more at ease when they saw with what dexterity and security Folko buckled the Skier on his feet without allowing any one to assist him. The chase was up-hill, in pursuit of a blood-thirsty bear they had long threatened to no purpose. It was soon found necessary to separate in small parties, and Sintram offered himself as the Baron's partner in the hunt. The latter, moved by the youth's profound humility and devotedness, forgot everything which, in his pale, confused appearance, had lately disquieted him, and gave a most friendly assent.

As they now climbed higher and higher among the white mountains—in their ascent surveying, from many a giddy precipice, the heights and cliffs which lay beneath them, looking like the sea suddenly petrified, or rather frozen, when agitated by the fiercest storm—the vigorous breast of Montfaucon heaved more and more freely and with joy. He sang songs of war and love in the keen blue air, songs of his Franconian home; and Echo, as in astonishment, gave back the sounds from the winding cliffs. At the same time he worked his way up, and glided down the mountains in joyous sport, plied his staff of support securely and with vigour, and wheeled to the right and again to the left, as, in his complacency, a playful fancy suggested; so that Sintram's early solicitude was changed into admiring astonishment, and the hunters, who still kept their eye on the Baron, broke out into loud exultation, proclaiming the new glories of their guest from rank to rank, to the most distant band.

Fortune, which usually accompanied the noble Folko in deeds of arms, did not seem willing to forsake him in the present instance. After a search, he and Sintram discovered the certain tracts of the brute, and with hearts beating with joy, followed them so swiftly, that, of a truth, a winged enemy could not have escaped their pursuit. But he whom they sought had no thought of flight: sullen he lay in the hollow of an almost vertical declivity near the summit, enraged at the huntsmen's cries, and waited only in his indolent anger till some adversary should venture sufficiently near to receive his bloody embrace. Folko and Sintram were now near to the rock, the others dispersed through the tangled wastes. The track pointed upwards, and the companions in the chase climbed up from different sides in order that their prey might have less chance of escaping them. Folko was first on the lonely summit, looking out in all directions. A broad interminable region of snow, without a foot-mark, lay stretched out before him,

the extreme edges of which were melting in the darkling clouds of evening. He thought he had come off the tract of the formidable brute.

Near him there now arose a roaring, which proceeded from a cleft in the rock, and clumsily the bear raised himself out of the snow, rested on his haunches, and then advanced with glistening eyes towards the Baron. Sintram, meanwhile, struggling with masses of snow, continually gliding down beneath him, made ineffectual efforts to ascend the mountain.

Rejoicing at the near prospect of a contest he had not attempted for a long while, and which was now become almost new to him, Sir Folko de Montfaucon lowered his spear and awaited the attack of the monster. He suffered it to approach him quite near, so that it had already stretched forth his grim claws towards him; he then took his aim, and the iron of his lance went deep into the bear's breast. But still the grim enemy pressed on, howling and bellowing, only the cross-piece of the lance stopped him, and the knight was obliged to sink deep in the snow in order to resist the monster as it pressed on to assail him,—the hideous, sanguinary face of the animal ever before him, the hoarse roar yelled forth, half in the pangs of death, half in the thirst of blood, close to his ears. At length the raging strength of the bear began to fail more and more, and his black blood flowed copiously over the snow: he staggered; a vigorous thrust threw him on his back, and, without a groan, he plunged headlong down the precipice. At the same moment Sintram stood beside the Baron de Montfaucon.

Drawing breath, Folko said: "But I have not yet got the prize of the chase in my hands. Yet have it I must, as certainly as I succeeded in gaining it; only, the snow-shoe on my right foot appears to me to be damaged. Do you think, Sintram, that it will hold firm enough to bear me down the declivity?"

"Rather let me descend," said Sintram; "I will fetch you the bear's head and claws."

"A true knight," Folko replied, with somewhat of indignation, "does nothing he undertakes by halves. Whether my snow-shoe will hold here, is what I ask you."

Sintram stooped to examine it, and was on the point of pronouncing "No," when somebody close by them suddenly said: "Ay, to be sure! of course!"

Folko thought Sintram had spoken, and glided down, swift as a dart, while the latter looked about him with surprise. The Little Master's odious form met his eye. He was just on the point of addressing him angrily, when he heard the fearful fall of the Baron, and grew dumb with terror. In the abyss, too, below, all remained silent and motionless.

"Well, what are you waiting for!" said the Little Master, after a while. "He has broken his neck. Go home to the castle, and take possession of the fair Helen."

Sintram shuddered. His ill-favoured companion then began to praise the charms of Gabriele in such glowing, bewitching words, that the youth's heart swelled with a longing to which he had hitherto been a stranger. He viewed the fallen Baron in no other light than that of a barrier thrown down from between him and heaven. He turned towards the castle.

At this moment a cry arose from out the left: "Help me, my partner in the chase!—my partner, help me! I am still alive, but sorely wounded!"

Sintram was going to descend, and had already called to the Baron, in reply, "I come!" when the Little Master said: "The shattered Menelaus is now beyond help, and the fair Helen, too, knows it already; she awaits only the coming of Sir Paris to comfort her." And with odious cunning he twisted that fiction so as to bear upon the circumstances of the young man's life, breathing his hot praises of the fair lady between; and, alas! the dazzled youth yielded to him, and fled! Far off, indeed, he heard the Baron's call: "Sir Sintram! Sir Sintram!—you, on whom I conferred the noble order of knighthood, hasten now to assist me! The she-bear is coming with her cubs, and my arm is disabled! Sir Sintram! Sir Sintram!—hasten to assist me!"

The call was drowned in the hot haste with which they both swept away in their snow-shoes, and the evil words of the Little Master, who sneered at the pride with which Duke Menelaus had a short time back met poor Sintram. At last he exclaimed: "I give you joy, lady bear! I give you joy, ye young bears! Now may you have a delicious meal! Now may you eat of the terror of heathendom; he, on account of whom the Moorish bride weeps,—the great Baron de Montfaucon. Now thou wilt no longer, O my elegant knight!—now thou wilt no longer cry at the head of thy hosts—'Montjoy St. Denys!'"

But scarcely had this sacred name escaped the lips of the Little Master, when he raised a yell of anguish, writhed to and fro with distorted features, and at length, whining, and wringing his hands, fled away in the commencing snow-drift.

Sintram thrust his staff against the earth, and came to a stand. How did the broad expanse of snow, the over-hanging mountains, and deep-coloured forests of pine—how did every object above and around look upon him, wondering in chill, boding silence! He thought he must sink beneath the weight of his misery and guilt. The sound of a bell, ringing in a distant hermitage, rose mournfully upon his ear.

He wept aloud in the darkness as it gathered around him: "My mother! my mother! Once, indeed, I had a dear, careful mother, and she said I was a gentle and dutiful child!"

And a breath, like an angel's bland notes of consolation, seemed to whisper to him: "Montfaucon is, perhaps, not yet dead," and, swift as lightning, he flew back on his way to the mountain declivity.

Arrived at the terrible spot, he bent over the cliff in anxious search. The moon just rising came to his assistance. There was Sir Folko de Montfaucon bleeding and pale, his knees half bent under him, reclining against the mountain side; his right arm hung down shattered and powerless; you saw well that he had not been able to draw his brave sword out of the scabbard; and yet by proud, heroic looks, and a threatening attitude of defiance, he kept the she-bear and her young ones at bay, so that they merely moved stealthily about him with an angry growl; ready, indeed, every moment, to make a fierce attack, and yet again every moment starting back in fear of the person of the victor, still glorious in his defenceless state.

"O what a hero might here have perished!"

sighed Sintram;—"and, ah! through whose guilt!" At the moment, however, his spear was whizzing down in a measured flight, and the she-bear gasped in her blood,—the young ones fled howling away.

The Baron looked up with astonishment. His countenance shone in the moonlight radiant as a saint's—grave, and austere, and benevolent, like that of an angel. "Come down!" he beckoned, and Sintram glided down the declivity full of eager care. He was about to occupy himself with the wounded, but Folko said: "First take off the claws and head of the bear I slew. I have promised my fair Gabriele the prize of the chase: then come and bind up my wounds. My right arm is broken."

Sintram executed the Baron's commands. The tokens of victory being taken, and the shattered arm splintered up, Folko bade the youth conduct him to the castle.

"Ah, God, if I durst but meet your eye," said Sintram in a low tone; or did I but know how to approach you at all?"

"Thou wert, indeed, on very bad ways," rejoined Montfaucon with gravity, "but how should we all stand before God, if repentance were of no avail! Thou art still the preserver of my life, and console thyself with this."

The youth laid hold of the Baron's left arm, vigorously and with tenderness, and lighted by the moon, they both pursued their way in silence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOUNDS of wailing met them from the castle, the chapel was lighted up solemnly; within knelt Gabriele in prayer, bewailing the death of Sir Montfaucon.

But how quickly was every thing changed, when the noble knight, pale indeed and bleeding, but still escaped from all mortal danger, stood smiling at the entrance of the sacred edifice, and said in a low, pleasant tone of voice: "Bethink yourself, Gabriele, and do not be alarmed on my account, for by the honour of my race, your knight still lives."

O, with what felicity did the heavenly eyes of Gabriele sparkle when they met her knight, and then rise towards Heaven, still streaming, but with the blessed waters of the joy of thanksgiving! With the aid of two pages, Folko bent down on his knees beside her, and they both solemnised their good fortune in silent prayer.

Upon their leaving the chapel, the wounded knight supported carefully by his fair lady, Sintram was seen standing outside in the dark, gloomy as the night, and shy as its birds. He advanced, however, with trembling, to where the torches shed their light, deposited the bear's head and claws at the feet of Gabriele, and said:—

"These were won by the great Baron de Montfaucon for his Dame, as the prize of this day's chase."

The Northmen broke out into a shout of exultation at the strange hero, who in the very first hunt had struck down the largest and most formidable of all the savage monsters of their mountains. Upon this Folko looked smiling on those who encircled him, and said:—

"But some of you must not now laugh at me, if, for the present, I pass my time in the pretty lady's chamber."

But those who had yesterday spoken these words in the smithy, stepped forward, bowed profoundly, and said in reply:—

"Sir, who now could know that there was not a chivalrous pursuit in the whole world, in which you did not surpass all other men!"

"Something might have been expected from the pupil of old Hugo," Folko rejoined with friendliness. "But now, ye brave heroes of Norway, give praise to my deliverer too, who protected me from the she-bear's clutches, while, wounded by my fall, I reclined against the mountain's side."

He pointed to Sintram, and the general shout of exultation was renewed, and old Ralph, with tears of joy in his eyes, bent his head over the hand of his foster-child. But Sintram recoiled with a shudder.

"Did ye know," said he, "whom ye have before you, all your lances would be hurled against my breast, and that, too, might be best for me; but I spare my father's honour and that of my own race, and will not now confess. Only thus much, ye noble heroes of Norway, you must know——"

"Youth," Folko interrupted him with an upbraiding look, "so soon angry and confused! I desire you to keep silence concerning your unsubstantial dreams."

Sintram obeyed the Baron at first, but scarcely had the latter begun to ascend the castle-steps, when he exclaimed: "O no, thou noble, admirable hero, stay a moment! I will serve thee in everything thy heart desires; in this I cannot obey thee. Ye noble heroes of Norway, ay, thus much ye should and must know: I am no longer worthy to abide under the same roof with the great Folko de Montfaucon, and his divinely chaste lady, Gabriele; and you, my aged father, farewell, and desire not my presence any more. I propose dwelling in the Steinburg, on the Möndfelsen, till a change of some sort is wrought within me."

There was something in his discourse which no one ventured to oppose, not even Folko. The wild Sir Biörn bowed his head in humility, and said, "Do just as you think fit, my poor son, for I am afraid you are quite right in your resolve."

Sintram then passed solemnly and in silence out of the castle-gate, followed by pious Ralph. Gabriele conducted the exhausted hero to his chambers.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE journey of the youth and his aged guardian to the Möndfelsen was a gloomy one; the way was through savage-looking, tortuous valleys, covered with ice and snow. Ralph sometimes sang ghostly songs, in which consolation and peace are promised to the repentant sinner, and Sintram thanked him for it with looks of grateful sadness. Beyond this not a word was spoken.

At length—it was already approaching morning dawn—Sintram broke silence by asking, "Who are those two sitting beside the frozen torrent yonder? A tall man and a little one. They have assuredly been driven out into the wilderness by

their own wild hearts. Ralph, do you know them? I feel such a dread of them."

"Sir, replied the old man, "your troubled mind is wandering; there is a tall shoot of a fir-tree, and a small clump of blighted oaks, feathered with snow, which imparts a somewhat strange appearance to them. No men are sitting there."

"Ralph, do but look! Do look again, closely. They are stirring; they are whispering together."

"Sir, the morning breeze stirs the branches, and rustles among the yellow foliage, and curls up the snow."

"Ralph, they are now both approaching us; now they are already before us, quite close."

"Sir, it is we who come near to them in walking, and the retiring moon casts such colossal shadows, which extend far across the valley."

"Good evening!" said a hollow voice, and Sintram recognised the broken-witted pilgrim, by whose side stood the malignant Little Master, looking more odious than ever.

"You were right, Sir knight!" whispered Ralph, withdrew behind Sintram, and made the sign of the cross on his breast and forehead.

The bewildered young man, however, advanced towards the two forms, and said: "You have always evinced a strange fancy to keep me company. What is your object in this? And will you now go with us to the Steinburg? Why then I will tend thee, thou poor, pale pilgrim; and you, hideous Master, you malevolent dwarf, I will make shorter by a head, in recompense for yesterday's services."

"That would be a joke!" the Little Master laughed out. "And you would think, indeed, that you had then done the whole world a great service? But of a truth, who knows but that something might be gained by it! Only, poor lad, you are not equal to this."

The pale pilgrim, who in the mean time continued moving his head to and fro pensively, said: "I do really believe you would like me, and I fain would come, but dare not yet. Have patience the while; most assuredly you will see me there, but late; and first we must visit your father together, and thus you will become acquainted with my name, poor friend."

"Play me no queer tricks again!" the Little Master said, looking menacingly up to the pilgrim, but the latter pointed with his long, withered hand to the rising sun, and said: "Prevent his and my rising if you can!"

The morning light now fell on the snow, and the Little Master, still muttering reproaches, ran down a declivity, but the pilgrim, radiant with the sun-light, pursued his way quietly and with great solemnity to a neighbouring fortress. Shortly after they heard a funeral knell from the chapel attached to it.

"For God's sake," whispered the pious Ralph to his knight, "for God's sake, Sir Sintram, what sort of companions have you? The one cannot bear God's fair sun, the other scarcely entered the castle, before a death-knell followed at his heels. He cannot surely be a murderer?"

"I do not believe him to be such," said Sintram. "He appeared to me the better of the two. Only his refusing to come to me is strange obstinacy. I invited him in a kind manner, did I not? I think he sings well, and he should have

sung to me some lullaby. Since my mother entered the convent I have not heard one from anybody."

His eyes began to moisten at this soothing reminiscence; but he was himself unconscious of what he had spoken besides, for his mind was quite bewildered and perplexed.

They came near the Möndfelsen, and climbed up to the Steinburg. The steward, an old, sullen man, particularly devoted to the young knight precisely on account of his gloom, and wild, dark demeanour, hastened to let down the draw-bridge. They all saluted each other in silence; Sintram entered in silence, and the joyless gates closed with a creak on the future hermit.

CHAPTER XX.

Yes, indeed, poor Sintram soon became a hermit, or something little more sociable! For about the holy Christmas festival, which was approaching, his fearful vision came upon him, and this time seized him so terribly, that all the troopers and domestics fled from the castle, and ventured not to return. There remained with him only his Ralph and the aged steward. True, Sintram became calm again, but he now went about, so still and pale, that he might have passed for a walking ghost. No solace pious Ralph could offer, no song conceived in a spirit of devotion and kindness would any more avail; and the steward with his wild countenance covered with scars, his head become entirely bald through a tremendous sword-wound, his obstinate taciturnity, might almost have been regarded as the dark shadow of the unhappy knight. Ralph thought of calling in the gifted chaplain of the castle of Drontheim, but how could he leave his master alone with the sullen steward, a man who had ever made him feel a secret dread. Biörn had long kept the rude, strange warrior in his service, and honoured the man on account of his invincible fidelity and impetuous valour; while neither the knight nor anybody else knew from whence the steward came, or who he really was. And few were the men that knew by what name to address him, but this seemed the less necessary as he did not enter into conversation with any one; he was merely the steward of the Steinburg on the Möndfelsen, and nothing further.

Ralph commended the deep cares of his heart to God in his goodness, believing he would lend his aid, and God did lend his assistance.

For precisely on Christmas-eve the bell attached to the draw-bridge rang, and upon Ralph looking over the battlements, he saw the chaplain of Drontheim standing below, in strange company certainly; for beside him was the crazy pilgrim, and the dead man's bones on his dark mantle glistening up in the unsteady light of the stars, caused a momentary thrill, but the presence of the chaplain filled the good Ralph with too much joy to allow any room to doubt. "Besides," he thought, "he who comes with him, must be welcome!" and he therefore let both in with respectful haste, and accompanied them up into the hall, where Sintram sat pensive beneath the light of a single flickering lamp. Ralph was obliged to support and lead the mad pilgrim on the stairs, for he was quite benumbed with cold.

"I bring you a salutation from your mother," said the chaplain on entering, and immediately a sweet smile spread over the young knight's countenance, and its deathly-pale hue gave place to a soft red.

"Ah, God," he whispered, "is my mother still living, and does she, too, desire to hear even of me?"

"She is endowed with a great gift of presaging," rejoined the chaplain, "so that whatever deed you may accomplish, and whatever you may omit, everything is shadowed unerringly forth to her—sometimes while awake, sometimes in dreams—in many wondrous shapes. Now, too, she is acquainted with your deep suffering, and she sends me, her conventual confessor, here to console you, but at the same time also to warn you, for as she declares, and as I too am inclined to believe, still many and unusually severe trials are in reserve for you."

Sintram with his arms across on his breast bowed his head, and with a gracious smile, said: "I have gained much; more than I could have ventured to hope in my boldest moments, ten thousand times more by this my mother's greeting and by your consolation, reverend sir, and all this after so cruelly great a fall as I have but just now had. The Lord's mercy is great, and however weighty may be the burden of penance and trial he may send upon me, I hope, with his help, to be able to support it."

While these last words were pronounced the door opened, and the steward entered with a torch, in the glare of which he looked quite blood-red. He gazed formidably at the mad pilgrim who had just sank, fainting, on an arm-chair, supported and tended by Ralph; he then gazed with wonder on the chaplain's countenance, and at length muttered, "Strange meeting! I think the hour of confession and reconciliation is come."

"I think so too," replied the priest, who had heard the low whisper. "This seems, in sooth, to be a day of peace and grace. The poor man there wished, upon my meeting him half-frozen on the road, by all means to confess before following me to a warm hearth; do as he has done, my dark, glowing warrior, and defer not your good purpose for one moment." With this he left the room with the steward, who nodded in compliance, saying on the way, "Knight and squire! meanwhile tend well the patient who has been commended to my fostering care."

Sintram and Ralph fulfilled the chaplain's desire, and when, through their restoratives, the pilgrim at length opened his eyes, the young knight said with a friendly smile, "See, now you have indeed visited me. Why did you then refuse me upon my entreating you so earnestly a few days back! I may indeed have spoken somewhat incoherently, and with warmth. You were, perhaps, made timid by this?"

A sudden flash of terror quivered upon the pilgrim's countenance, yet he immediately looked again on Sintram with friendly humility, saying: "O dear, dear Sir, I am so infinitely devoted to you; only do not always speak of the things which have occurred between you and me; it always terrifies me so much. For, sir, either I am mad and have forgotten it all, or he met you in the wood who seems to me like my all-powerful twin brother —"

"Sintram laid his hand lightly on his mouth, saying in reply, "Pray say no more about it; I will be silent with all my heart." Neither he nor Ralph knew rightly what it really was in the matter that seemed so dreadful to them; but they both trembled.

After a brief pause the pilgrim began: "I will rather sing you a song—a mild, consolatory song. Have you not a lute at hand?"

Ralph fetched one, and the pilgrim, half raising himself up in the arm-chair, sang the following words:—

"He who, life's course reviewing,
As bodings thrill through heart and limb,
Goes suing,—
Lifting soul and hands,—goes suing,
At Mercy's gate,
With faith to wait,—
God makes all light to him.

See you the bright East shining?
Hear you the angels singing
Through the young morning red?
In gloom you long lay pining,
But aid to you now bringing
Grace-giving Death is sped!
Greet him with friendly feeling,
Friendly is then his mien,
To the contrite bliss revealing,
As long his wont has been.

He who, life's course reviewing,
As bodings thrill through heart and limb,
Goes suing,—
Lifting soul and hands,—goes suing,
At Mercy's gate,
With faith to wait,
God makes all light to him."

"Amen!" said both Sintram and Ralph, folding their hands; and while the last notes of the lute were dying solemnly away, the chaplain, with the steward, entered the room slowly and softly.

"I bring you a fine Christmas gift," said the priest. "After a long and trying period, reconciliation and the peace of conscience have again returned to a generous, mistaken heart. You, dear pilgrim, it concerns; and you, my Sintram, cheerfully confiding in God, let it serve as a refreshing example to you."

"More than twenty years ago,"—the steward began to relate at the chaplain's nod—"more than twenty years ago, I, like a bold shepherd, was driving my sheep across the mountains: there came a young knight after me; they called him Weigand the Siender; he wanted to barter with me for my favourite lambkin, which he intended for his fair bride, and kindly offered me a good deal of red gold. I rejected his offer with defiance. Over-daring youth chafed in us both. A stroke of his sword precipitated me, senseless, down the abyss."

"Not dead?" inquired the pilgrim, scarce audibly.

"I am no ghost," the steward churlishly replied; and, upon the chaplain nodding gravely, forthwith pursued in a more humble strain.

"I recovered slowly and in solitude, by using the remedies I, a shepherd, could easily collect in our mountain valleys, which abound in herbs. Upon coming forth again, no man knew me with my scarred face and bald scone. True, I heard the report spread through the land, how,

on account of the above deed, Weigand the Slender was rejected by his fair bride Verena; how he pined away with grief, and she wished to take the veil, but was persuaded by her father to wed the great Sir Biörn. A terrible desire of revenge came into my heart, and I denied my name, kinsmen, and home, and entered the service of the powerful Sir Biörn as a rude stranger, in order that Weigand the Slender might always be considered a murderer, while I took delight in witnessing his grief. And I have, too, had my delight these many long years,—fearful delight in his self-imposed banishment, his comfortless return, his madness. But this day"—and hot tears gushed from his eyes—"God has broken the hardness of my heart, and, dear Sir Weigand, consider yourself a murderer no longer, and say you will forgive me, and pray for him who has done you such dreadful injury and—"

Sobs choked his words: he fell down at the pilgrim's feet, who clasped him in his arms, pronounced his pardon, weeping tears of joy.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE edification of this hour passed from daz- zling, celestial transport into a clear, calm, rational view of real life; and the relieved pilgrim put away from him the mantle with the dead man's bones, saying, "I imposed it on myself by way of penance, to carry these terrible relics about with me, thinking some of them might belong to him whom I had murdered. And this, too, led me to explore deep in the channels of dried-up torrents, and the high nests of the eagle and the vulture. And in my search it sometimes seemed to me—this might, indeed, have been a mere delusion—as if I fell in with somebody who looked almost like myself, far, far more powerful, but yet, still paler and more wasted."

An imploring nod from Sintram interrupted the course of these words. Smiling softly, Weigand bent towards him and said: "You know, now, the deep, infinitely deep sorrow which gnawed at my heart—perfectly. My timidity, then, and loving tenderness for you will no longer be an enigma to your own kind heart. For, young man, however much you may resemble your violent father, you have still the affection and mildness of your mother, and their reflection lights up your pale, stern features, like the morning red when it spreads over ice-mountains and snow-covered valleys. And, ah! how long have you been lonely in yourself, amid the throng of men! And for how long a time you have not seen your mother, my poor, beloved Sintram!"

"This is to me, too, as a spring in the parched desert," rejoined Sintram; "and I should be, perhaps, entirely restored, could I but keep you long, and weep with you, dear Sir; but I have already a presentiment that you will very soon be taken from me."

"I really believe," said the pilgrim, "that the song I sung but now was almost my last, and that it contains a prediction which applies closely, very closely to me. But, ah! what an ever-thirsting soil is the human soul! the more God showers his grace upon it, the more eagerly does it look for fresh dews of his blessing; and thus I fain

would beg one thing before my (as I trust) blissful close.—It will certainly not fall to my lot," he added with a sinking voice, "for I feel myself unworthy of so high a favour."

"It will yet fall to your lot," said the chaplain cheerfully and in a loud voice. "'He who humbleth himself shall be exalted:' and assuredly I may be permitted to conduct him, who is cleared of the imputation of murder, to take farewell of the holy and pardoning Verena."

The pilgrim lifted both hands high towards heaven, and an unspoken prayer of thanksgiving rose from his beaming eyes—his bliss-smiling lips. But Sintram cast his eyes on the ground with a melancholy expression, and sighed internally—"Ah, that one might go with him!"

"My poor, good Sintram," said the chaplain with tender kindness, "I heard your wish indeed, but the time is not yet come. The evil powers within you may still raise their angry fronts, and Verena must repress her longing and yours, till your whole heart is pure as hers. Console yourself with this, that God inclines towards you, and that the wished-for joy will come—if not here, certainly in the realms beyond."

But the pilgrim, as if recovering from a fit of convulsions, rose vigorously from the arm-chair and said: "Is it your pleasure to walk with me, reverend Sir! By sunrise we may be at the gates of the convent; and I, too, near, very near to heaven."

In vain did the chaplain and Ralph represent to him in what a state of exhaustion he was. He observed with a smile, "there could be no thought of that in the present case;" and girded himself and strung the lute, which he begged to be allowed to take with him as a travelling companion. His decisive demeanour, without words, overcame almost every objection; and the chaplain, too, was already girded for the journey, when the pilgrim, with great emotion, looking towards Sintram, who lay half-slumbering upon a couch on which he had sunk down from great exhaustion, said: "Wait awhile; I know that he would like a lullaby from me before I go." The youth's friendly smile seemed to say yes; and the pilgrim struck the chords with a light touch, and sang:

"Sweet boy! taste sleep unbroken,
To thee a mother's love
Sends now this song's fond token
To breathe thy couch above.
Though distant, she—not vainly—
For thy salvation prays;
Herself had come full fainly,
But Time brook'd no delays.

Oh! when from slumber waking,
Act thou in every deed,
In every undertaking,
As this song's counsels lead:—
E'er to thy mother listen,
Her Yes, her No obey,—
Howe'er temptation glisten,
Thou then canst never stray.

Should'st thou to hear be willing,
And noble paths pursue,
A kind breeze oft—joy—thrilling—
Thy cheek shall fondly woo.
Then calmly glad, feel ever—
It does her praise impart,
Who, though long distance sever,
Yet loves thee heart to heart.

Oh! wondrously refreshing power!
Oh! holy Light of Life!
Whose heaven-descended dower
Can quench hell's fiendish strife!
Sweet boy! taste sleep unbroken!
To thee a mother's love
Sends now this song's fond token
To breathe thy couch above."

Sintram, smiling and breathing low, lay wrapped in deep slumbers. Ralph and the steward remained seated by his couch, while the two travellers went forth in the mild starlight.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was already very near morning when Ralph, who had dozed a little, was awakened by the low voice of some one singing; and, on looking around, he perceived, with astonishment, that it proceeded from the lips of the steward. The latter said, as by way of explanation: "Thus sings Sir Weigand now, at the gates of the convent, and they open them to him in friendship;" after which old Ralph fell asleep again, uncertain whether he had heard these words awake or in a dream. After a while, however, he was again awakened by the bright sunlight, and on rising he saw the countenance of the steward wondrously lighted up in the ruddy beams of morning, and altogether the features of the late formidable man radiant with pleasing, nay, really childlike gentleness. The strange man was listening to the still air, as if giving ear to a delightful conversation or to beautiful music; and when Ralph was preparing to speak, he begged him, with a sign, to keep silence, and continued straining forward in his listening attitude.

At length he sank back slowly and with complacency on his arm-chair, whispering: "God be praised! She has granted him his last request; he will be inhumed in the convent burial-ground; and now, too, he has pardoned me in his inmost heart. I can tell you his closing scene is a most calm one."

Ralph had not nerve enough to put a question, or to wake his master; he felt as if one who had already departed this world addressed him.

The steward continued a long time silent, and smiling before him with serenity. At length he rose up a little, listened again and said: "It is over. The bells sound very sweetly. We have conquered. Ah, how easy, how sweet, does God, in his goodness, make it!"

And it was so, too, in this instance. Reclining, as if from exhaustion, he stretched out his limbs, and his soul was delivered from its dark tenement.

Ralph now gently awoke his young knight, and pointed to the steward, smiling in death. Sintram smiled too; he and his pious squire bent their knees, praying to God for the departed spirit. They then arose and bore the cold body into a vault, and watched by it with consecrated tapers till the chaplain should return. That the pilgrim would not again appear, they well knew.

Towards mid-day the chaplain did return alone. He could scarcely do more than confirm what was already known to them. Only as an appendix to the report, he brought a refreshing, hopeful greeting from the mother to her son. He remarked, too, that Weigand had fallen into his last sleep like a wearied child, while Verena continued to

hold the crucifix above him calmly and with kindness.

"God makes all light to us!" the youth sang in a low voice; and they prepared his last bed for the steward, now so mild, and lowered him solemnly into it with all due ceremonies. The chaplain was obliged to depart again immediately after this office was performed; but it was allowed him, upon taking farewell, still kindly to address Sintram: "Thy dear mother knows certainly how pious, and calm, and good thou now art."

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN the castle of Sir Biörn of the Glowing Eye, the sacred evening was not celebrated in so devout and happy a manner; but still the will of Providence was quite visibly revealed in it. At the request of the lord of the castle, Folko had allowed himself to be conducted by Gabriele into the hall, and the three then sat down to an excellent repast at a large round stone table; on either side the men of both knights, according to northern custom, were seated at large dining-tables, equipped in full armour. Tapers and chandeliers illuminated the lofty apartment with almost dazzling splendour.

Deep Night had already begun his solemn reign, and Gabriele softly admonished the wounded knight to break up; Biörn heard this, and said: "You are indeed right, fair lady; our hero requires repose; only let us first do justice to an ancient, honourable custom."

And at his nod four troopers brought forward with solemnity a great boar, to all appearance made of pure gold, and placed it in the centre of the stone table. Biörn's men rose respectfully, and put their helmets under their arms, as did also the lord of the castle himself.

"What is that to be!" Folko demanded with great seriousness.

"What your fathers and mine did on every Yule festival," replied Biörn. "We are going to make vows to the Boar of Frea, and then pledge it in a bowl all round."

"What our ancestors called the Yule festival," said Folko, "we do not celebrate. We are good Christians, and celebrate the holy Christmas festival."

"Do the one and omit not the other!" thought Biörn. "My ancestors are too dear to me to allow my forgetting their heroic customs. He who wishes not to join in this may do as his wisdom prompts, but this will not hinder me. I vow by this golden boar——" and he had already stretched forth his hand to lay it upon the idol. But Folko de Montfaucon called out: "In the name of our Holy Deliverer, desist! Where I am, and can still breathe and have a will, no one shall celebrate the customs of wild Heathenism undisturbed."

Biörn of the Glowing Eye cast an angry glance at him. The men of both lords separated from each other with a hollow clashing of mail, and formed in two divisions, one behind each of the two leaders, on either side of the hall. In various parts you might see them, already engaged in buckling on their helmets and morions.

"Still bethink what you are doing," said Biörn: "I was on the point of vowing eternal fidelity,

nay, grateful homage to the house of Montfaucon; but you disturb me in the customs which have been transmitted to me from my fathers; look then to your head, and to everything that is dear to you; my wrath no longer knows any bounds."

Folko made a sign to Gabriele, who was turning quite pale, to retire to the rear of his men, and said to her, "Courage, and be of good cheer, noble Dame! Many weaker Christians before me have ventured more for the sake of God and Holy Church, than appears to threaten us; believe me, no one will overreach the Baron of Montfaucon so easily."

Gabriele retired, as Folko commanded, quieted to some extent by his bold, princely smile; but this very smile inflamed Biörn's passion still more. He once more stretched forth his hands towards the boar, and might have been preparing to utter some terrible vow, when the Baron snatched up an iron glove of Biörn's, which lay on the table, and with it, he, with his uninjured left hand, dealt the golden image such a tremendous blow, that it split in two and tumbled with a crash on the hard floor. The lord of the castle and his men stood around as if petrified.

But soon the mailed gloves were heard grasping the sword-hilts, and shields were lifted from the walls, and an angry muttering, denouncing death, went through the hall. At Folko's nod one of his faithful followers had handed him a battle-axe; he brandished it high and with vigour in his left hand, and stood like an avenging cherub in the middle of the hall; and, with the composure of one having authority, spoke these words in the midst of the muttering:—

"What are you about to do, ye infatuated Northmen! What art thou about to do sinful lord! Ye are indeed become Pagans, and in that case I hope to prove to you, in arms, that my God has not placed the strength of victory in my right arm alone. But if ye still can hear, do hear! On this accursed idol, now, with the help of God shattered in pieces, didst thou, Biörn, lay thy hand when thou didst swear to annihilate the men of the sea-port towns, if they should chance to fall into thy power. And Godard Lenz, and Rudlieb arrived here, driven by a storm on this coast. How didst thou then act, O savage Biörn! How did ye then act in imitation of him, ye who were present at the Yule festival! Seek your redress in me! He who was with those pious men will not abandon me. Briskly to arms! And"—he turned to his heroic warriors—"Godard and Rudlieb is our watch-word!"

On this Biörn lowered his drawn sword, and his troopers grew still, and not an eye among the Norwegian host was afterwards lifted from the ground; at length they began one after the other to move softly out of the hall. In the end Biörn only stood opposed to the Baron and his men; he seemed, however, scarcely to remark that he was alone; but he bent his knee, laid his gleaming sword beside him, pointed to the shattered idol and said: "Deal with me as you have dealt with that. I have merited nothing better. Only one thing I implore, one thing only—do not put upon my house, great Baron, the ignominy of withdrawing to another castle in Norway."

"I do not fear you," Folko replied, after reflecting awhile; "and as far as can be, I willingly for-

give you." With this he held the cross above the wild form of Biörn of the Glowing Eye, and allowed himself to be conducted by Gabriele to his apartments. The men of the house of Montfaucou followed proudly, and in silence.

The proud spirit of the wrathful lord was now entirely broken, and with increased humility he watched every nod of Folko or of Gabriele; yet the latter withdrew more and more to the cheerful circle of their own apartments, where still in the chilliest of northern winters all was glad some as life in May. The wounded state of the Baron did not prevent the evening joys, where story, and music, and dance prevailed; but rather it afforded a new and grateful scene, when the well-favoured, tall knight took his tender lady's arm for support, and both, almost changing deportment and offices, walked thus through the illuminated halls, dispensing their pleasing salutations, like flowers, to the assembled ladies and gentlemen.

Little or nothing at all was said of poor Sintram during this time. The late wild demeanour of his father had augmented the horror which Gabriele experienced, when she thought of the youth's self-accusation; and precisely because Folko observed an inflexible silence on this point, she conjectured the more shocking secrets. Nay, even the Baron felt a secret dread when he thought of the pale, black-haired youth; his repentance indeed almost bordered on confirmed despair, neither did any one know what he really practised in the ill-famed Steinburg. There came secret reports from the fugitive troopers, that the evil spirit had now got full possession of Sintram; that no one could abide with him any longer; and that the sullen, mysterious steward had already paid the forfeit of his attachment with death. Folko was scarcely able to resist the fearful conjecture which pictured the lonely youth to him as an obdurate sorcerer.

And evil spirits might indeed have flitted about the banished one without his having invoked them. Thus in his dreams he often fancied that Venus, the malignant sorceress, in a golden car, yoked with winged cats, hovered above the battlements of the Steinburg, and laughed down at him with these words: "Foolish Sintram, foolish Sintram, hadst thou but followed the Little Master! Now thou hadst lain in Helen's arms, and the Möndfelsen had been called the Minnefelsen,* and the Steinburg the Rosenburg!† Thy own pale form had fallen away from thee, and thy dark hair—for thou art only bewitched, youth—and thy eyes had shone more mildly, thy cheeks had been more blooming, thy looks more fair than the world of yore admired in Sir Paris. O, how Helen had loved thee!" Then she would show him in a side-glass how like a hero of great beauty he knelt before Gabriele, and she, with a soft, rising blush, like the morning red, sunk in his arms.

Upon rising from such visions of his slumbers, he was wont, with anxious haste, to take hold of the sword and scarf, once bestowed on him by the lady—as one who has been shipwrecked seizes the saving plank—and when his hot tears fell upon them, he would whisper secretly to himself—"There was, indeed, one single hour of my poor life in which I was worthy and happy!"

Once he arose from such dreams at midnight, only this time with thrilling horror, for it had seemed to him as if the beautiful, alluring features of Venus, the enchantress, fell into contortions towards the close of her discourse, from the strange scorn with which she looked down upon him, and her appearance was now almost like that of the hideous Little Master. The youth knew no better means of becalming his troubled mind than to put on Gabriele's sword and scarf, and hasten out beneath the starlit vault of the wintry sky, then lighted up so solemnly. He paced pensively up and down among the leafless oaks and firs feathered with snow, which stood isolated on the high castle-wall.

A sad moaning now seemed to rise up from the vaults beneath, which appeared at times like the voice of one striving to sing, but who, from internal anguish, could not. On Sintram's calling out—"Who's there?" all was still. And when he became silent, and was preparing to extend his walk, the fearful rattling in the throat and moaning issued forth again as from a dying breast.

Sintram mastered a feeling of horror, which seemed to tear him back by his erect hair, and clambered down in silence towards the dry vaults, which were hewn in the rock. He had already got so deep that the stars were no longer visible to him; beneath him stirred some enveloped figure, when he suddenly glided down the rough declivity with involuntary celerity, and stood near the form from whence the moaning had proceeded. It ceased its wailings forthwith, and laughed like a madman, from beneath its broad flowing garments. "Ho! soho! my comrade! Soho, my comrade! That was, indeed, a little too swift for you even! Yes, yes, so it is; and just look,—now, in sooth, you stand no higher than myself, my pious, powerful youth! Be patient, patient there!"

"What do you want with me? Why do you laugh? Why do you weep?" Sintram demanded with impatience.

"I could demand the same of you," rejoined the dark figure; "and you would be far less able to answer me than I you. Why do you laugh? Why do you weep? Poor fellow! But I will show you a remarkable thing in your stone castle, of which you now know nothing at all. Just give attention!"

And the enveloped form scratched and scraped at the stone, and a little iron door opened, discovering a dark passage which led to the vast endless abyss.

"Will you go with me?" whispered the strange being. "That leads to your father's castle by the shortest possible way. In half an hour we shall come out from the ground, and that, too, in your fair Helen's sleeping chamber. Duke Menelaus shall lie wrapped in a charmed slumber; leave that to my care. And then you will take the delicate, slender form in your arms, and bear her away to the Möndfelsen here; and that is won again which seemed lost through your former irresolution."

Sintram trembled visibly to and fro, fearfully struggling with the ardour of love and the pangs of conscience. But at length, pressing sword and scarf to his heart, he exclaimed—"O that fairest, most glorious hour of my life! And if all my joys be lost, I shall hold fast that brilliant hour!" "A fair, brilliant hour!" These words were echoed by the enveloped form with a sarcastic laugh. "Do you know now whom you van-

* Rock of love.

† Castle of roses.

quished! A good old friend, who only assumed so pugnacious a form, to allow himself ultimately to be cast down by you for your exaltation! Will you convince yourself! Will you look!" And the dark garments fluttered back from the little figure, and the dwarf-like warrior in strange armour, the golden horns on his helmet, the sickle-like halberd in his hand, the same whom Sintram thought he had slain on the heath of Niflung, stood before him, and laughed out—"You see, my youth, there is nothing in the wide world but delusion and froth: hold fast, then, the delusion which refreshes you, and swallow that froth which you relish! Away, then, into the subterranean passage! It leads to your angel Helen. Or would you like to be still more closely acquainted with your friend?"

His beaver flew up; the Little Master's ill-favoured face stared at the knight, who asked, as if half dreaming, "Are you, perchance, Venus, the evil enchantress, also?"

"A part of her!" the Little Master laughed out; "or, rather, she is a part of me. And you, behave in such a manner as to become disenchanted and transformed into Paris the handsome knight. There, O prince Paris"—and his voice became like that of a syren—"There, O Prince Paris, I am handsome as you!"

At the same moment pious Ralph appeared on the rampart above, and pointed the light of a consecrated taper in his lantern down the vault, in quest of the youth, whom he had missed.

"For God's sake, Sir Sintram!" he exclaimed, "what has the ghost of the warrior whom you slew on the heath of Niflung, and whom I could not inter, to do with you?"

"Do you see now? Do you hear now?" whispered Little Master, and retired towards the shades of the subterranean passage. "The wise gentleman above knows me right well. Your exploit amounted to nothing at all. Be merry and taste the sweets of life!"

But Sintram, with great exertion, sprang back into the circle of light, which the taper from above described, and exclaimed, with a menacing voice—"Away from me, troubled spirit! I know that I bear a name within me in which thou dardest have no share!"

Angry and in fear the Little Master ran into the passage, and shut the iron door with a loud sound behind him. It seemed as if he were heard to groan and croak within the opening.

Sintram now climbed up the rampart, and beckoned to his old guardian to keep silence, saying—"One of my best joys—nay, my very best—is taken from me; but, with God's help, I am, however, not lost."

In the glimmer of the earliest red of the next morning, he and Ralph walled up the door of the dangerous passage with huge flag-stones.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE long northern winter was at length passed; the woods rustled gaily in their bright green foliage; friendly plots of green turf smiled down from the heights; the valleys looked verdant; the brooks purred on; only on the highest peaks of the mountains did the snow still lodge; and Folko's

and Gabriele's bark rode ready for sailing on the dancing sunlit waves of the sea.

The Baron, now restored to health, vigorous and alert as if nothing had ever impaired his heroic strength, stood one morning with his fair lady on the beach, and, gladdened by the prospect of their speedy return to their native land, the graceful pair looked on with cheerfulness, while the troopers were engaged, some in packing-up, others in stowing the effects in the vessel.

In the desultory conversation which was going forward, one of the band was heard to say: "But that which appears to me the most frightful and marvellous in this northern clime, is the Steinburg on the Möndfelsen; true, I have not been in it; but when, on our hunting expeditions, I saw it rising above the tops of the fir-trees, my heart regularly shrunk with fear, as if it needs must be the abode of something extraordinary: and a few weeks ago—the snow still lay everywhere hard in the valleys—I came un-awares quite close to the strange edifice. Young Sintram was walking entirely alone on the rampart, just as the evening twilight had begun, like the departed spirit of some hero, and he awoke from a lute which he held in his hand soft tones of complaint, and, at the same time, sighed so very tenderly and painfully—"

The speaker's voice was lost in the noise of the multitude, and he, moreover, bent his steps towards the ship with the bundle he had finished tying; so that Folko and Gabriele did not hear the conclusion of his discourse.

But the fair lady regarded her hero with eyes dimmed with tears, and sighed: "The lonely Möndfelsen lies beyond the summit of those mountains yonder, does it not? I really feel grieved in my heart for poor Sintram."

"I understand thee, thou pure, kind woman; and the holy sympathy of thy tender bosom," replied Folko; and forthwith ordered his fleet Barbary to be brought forth, commended their noble lady to his followers' protection, and, accompanied by Gabriele's smile of thanks, sprang into the saddle, and spurred on to the valley which led up to the Steinburg.

Sintram was seated on a couch before the draw-bridge, touching the strings of a lute, while at intervals a tear fell down on the gold chords, almost as Montfaucon's trooper had described him; when above him there passed by a something like the shadow of a cloud; still weeping, he looked up, thinking, perchance, a flight of cranes were returning through the air; but the sky was quite vacant, and clear, and blue: and while the young knight was reflecting on the subject, a large well-wrought spear, from among the store of arms on the battlement of the tower, fell down quite close to his feet.

"Take it up!—make good use of it! Your enemy is near! Near, too, is the loss of your greatest bliss!" These words were distinctly whispered in his ear, and he fancied he saw the shadow of the Little Master glide away, quite close to him, into some one of the neighbouring rock-clefts in the vault beneath. But, at the same time, a tall, gigantic, gaunt form—somewhat resembling the dead pilgrim, only much, much greater—stalked through the valley, and, lifting up his long, withered arm in a fearfully threaten-

ing manner, vanished into an ancient tomb. At the very same instant, Sir Folko de Montfaucou came dashing up the Möndfelsen swift as the wind, and he must, indeed, have seen something of the wondrous apparitions; for, while standing close behind Sintram, he looked somewhat pale, and asked seriously, in a low voice:

"Who were those two, Sir, with whom you were just holding communion?"

"God only knows," rejoined Sintram; "I do not know them."

"If God did but know it!" exclaimed Montfaucou; "but I am afraid that he now knows very little of you and all your practices."

"You speak terribly harsh words," said Sintram; "but yet, since that unhappy evening,—ah, and from a still earlier date!—I must brook everything you please to put upon me. Dear sir, you may give credence to my words; I do not know those formidable companions of mine; I do not call them, nor do I know what dreadful malediction it is which makes them haunt my steps. God in his goodness, however, I do hope, is mindful of me, as a faithful shepherd forgets not even the worst and wildest of his flock that has strayed from the plain, and now with the voice of anguish calls after him from the dreary desert."

The Baron's indignation was now completely broken; two bright tears stood in his eyes, and he said: "No, assuredly, God has not forgotten you,—do you not forget God in his goodness; nor did I come to upbraid you. I came to bless you in Gabriele's name, and in my own. May our Master shield you, curb you, exalt you! and Sintram, from the distant shores of Normandy I shall make you an object of my vigilance, and shall learn how you struggle against the evil which burdens your poor life; and when you have cast it off and stand there as one who has gloriously triumphed over malediction and murder, you shall then receive a token of recompense and of love, more glorious than you and I at this moment conceive."

The words flowed from the mouth of the Baron as from a prophet; he himself but half understood what he spoke; taking a friendly farewell of Sintram he turned his noble Barbary, and sped down through the valley to the beach again.

"Fool, fool, three-fold fool!" the Little Master's voice whispered in Sintram's ear, but old Ralph was heard distinctly chanting his morning song in the castle; its last stanza ran thus:—

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CHAPTER XXV.

WITH a propitious spring-breeze, the Baron and his fair lady were already scudding on the wide sea; nay, the coast of Normandy had already risen

upon them from out the waves, and still Biörn of the Glowing Eye sat sullen and speechless in his castle; he had not taken farewell of them: in his soul there was more of timid defiance than loving respect for Montfaucou, especially since the affair with the boar; and acutely did the thought gnaw at his proud heart, that the Baron, the flower and pride of the whole race, had come to visit him with joy, and now departed discontented, in stern, reproachful displeasure. He kept it continually before his mind, and it was as a thorn in his bosom—how everything had happened, and how everything might have been otherwise; and he always thought he heard the songs which remote posterity would sing in commemoration of the journey of the great Baron, and of the worthlessness of the wild Biörn.

At length, with fierce anger, he tore asunder the bands of his gloomy spirit, burst forth from the castle with all his troopers, and commenced one of the most fearful and unjust feuds he had ever been engaged in. Sintram, hearing his father's horn of battle winding, commended the Steinburg to old Ralph's care, and, armed for the fray, rode rapidly down from the castle.

But the flames of the hovels and farm-yards among the mountains, rose up before him, and in their fearfully glowing characters, he read what kind of war his father was waging: on perceiving this, he trotted forward to join the bands, but there he only made offer of his mediation, protesting that he would not lay hand on his noble sword in so abominable a conflict, even if the Steinburg, and the family castle also, must in consequence be levelled to the ground by the enemy in revenge. Biörn, in the frenzy of wrath, hurled the spear which he just then held in his hand at his son. The murderous weapon hissed by him, Sintram stood still, his visor open, moved not a limb to protect himself, and said: "Father, do what you dare do, but I join not in your ungodly war." With a sneer indeed Biörn of the Glowing Eye said, smiling: "It seems I am always to have a tutor here; my son, put off the spruce knight of Franconia!" but still he examined himself, accepted Sintram's mediation, made recompense for the damage done, and retired in gloom to his family castle; Sintram to the Möndfelsen again.

From this time forward similar occurrences were no rarity. The upshot was, that Sintram was accounted the protector of all those whom his father persecuted in his outbursts of passion; but, notwithstanding this, the young knight's own wildness sometimes carried him away, so that he went hand in hand with his raging father in his atrocious deeds. Biörn would then laugh with shocking complacency, and say: "Just look, my brave son, how our torches flame up from the farm-yards; how the blood gushed after our swords in those bodies yonder! I still observe, however you may dissemble, that you are, and abide my legitimate, dear heir!"

After such wild transgressions, Sintram knew not how else to find consolation than by riding off to the chaplain at Drontheim, and confessing to him his misery and his sins. After due penance and repentance, the latter did indeed pronounce his absolution, and raised up the crushed young man; but he also frequently said:—

"Oh how near, how very, very near you were enduring the last trial, and beholding Verena's

countenance in triumph, and reconciling all. Now you have cast yourself back again for years ; consider, my son, the life of man is transient, and if you ever slide backwards afresh, how will you climb the summit on this side eternity !”

Years rose and waned again, and Biörn's crown grew white as snow, and the youth Sintram had almost become an elderly man ; the aged Ralph was scarcely able to quit the Steinburg any more, and he was heard at times to say : “ Still to be alive is still a great burden to me, but in some measure a source of great consolation also, believing, as I do, that God in his goodness has still a very great joy in store for me here below ; and this must concern young, dear Sir Sintram, for what else indeed in the world could rejoice me !”

But everything remained as it was, and Sintram's frightful visions about Christmas, grew every year rather more grim than mild.

The holy season was now approaching, and the afflicted knight experienced greater anguish of mind than ever. Sometimes, on counting the number of nights which would intervene before that period, a cold perspiration stood on his forehead, and he would say : “ Mark me, my dear old foster-father, this time something fearfully decisive is in reserve for me.”

One evening he was conscious of an urgent anxiety which impelled him toward his father ; he fancied the most dreadful scenes were going forward in the castle of his ancestors ; and in vain did Ralph remind him that the snow lay as high as the house-tops in the valley ; ineffectually did he point out to the knight that his horrible vision might come upon him during the solitude of night, in the mountains. “ It cannot be worse than if I remain here,” replied Sintram, led his horse from the stall, and trotted away in the darkness.

The noble courser slipped and stumbled and fell on the pathless route, and the rider failed not to pull him up again, and only spurred him the more hastily and anxiously on towards the wished-for and dreaded goal. Yet would he scarcely have attained it, if his faithful hound Skovmärkè had not run with him. The former explored the paths which lay under the snow, and drew him on to them with his joyous baying, and by whining admonished him of precipices, and of the delusive smoothness of the ice beneath the snow. At last they arrived at the ancestral castle about midnight ; the windows of the hall shone before them brilliantly illuminated, as if they were solemnising some splendid festival there ; and sounds like the song of subdued voices issued thence. In the court-yard Sintram hastily gave his steed in charge of some troopers, and ran up the steps, while Skovmärkè remained with the other associate of his journey. In the castle, a pious squire advanced towards the knight and said : “ God be praised, dear sir, that you are come. Above stairs there is once again certainly nothing good going forward ; but have a care, too, yourself, and do not allow yourself to be deluded. Your father has a guest with him, and, as it appears to me, an evil one.”

Sintram opened the doors with a shudder ; with his back towards him sat a little man in the dress of a miner ; the suits of armour had been for a length of time restored to their former place around the stone-table, and in such wise that they left only two seats vacant : that facing the door

was taken possession of by Biörn of the Glowing Eye, and in the dazzling light of the tapers, his countenance and looks were of such a flaming red that the above terrible cognomen was perfectly characteristic of him.

“ Father, whom have you with you !” cried Sintram ; and his conjecture grew to a certainty, when, upon the miner's turning round, the Little Master's detestable visage laughed out from beneath the dark mummery.

“ Ay, just look sir, my son,” said Biörn, completely bewildered : “ you have not been with me for a long time, and this merry companion has visited me this evening, and you have lost your place ; but just cast one of the suits of armour aside, and put an arm-chair in its place, and drink with us, and be joyous with us.”

“ Ay, do so, Sir Knight Sintram !” the Little Master said with a laugh ; “ what more can come of it than that the suit of mail will clatter in somewhat a strange manner in its fall, and that, at the most, the wandering spirit of him to whom the armour belonged will look once at you over your shoulder ; but he won't drink our wine—ghosts, indeed, let that alone : fall to then briskly !”

Biörn joined in the execrable stranger's laugh with all his might ; and while Sintram collected his whole strength, in order to avoid being embarrassed by this wild discourse, and looked the Little Master in the face with calm steadfastness, the old man exclaimed : “ Why are you looking at him in that manner ! Do you fancy you are looking in a mirror ! Now that you are together, I do not find it so much the case, but previously you appeared to me so much alike that either might have been taken for the other.”

“ God forbid that !” cried Sintram, advanced towards the frightful form, and said : “ I command thee, hideous stranger, in virtue of my power as son and heir, as a consecrated knight, and as an immortal spirit, to withdraw from this castle !”

Biörn seemed about to oppose this with all his innate passion ; the Little Master muttered to himself : “ You are, forsooth,—not master of the house here, pious knight,—have surely never kindled a fire on the hearth here ;” when Sintram drew the sword bestowed on him by Gabriele, held the hilt before the eyes of the evil guest, and said calmly, but with a powerful voice—“ Die or flee !”

And he did flee, the terrible stranger, and with such incalculable precipitancy, that no one knew whether he had sprung out of the window or through the door ; but in his flight he overturned some of the suits of armour, the tapers were extinguished, and in the lurid light, which in a marvellous manner illuminated the hall, it was as if the earlier words of the Little Master were fulfilled—as if the spirits of those to whom the steel armour had belonged were bending over the table shuddering with fear.

Both father and son were perturbed with terror, but each took an opposite way to deliverance : the former heard the ill-favoured guest coming up again ; and that such was his determined will was made known by the Little Master's advancing towards the door, on the lock of which his tawny hand was already resting.

“ Now indeed,” said Sintram, to himself, “ we are lost if he returns ! we are lost to eternity if he returns,” and fell on his knees, and then

ing manner, vanished into an ancient tomb. At the very same instant, Sir Folko de Montfaucon came dashing up the Möndfelsen swift as the wind, and he must, indeed, have seen something of the wondrous apparitions; for, while standing close behind Sintram, he looked somewhat pale, and asked seriously, in a low voice:

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The holy season was now approaching, and the afflicted knight experienced greater anguish of mind than ever. Sometimes, on counting the number of nights which would intervene before that period, a cold perspiration stood on his forehead, and he would say: "Mark me, my dear old foster-father, this time something fearfully decisive is in reserve for me."

One evening he was conscious of an urgent anxiety which impelled him toward his father; he fancied the most dreadful scenes were going forward in the castle of his ancestors; and in vain did Ralph remind him that the snow lay as high as the house-tops in the valley; ineffectually did he point out to the knight that his horrible vision might come upon him during the solitude of night, in the mountains. "It cannot be worse than if I remain here," replied Sintram, led his horse from the stall, and trotted away in the darkness.

The noble courser slipped and stumbled and fell on the pathless route, and the rider failed not to pull him up again, and only spurred him the more hastily and anxiously on towards the wished-for and dreaded goal. Yet would he scarcely have attained it, if his faithful hound Skovmärke had not run with him. The former explored the paths which lay under the snow, and drew him on to them with his joyous baying, and by whining admonished him of precipices, and of the delusive smoothness of the ice beneath the snow. At last they arrived at the ancestral castle about midnight; the windows of the hall shone before them brilliantly illuminated, as if they were solemnising some splendid festival there; and sounds like the song of subdued voices issued thence. In the court-yard Sintram hastily gave his steed in charge of some troopers, and ran up the steps, while Skovmärke remained with the other associate of his journey. In the castle, a pious squire advanced towards the knight and said: "God be praised, dear sir, that you are come. Above stairs there is once again certainly nothing good going forward; but have a care, too, yourself, and do not allow yourself to be deluded. Your father has a guest with him, and, as it appears to me, an evil one."

Sintram opened the doors with a shudder; with his back towards him sat a little man in the dress of a miner; the suits of armour had been for a length of time restored to their former place around the stone-table, and in such wise that they left only two seats vacant: that facing the door

was taken possession of by Biörn of the Glowing Eye, and in the dazzling light of the tapers, his countenance and looks were of such a flaming red that the above terrible cognomen was perfectly characteristic of him.

"Father, whom have you with you?" cried Sintram; and his conjecture grew to a certainty, when, upon the miner's turning round, the Little Master's detestable visage laughed out from beneath the dark mummery.

"Ay, just look sir, my son," said Biörn, completely bewildered: "you have not been with me for a long time, and this merry companion has visited me this evening, and you have lost your place; but just cast one of the suits of armour aside, and put an arm-chair in its place, and drink with us, and be joyous with us."

"Ay, do so, Sir Knight Sintram!" the Little Master said with a laugh; "what more can come of it than that the suit of mail will clatter in somewhat a strange manner in its fall, and that, at the most, the wandering spirit of him to whom the armour belonged will look once at you over your shoulder; but he won't drink our wine—ghosts, indeed, let that alone: fall to then briskly!"

Biörn joined in the execrable stranger's laugh with all his might; and while Sintram collected his whole strength, in order to avoid being embarrassed by this wild discourse, and looked the Little Master in the face with calm steadfastness, the old man exclaimed: "Why are you looking at him in that manner! Do you fancy you are looking in a mirror! Now that you are together, I do not find it so much the case, but previously you appeared to me so much alike that either might have been taken for the other."

"God forbid that!" cried Sintram, advanced towards the frightful form, and said: "I command thee, hideous stranger, in virtue of my power as son and heir, as a consecrated knight, and as an immortal spirit, to withdraw from this castle!"

Biörn seemed about to oppose this with all his innate passion; the Little Master muttered to himself: "You are, forsooth,—not master of the house here, pious knight,—have surely never kindled a fire on the hearth here;" when Sintram drew the sword bestowed on him by Gabriele, held the hilt before the eyes of the evil guest, and said calmly, but with a powerful voice—"Die or flee!"

And he did flee, the terrible stranger, and with such incalculable precipitancy, that no one knew whether he had sprung out of the window or through the door; but in his flight he overturned some of the suits of armour, the tapers were extinguished, and in the lurid light, which in a marvellous manner illuminated the hall, it was as if the earlier words of the Little Master were fulfilled—as if the spirits of those to whom the steel armour had belonged were bending over the table shuddering with fear.

Both father and son were perturbed with terror, but each took an opposite way to deliverance: the former heard the ill-favoured guest coming up again; and that such was his determined will was made known by the Little Master's advancing towards the door, on the lock of which his tawny hand was already resting.

"Now indeed," said Sintram, to himself, "we are lost if he returns! we are lost to eternity if he returns," and fell on his knees, and then

prayed earnestly from his troubled heart, to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; and now he was away from the door again, and again Biörn called him up; and again he prayed without ceasing: thus this spiritual conflict was carried on the whole night through, and howling whirlwinds continued to rage round about the castle during the whole time, till all the household fancied they beheld the end of the world.

A glimpse of morning at length shone through the windows of the hall, the howling of the tempest was hushed, Biörn fell back on his arm-chair in unconscious slumber, hope and quiet came into all the hearts of the inmates of the castle, and Sintram, pale and exhausted, went forth in front of the gate, to inhale the dewy air of the mild winter morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE faithful hound, Skavmärkè, had followed, caressing his master, and now lay wakeful and on the look-out at his feet, while Sintram sat half asleep on a stone seat in a recess in the wall. Suddenly he pricked up his ears, his bright eyes rolling about with delight, and bounded frolicsomenly away down the mountain. Immediately after, the chaplain of Drontheim came forth from among the stones, while the good animal greeted him with fondling, and then ran back again to his knight, as if to proclaim the wished-for tidings.

Sintram opened his eyes like a child whose Christmas gift you have placed beside his bed. Then the chaplain smiled on him as he had never smiled on him previously. Blessing, and the consciousness of victory achieved, or, at all events, the cheering proximity of both, were contained in that smile.

"You accomplished much, very much, yesterday," said the pious minister, and his hands involuntarily joined and his eyes sparkled. "I bless God on your account, my heroic knight. Verena is aware of all, and she, too, praises God for you. Nay, I dare hope the time will soon be here when you may appear in her presence. But Sintram, Sir Sintram, it comes on apace; for the aged man above there needs speedy assistance, and a heavy—the last it is to be hoped—but a sorely heavy trial you have on his account still to endure. Gird yourself, my hero! gird yourself with tangible weapons too. True, this time only spiritual arms are required; but in moments of decision it becometh the knight, as the monastic, to appear in the full, solemn garb of his order. If agreeable to you, we will repair forthwith to Drontheim: you must perform the journey back hither this night. This appertains to the concealed purpose which obscurely reveals itself to Verena's foresight. There is, besides, always in this part so much that is hostile and distracting; and quiet self-collection is very necessary for you to-day."

Sintram bowed his acquiescence in cheerful humility, and called for his horse, and a suit of armour. "Only," he added, "let them not bring any of those suits which have lain in the hall since they were overturned last night!" His commands were executed speedily and with accuracy.

The pieces of armour which they brought forward were embellished with beautiful engraving,

only the helmet was plain, formed rather like that of the squire than knight; the lance, of almost colossal dimensions, which belonged to the suit;—all this was regarded by the chaplain in profound reflection and with melancholy emotion. At last, when Sintram, with the assistance of the squire, was almost fully equipped, the pious ecclesiastic said:

"Strange ordering of Providence! Look, dear Sir, this harness and this spear were formerly borne by Weigand the Slender, and many great deeds he accomplished with them. While nursed by your mother in the castle, and when your father too treated him very mildly, he begged it as a favour to be allowed to hang up his armour and lance in Biörn's armoury; he himself, as you are well aware, purposed building a cloister, in which to enter as a monk; and he added his former squire's helmet in place of the other, because this was the helmet he wore when first he looked on the countenance of the beautiful Verena. How singular it happens that they should bring you for the decisive hour even these arms which have rested so long! To me, however, far as my short-sighted human eye can discern, to me it does seem a very serious sign, truly, but yet a glorious one, auguring a great deal."

Meanwhile Sintram stood completely equipped, very solemn and splendid in appearance; and from his person and agility you might have deemed him still a youth, had not his grief-furrowed countenance beneath his helmet, betrayed his advanced age.

"Who has bound leaves on the head of my battle-horse!" Sintram demanded indignantly of the troopers. "I am no victor, nor do I go to invite to a marriage feast. And, besides, what other foliage is there now to be found but these red and yellow rustling oak-leaves, sad and without life, as the season itself!"

"Sir, I do not know why, myself," replied one of the troopers; "but it seemed to me as if it must absolutely be thus."

"Let him have his whim," said the chaplain. "I, too, fancy it comes as a significant sign from the right source."

The knight then vaulted into the saddle; the ecclesiastic went beside him, and they both proceeded slowly and in silence towards Drontheim. The good hound ran behind his knight. When they came in view of the lofty castle of Drontheim, a soft smile spread over Sintram's countenance like sunshine on a wintry valley. "God does great things in me," said he. "As a fearfully wild boy, I once fled away from this place; I return as a man repentant. I hope there may be a happy issue to this hitherto troubled life!"

The chaplain nodded his head in friendly acquiescence; and shortly after the travellers issued forth from the lofty, echoing archway into the yard of the castle. At the chaplain's nod, troopers hastened respectfully forward, and took charge of the horse; he and Sintram then made their way through many winding stairs and corridors to the remote chamber which the chaplain had made choice of—far from the throng of men, nigh to the clouds and the stars. Here they both spent a quiet day in heartfelt prayer, and in sedulously perusing Holy Scripture.

When evening came on, the chaplain arose and said: "Come, my knight, now saddle your steed

and mount, and ride back to your father's castle. You have a toilsome way before you, and I dare not accompany you ; but to call upon the Lord in your behalf is not denied me, and this I will do all through this dreadful night. O thou most precious vassal of the Most High ! mayest thou not, indeed, be lost !"

Shuddering with dreadful forebodings, but yet braced and glad in his spirit, Sintram fulfilled all the commands of the ghostly man. The sun had just stooped below the horizon, when the knight neared a long valley, strangely shut in by rocks, through which lay the road to the family castle.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HE was already near the rocky pass, when the knight once more looked round with a prayer of thanksgiving towards the castle of Drontheim. It rose so still and magnificent and peaceful, the bright glass of the chaplain's high chamber still glistened in the last gleams of the sun, already sunk beneath the horizon ; before Sintram lay the dreary valley, looking like his grave.

There now came from one side somebody riding on a little steed, and Skovmärkè, who had trotted on to reconnoitre the strange form, ran back at the same moment, his tail and ears hanging down, howling and whining, and slunk timidly under his master's war-horse.

But this noble animal also seemed to forget his wonted boldness of spirit ; he shrunk back ; and when the knight prepared to urge him towards the stranger, he reared up snorting, and began to back on his hind legs. Only with great exertion did Sintram's strength and good horsemanship at length master him ; his nag quite white with foam, he approached the unknown traveller.

"You have timid animals with you," said the latter in a low, suppressed voice.

In the still darkling twilight Sintram could not rightly discern what kind of being he really had before him, only a very pallid visage—he thought at first that it was covered with fresh-fallen snow—was visible to him from beneath the garments which enveloped it. It seemed as if the stranger bore a casket wrapped up under his arm, his little horse lowered his head towards the ground, apparently wearied to death, while a bell, which depended below his neck from the wretched, torn bridle, jingled most strangely.

After a brief pause Sintram replied : "Noble steeds are shy of those of a less noble race, because they feel ashamed of them ; and the most valiant hound has a secret dread of unusual forms. I have no timid animals with me."

"Good Sir knight, then ride with me into the valley."

"I mean to enter the valley, but I require no companion."

"But I perhaps require one. Do you not see that I am unarmed ? And about this time, and at this hour, there are hideous monsters here."

When, as if in confirmation of the stranger's terrible words, a thing swung down from the nearest frost-covered tree—you could not distinguish whether it were serpent or salamander—it curled up and coiled round, and seemed as if pre-

paring to drop down on the knight or his companion. Sintram thrust forth his lance and transfixed it ; but, amid the most frightful contortions, it remained firmly on the spear-head, and ineffectually did the knight endeavour to dislodge it by drawing it against rock and branch. He then bent forward and passed the lance behind him over his right shoulder, so that he no longer had the hideous animal before his eyes, and with collected courage addressed the stranger :

"It does, however, seem that it may be in my power to assist you, and I am not exactly forbidden the conduct of one unknown to me ; forward, then, briskly into the valley !"

"Assist !" was the sombre answer. "No ;—I may assist you, perhaps. But God be gracious to you, if the time should ever come when I could no longer help you ; you would then be lost, and I should be an object of terror to you ; but we will enter the valley, and I have the word of your knighthood for it. Come on !"

They rode forward : Sintram's steed still shy, the faithful hound still whining, but both obedient to the will of their master ; the knight calm and firm.

The snow had fallen from the smooth rocks, and in the light of the rising moon many fantastic forms might be seen on the stone-walls, some appearing like serpents, others like human faces ; but they were only the strange-looking veins which ran through the cliffs, and between them the half-naked roots of the trees that had settled there in stubborn fridity. Strange and elevated, the castle of Drontheim looked once more through a cleft in the rock, as if to take a last farewell of the knight.

The latter now looked his companion closely in the face, and it almost seemed to him as if Weigand the Slender were riding at his side. "In God's name !" he exclaimed, "are you, perchance, the shadow of the departed hero, who suffered and died for Verena ?"

"I did not suffer, I did not die ; but you suffer, and you die, ye poor mortals !" Thus muttered the stranger. "I am not Weigand. I am the Other who looked so like him, and whom you, too, have met before in the wood."

Sintram wished to relieve himself from the horror with which these words inspired him. He looked on his horse ; it appeared to him quite changed. The sere, deep-coloured oak-leaves rustling on his head, seemed like sacrificial flames in the moonlight as it danced upon them. He looked down on his faithful Skovmärkè ; fear, too, had disfigured him marvellously. On the ground, in the middle of the road, dead men's bones lay strewn about, and unsightly lizards slipped to and fro, and in defiance of the wintry season, deep-red, poisonous fungi shot up above the snow.

"Is this, now, my horse, on which I am riding !" the knight asked himself in a low voice. "And is that trembling animal, running beside me, my hound ?"

It was at this moment that he heard some one behind him call out in a shrill voice : "Stop ! stop ! Do take me with you !" Looking round, Sintram perceived an execrable little form, with horns on its head, in face half boar, half bear, moving on erect on hoofs like those of the horse ; a most ill-shapen weapon, bent like a sickle, in his hand—it was the being that had before troubled

him in his dreams, and, ah ! it was, too, no other than the malevolent Little Master—and, laughing wildly, it stretched forth a long claw towards the knight's hips.

In his perturbation of mind Sintram muttered: "I must have fallen asleep, and now my dreams break forth !"

"You are awake," replied the rider of the little horse, "but you know me also in your visions ; for behold, I am Death." And the garments fell from him, discovering a fleshless, wasted frame, with a countenance, half dead, encircled with a diadem of serpents ; that which he held concealed beneath the mantle proved to be an hour-glass almost run out. This Death held in his fleshless right hand towards the knight ; while the bell depending from the horse's neck sounded very solemnly. It was a death-bell.

"Lord, I commend my soul to Thy keeping !" was Sintram's prayer ; and he rode on in earnest resignation after Death, who beckoned him to follow.

"He has not got you yet ! He has not got you yet !" exclaimed the terrible fiend behind them. Rather resign yourself to me. In an instant—for quick are your thoughts, and quick is my power—in a moment you shall be in Normandy. Helen is still blooming, beautiful as when she departed from hence, and this night she is yours."

And again he began his unholy encomiums on Gabriele's beauty, and Sintram's heart beat high in his weak bosom with ardour and wild emotion.

Death said nothing more, but he continued to raise the hour-glass in his right hand, high and more high ; and as the sand now ran out more quickly, a faint spark from the glass spread over Sintram's countenance, and his fancy pictured Eternity rising before him with its quiet glories, while the confused World tore him backwards with hideous claws.

"I command thee, thou wild form, that now pursuest me," he exclaimed, "I command thee in the name of my Master, Jesus Christ, to desist from thy seductive prating, and to make thyself known to me by that designation with which thou art marked in Holy Scripture !"

The name, in sound more terrible than a thunder-clap, escaped from the lips of the tempter in desperation, and he vanished.

"He will not come again," Death said with friendliness.

"I am now become yours entirely, then, my grave companion ?"

"Not yet, my Sintram. I shall not come to you these many, many years ; but you must not forget me till then."

"I will hold thee fast before my soul, thou terrible, salutary admonisher ; thou dread, loving guide."

"O I can look very bland."

And he forthwith showed it in fact. Gradually, and with more and more distinctness of outline, the form took a mild lustre from the increasing light of the hour-glass ; the features, but now so grimly serious, smiled placidly ; the crown of serpents became a chaplet of palm ; the steed, a white, vapoury cloud, and the bell rang forth, invisible, sweet lulling melodies. Sintram fancied he heard these words amid the sounds :—

"The World and Arch Fiend low are brought,
Endless light before thee lies.
Here ! who this victory wrought,
Aid the old man in his grieving,
For, in dread of me conceiving,
Soon will fade his Glowing Eyes."

The knight knew well that his father was meant, and urged forward his noble steed. He now obeyed him with readiness and willingly ; the faithful hound, too, ran again at his side, assiduously, and with confidence. Death had vanished, only something like a roseate cloud of morning moved on before them, which, too, continued still visible, after the risen sun spread his clear and warm light over the bright winter sky.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"He is dead, he died from fright occasioned by the dreadfully tempestuous night !" thus spoke some of Biörn's warriors about this time ; who, as the knight had not been restored to consciousness since the morning of the previous day, had prepared a couch of wolf and bear skins for him in the great hall, in the midst of the partially prostrate armour. One of the squires sighed in a low tone—"Ah God ! have mercy on his poor wild soul !"

The sentinel was now heard to wind his horn from the tower, and a trooper entered the chamber with astonishment.—"There is a knight advancing," said he, "a wondrous knight. I should take him to be Sir Sintram, but a bright, bright morning cloud moves on close before him, and illumines him with such vivid rays, that one might imagine bright red flowers were showering down on him ; besides which, his horse bears a ruddy wreath of leaves high on his head, which I have never been accustomed to see in the son of our dead liege."

"I wove just such a wreath for him yesterday," said another ; "At first it did not please him, but yet, after a few words, he let it remain."

"Why now, did you do so ?"

"I fancied some one continued singing in my ear without intermission."

'Victory, victory,
Nobiest victory,

The knight there he rideth to victory !'

"Well, there hung projecting above me a small bough of our most ancient oak, which, amid the snow, preserved almost all its red and yellow leaves. So I did what the song seemed to direct,—stripped off some of the branches, and wove a crown of victory for the noble battle-horse. At the same moment, too, Skovmärkè,—you are aware that the good animal was ever strangely shy of Sir Biörn, and on that account had on his arrival gone to the stable with the horse,—leaped upon me quite flatteringly and with pleasure, as if to thank me for my pains ; and such noble animals have a keen instinctive perception of propitious omens."

The sound of Sintram's spurs was heard on the flag-stone steps, and Skovmärkè's joyous bay.

Uprose the supposed lifeless body of Biörn at once, looked around with rolling eyes, strained wide open, and with a hollow voice demanded of the amazed troopers :—

"Who comes there, ye people ? who comes

there? I know it is my son, it is my son; but who comes with him!—the answer bears the sword of justice or mercy. Look ye, people, Godard and Rudlieb have prayed much for me; but if the Little Master is with my son, I am lost notwithstanding.”

“Thou art not lost, dear father!” Sintram’s friendly voice resounded through the door, which he opened softly; and the roseate wreath of cloud was wafted with him into the chamber.

Biörn folded his hands, looked up to Heaven with thanksgiving, and said with a smile, “Yes, yes, God be praised, it is the right companion! It is Death, so fair and friendly!”

He then beckoned his son to him, saying: “Come hither, thou who art my deliverer, thou blessed of the Lord, to the end that I may apprise thee of what has happened to me.”

Upon Sintram’s seating himself beside his father’s couch, all in the room were struck with a remarkable and conspicuous change. The aged Biörn, usually flaming as in eye, so in his whole countenance, was now of quite a pale hue, almost like white marble, while, on the other hand, Sintram, formerly so deathly pale, had the bright ruddy cheek of youth: this arose from the fact that the wreath of cloud still shed its rays upon him, the presence of which in the chamber, was, indeed, rather presaged than seen, but yet it thrilled every heart with a slight shudder.

“Lo, my son,” the aged man began, in a low voice and friendly, “I have lain very long in a death-slumber, in which I was not conscious of anything that occurred without me, but within, ah! within, I have been but too painfully conscious! I thought my soul would pass away from me, in my eternal anguish; and yet again, I felt still greater horror from the reflection that my soul was eternal as this anguish. Dear child, thy now so ruddy cheek, is beginning, however, to pale at my discourse; I pause; but let me tell thee something more agreeable.—Far, far away, I saw a high bright church, in which knelt Godard and Rudlieb Lenz, and prayed for me. Godard had now become very, very aged, and almost looked like our snow-mountains, but in their hours of beauty, when radiant with the evening sun; and Rudlieb, too, was an elderly man, yet very sprightly and very vigorous, and with equal vivacity and vigour did they both call upon God to aid me their enemy. It was then that I heard a voice like that of an angel say: ‘his son will accomplish the most; he must this night wrestle with death and with him who is fallen; his victory is victory, his fall is destruction, to the aged man and to himself! On this I awoke, and knew that all turned upon whom thou broughtest with thee. Thou hast achieved the victory. O praise be to thee, after God!’”

“Godard Lenz and Rudlieb Lenz have also lent great assistance,” replied Sintram, “and ah, dear father, the fervent prayers of the chaplain of Drontheim. In struggling with allurements and horror, I felt indeed how the divine spirit of pious men floated around and braced me.”

“I will willingly believe that, my glorious son, and everything thou sayest to me,” rejoined the aged man; and at the same moment the chaplain of Drontheim entered: with a smile betokening joy and peace, Biörn stretched forth his hand to him.

A grateful scene then ensued, all embracing in unity of spirit and felicity. “Why observe,” said the senior Biörn, “how the good Skovmärk, too, is now leaping upon me in fondness, and wishes to caress me! It is not long since he always howled timidly when he saw me.” “Dear Sir,” said the chaplain, “there is a celestial spark, (Gottesgeist) also indwelling in the animal, though slumbering in sooth and unconscious.”

By degrees it grew still and more still in the hall; the last hour of the aged knight was drawing near, but he remained cheerful and glad. The chaplain and Sintram prayed beside his couch. The troopers knelt around in devotion. At length the dying man said: “Is that Verena’s bell ringing for prayers in the convent?” Sintram nodded assuringly to him; and his hot tears of inward emotion fell upon his father’s cheek. Then a radiance seemed to break forth from the eyes of the aged man; the roseate cloud-wreath passed on just above him—and radiance, and cloud-wreath, and life, had vanished from the body.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SOME days afterwards, Sintram stood in the parlour of the convent, awaiting, with a beating heart, the appearance of his mother: he had seen her for the last time, when, a slumbering boy, he was awakened by her tender farewell-kisses, but immediately to fall asleep again, in half-conscious musing as to what his mother’s object really was, and ineffectually to seek her next morning in castle and in garden. Beside him now stood the chaplain, and rejoiced for his part in the melancholy rapture of the softened hero, on whose cheeks there still remained a faint reflection of that solemn morning cloud.

The inner doors opened. In her white vestments, Verena, tall and of dignified and august deportment, entered, smiling placidly, and beckoned her son towards the railings. Here no thought of any passionate outbreak of pain or joy could be entertained. The holy peace, which pervaded the halls like a floating whisper, had sunk deep in a heart less tried and chastened than that which beat now in Sintram’s bosom. Weeping silent tears, the son knelt down before his mother, kissed her garments as they undulated through the grating, and felt as in paradise, where all desire and perturbation is stilled.

“Dear mother,” said he, “let me become a holy man, as thou art a holy lady; then I will enter the monastery yonder, and perhaps I may at some future time be found worthy to be thy confessor, when sickness and the infirmity of old age detains the pious chaplain in the castle of Drontheim.”

“That would be a delightful existence of quiet gladness, my good child,” replied Verena; “But such is not thy destination; thou must abide a strong and powerful knight, and dedicate that long life, which it would seem is almost always bestowed on us children of the high northern climes, to shielding the weak and taming the insolent, and indeed to another grateful, honourable occupation, which my mind rather sees darkly than knows clearly.”

“The will of Providence be done!” said the

knight, and rose up with full resignation and firmness.

"That's my brave son;" rejoined the lady Verena; "Ah, many bright calm joys are in reserve for us! Lo, our long-cherished, ardent desire of meeting again has been already satisfied, and thou shalt not again remain so entirely removed from me; every week, on or about this day, thou wilt return to me, and report to me what honourable things thou hast achieved, taking with thee my counsel and my blessing."

"In sooth, then, I am once again a good, happy child!" Sintram exclaimed with gladness of heart; "only that, in addition to this, Heaven has blessed me with the vigour of manhood, alike in body and mind: oh, that son is a happy man to whom it is vouchsafed to make glad his beloved mother by laying at her feet the trophies and the fruits of his life."

Thus, cheerful, and with manifold blessings, he departed from the quiet precincts of the convent, and entered upon his noble career. Not content with going forth wherever the question was to promote justice, and prevent wrong, the knight opened the gates of the now hospitable castle of his ancestors, to shield and provide for every stranger, and old Ralph, almost rejuvenated at sight of the pious deeds of his knight, officiated as steward therein. A fine winter of brisk activity passed on, and it was only at times that Sintram sighed to himself in quiet: "Ah Montfaucon, ah Gabriele, may you now have pardoned me entirely!"

CHAPTER XXX.

BRIGHT Spring had already come on through the northern lands, when one morning, after a victorious night-fray with the most formidable peace-breaker in that part of the country, Sintram turned his horse's head round towards his ancestral castle. His troopers followed him with songs; as they drew near, the blithe sound of horns was heard in the direction of the castle. "A dear visit must await us," said the knight, and put his horse to a quicker trot over the meadows glistening with dew.

Already in the distance they saw old Ralph busy in ordering an early repast on a table under the trees in front of the castle-gate. From every battlement and turret, banners and flags streamed gaily in the refreshing breeze of Spring, while squires in their festive garments, were running to and fro. When pious Ralph perceived his knight, he lifted his clasped hands above his hoary head, and hastened on into the castle. Soon the folding gates opened solemnly, and Ralph advanced to Sintram, who had by this time arrived, with tears of joy standing in his eyes, and pointed to three noble forms who followed after.

These consisted of two tall men; the one very aged, the other almost entering upon old age, and both uncommonly alike, who led a beauteous youth between them, attired as a page, in vestments of sky-blue velvet, richly embroidered with gold. The other two wore black velvet dresses, in the fashion of the German citizens of that period, with massive gold chains and large brilliant medals about their neck and breast.

Sintram had never before seen his august visitors; and yet they appeared to him like acquaintances who had been long familiar to him. The more aged man reminded him of his dying father's words, about the snow-mountain when radiant with the light of the evening sun; and then he himself remembered, he knew not how, he had once heard from Folko, that, in southern climes, one of the highest summits of this kind was called Mount St. Godard. Then he knew in a moment, that the old, yet brisk and vigorous man at his side was Rudlieb. But the youth in the middle of them both, ah! in his humility, Sintram scarcely made bold to hope who he could be, notwithstanding the calm feeling of pride with which he dwelt on two highly revered forms that the features before him called up before his mind.

The aged Godard Lenz, the prince of old men, now advanced solemnly towards him and said:

"This is the page Engeltram de Montfaucon, the only son of the great Baron de Montfaucon, and father and mother being well acquainted with thy spotless and honourable chivalry, send him to thee, Sir Sintram, to the end that thou mayest train him to northern vigour and honour, and make him a Christian hero, like thyself."

Sintram alighted quickly from his steed. Engeltram de Montfaucon held his stirrup with an excellent grace, checking the troopers as they pressed forward, with these words, which he pronounced in a friendly but decisive tone: "I am the noblest born squire of this august knight, and immediate attendance on him appertains to me."

Sintram knelt down on the turf in silent prayer; he then raised up Folko's and Gabriele's image towards the sun, and exclaimed, "With the aid of Heaven, my Engeltram, thou wilt become like him, and thy career like his!"

But Ralph, weeping with joy, said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!"—Godard and Rudlieb Lenz embraced Sintram; the Chaplain of Drontheim, who had just arrived from Verena's convent, bringing once again a cheerful morning-salutation to her vigorous son, extended his hands over all, and pronounced a benediction.

Possibly it may, at some future time, be vouchsafed to your poet, to sing the glorious deeds which, first under Sintram's guidance, and afterwards alone in various expeditions, were accomplished by Engeltram de Montfaucon, in the service of God and for the honour of ladies.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

It has indeed sometimes been a matter of discussion, whether a poet has put together the productions of his mind from materials prepared at an earlier period, or, generally, as to what causes they owe their origin. To me such inquiries seem by no means without interest; and I am, moreover, of opinion, that in cases where the author is able to render a clear account to himself, he is prompted,—indeed he is to some extent in duty bound,—to communicate it to his readers. Hence the following notice.

Some years since, among my birth-day presents there was a beautiful copper-plate engraving by Albert Dürer. The subject was the following:—

A knight in armour, of an elderly countenance, is riding on a tall horse, and accompanied by his dog, through a formidable valley, where clefts in the rocks and roots of trees twist themselves into hideous forms, and poisonous fungi luxuriate on the ground. Noxious reptiles are seen creeping between them. Near him rides Death on a lean horse ; behind, a figure of the Devil is stretching out his clutches after the knight ; steed and dog have a marvellous aspect, as if infected by the horrors by which they are encompassed ; the knight, however, pursues his way with composure, bearing on the point of his lance a species of lizard which he has already transfixed. In the distance, a castle looks down with its ample, friendly towers, making the seclusion of the valley sink more deeply into the soul.

My friend, Edward Hitzig, who gave me this print, had appended a letter, with a request to have the enigmatical figures explained to him in a ballad. This it was not given me to accomplish then, nor for a long time subsequent ; but the picture was constantly present to my mind, both in peace and war, till it unfolded itself quite plainly to my fancy, and now—instead of a metrical ballad however,—has shaped itself into a little romance, provided the kind reader will let it pass for such.

Written on the 5th December. 1814.

Fouqué.

THE END.



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